THE ROYAL TOUR

OF AUSTRALIA AND N.Z.

THE ROYAL TOUR 1953 - 54

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A Complete Pictorial Record

Here is the complete word and picture story of the triumphant tour of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh to the West Indies, the South Pacific Islands, New Zealand and Australia, from their arrival in Bermuda on November 24, 1953, to their departure from Fremantle, Western Australia, on April 1, 1954.

From the beginning to the end of the tour, topline Australian photographers and writers accompanied the Royal couple, recording their every mood; gaining intimate, behind-the-scenes glimpses of the young Queen and her husband.

Their chronicle has captured the enthusiasm of the crowds as the Royal couple moved among the diverse

Continued on Back Flap.

Continued from Front Flap.

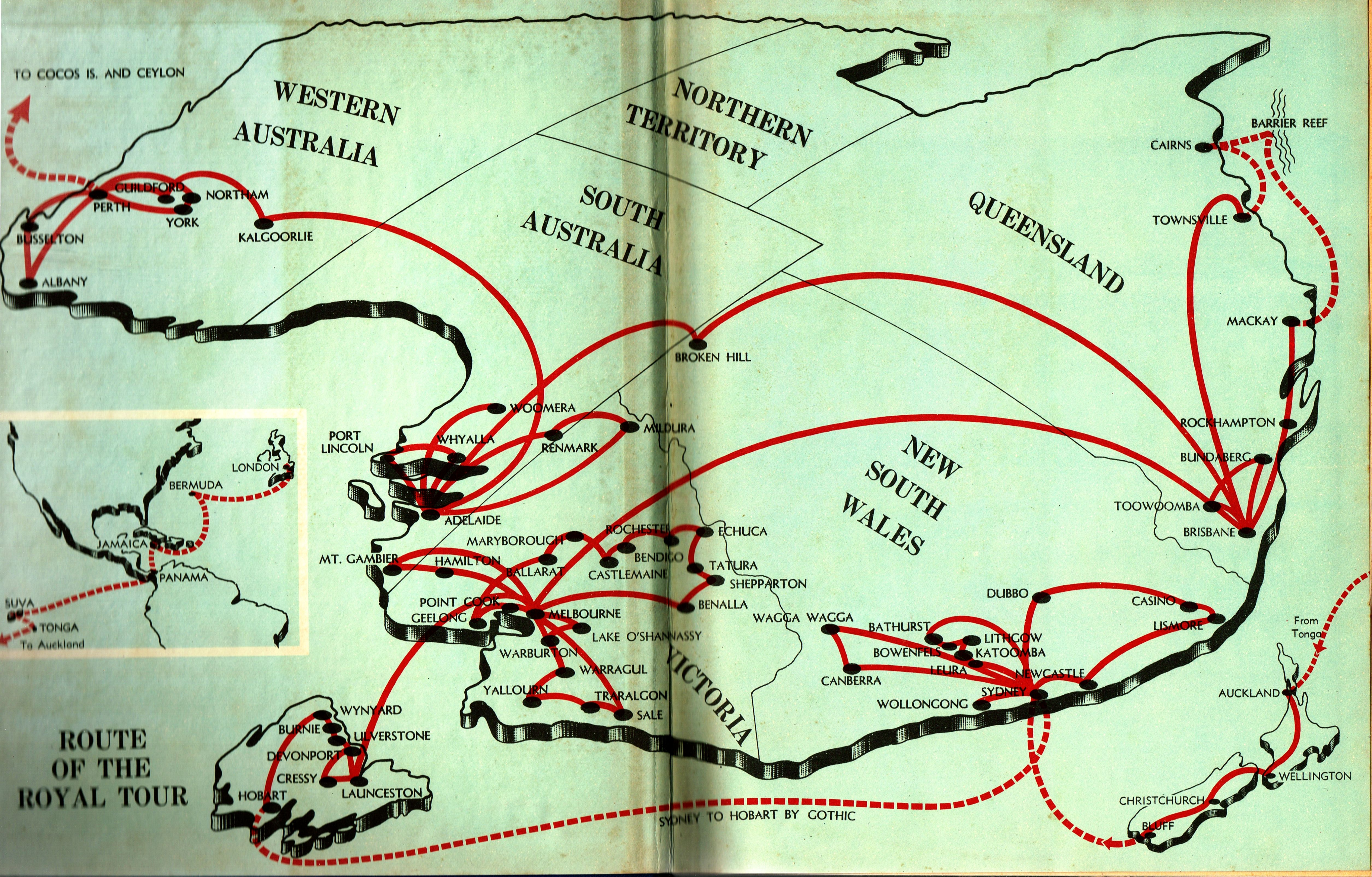
peoples of the British Commonwealth, saw their cities, their industries, their countryside, and became, for a brief period, part of their daily lives, adding a glorious chapter to Royal History.

The charm of the West Indies, the uninhibited acclaim of Panama, the age-old native ceremonials of Fiji and Tonga, the proud salutations of the Maoris and the more formal welcomes of the people of New Zealand; the vivid color of Australia . . . . .

. . . . . the sun-drenched harbor-city of Sydney, the stateliness of Melbourne, the old English hedgelined byways of Tasmania, the rich tropical splendor of Queensland, the glories of the Great Barrier Reef, the quiet charm of Adelaide, the open friendliness of Perth — all this has been moulded into brilliant, factual narrative.

Published in this book are the cream of the photographs taken on the tour. They make it everyone's pictorial record of the Royal Progress; a volume which will become an historical record of the first time a reigning monarch of England circumnavigated the world.

160 pages; 30 pages in full color.



ROUTE OF THE ROYAL TOUR

TO COCOS IS. AND CEYLON
WESTERN AUSTRALIA
NORTHERN TERRITORY
SOUTH AUSTRALIA
QUEENSLAND
NEW SOUTH WALES
VICTORIA
GUILDFORD
NORTHAM
PERTH
YORK
BUSSELTON
KALGOORLIE
ALBANY
CAIRNS
BARRIER REEF
TOWNSVILLE
MACKAY
BROKEN HILL
WOOMERA
MILDURA
PORT LINCOLN
WHYALLA
RENMARK
ROCKHAMPTON
BUNDABERG
ADELAIDE
TOOWOOMBA
BRISBANE
MARYBOROUGH
ROCHESTER
ECHUCA
MT. GAMBIER
HAMILTON
BENDIGO
TATURA
BALLARAT
CASTLEMAINE
SHEPPARTON
POINT COOK
BENALLA
GEELONG
MELBOURNE
LAKE O'SHANNASSY
WAGGA WAGGA
DUBBO
CASINO
LISMORE
BATHURST
LITHGOW
BOWENFELS
KATOOMBA
LEURA
WARBURTON
WARRAGUL
CANBERRA
NEWCASTLE
SYDNEY
WOLLONGONG
YALLOURN
TRARALGON
SALE
WYNYARD
BURNIE
ULVERSTONE
DEVONPORT
CRESSY
LAUNCESTON
HOBART
SYDNEY TO HOBART BY GOTHIC
From Tonga
AUCKLAND
WELLINGTON
CHRISTCHURCH
BLUFF
LONDON
BERMUDA
JAMAICA
PANAMA
SUVA
TONGA
To Auckland

THE ROYAL TOUR

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT

OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

1953-54

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SADNESS AT LEAVING

THE QUEEN IN TEARS. Only a few bystanders and photographers saw the Queen's undisguised sadness at leaving home for six months. This picture was taken as she drove with the Duke in a lighted car from Buckingham Palace to the airport.

FAREWELL. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh wave from the door of the Stratocruiser Canopus. Among the group at the foot of the airliner's steps are the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

THE ROYAL TOUR

West Indies . . . and Pacific Islands

THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh left London on their six months' tour of the world on November 23, 1953, at 9.01 p.m. with just one small hitch. The Queen's aircraft, the 600-ton Stratocruiser Canopus, was 16 minutes late in take off due to the crowds in the streets delaying the Royal car on the drive from Buckingham Palace to London airport.

The Queen and the Duke had made their private farewells to their family during the evening; the Royal children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, were safely in bed. It was a wrench to leave these precious children and home for six months, but the Queen's smile and her composed acknowledgment of the cheering crowds gave no indication of how she felt.

One photograph betrayed the Queen's real feelings.

She smiled. But shining in the lights illuminating the car interior were two tears, resting as though frozen on her cheeks.

That night was a typical London autumn night, cold and foggy, with a gale pounding the Irish Sea. The last England saw of Her Majesty was a slim figure in a simple tailleur and neat hat, wistful and subdued, waving from the door of Canopus to the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

When Canopus touched down at Kindley Field, Bermuda, the next morning, Elizabeth had a smile to rival the brilliant sunshine of the colorful West Indies.

She looked fresh, young, and vital in a full-skirted dress of patterned aquamarine silk and a matching feathered cap as she descended the plane steps and acknowledged the greetings of the Governor, Sir Alexander Hood, and Lady Hood.

Accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen inspected a guard of honor and met a handful of Bermuda's leading citizens who were presented to her and the Duke at the airport.

ARRIVAL IN BERMUDA. Queen Elizabeth II is greeted by the Governor, Lt.-General Sir Alexander Hood, at Kindley airport on the first stop of the tour. Behind Her Majesty is the Duke of Edinburgh in Admiral's uniform.

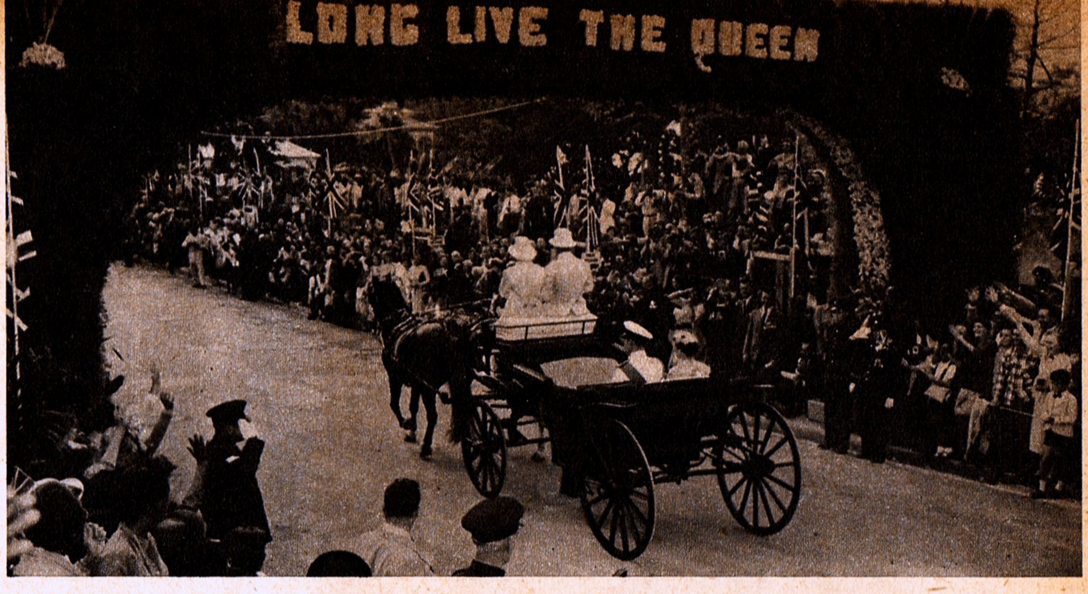
This was the beginning of a heavy official programme which was to set a pattern of engagements in every place visited during the entire six months' tour, and which the Queen carried out with split-second timing.

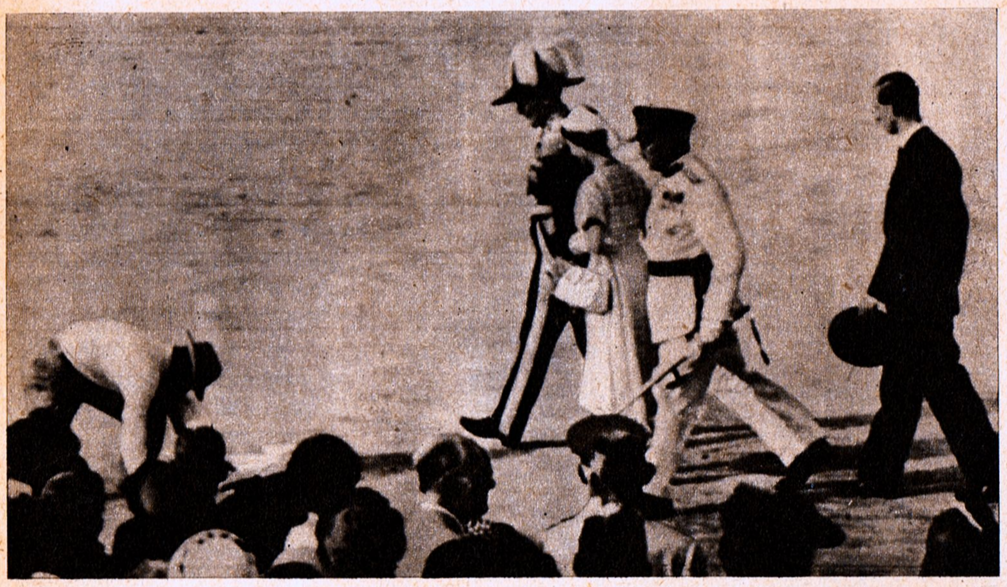
During the morning of her day in Bermuda she received an address of welcome at the 17th century town of St. George, replied to an address of welcome in the Bermuda Parliament, and addressed returned servicemen and members of youth organisations.

After lunching aboard a yacht, the Royal couple attended a garden party for 800 people at Government House, Hamilton—many of the guests were presented—and ended their day in the island by dining at Government House.

Everywhere the Queen was welcomed with tremendous enthusiasm, which in subsequent weeks and months became standard wherever she appeared.

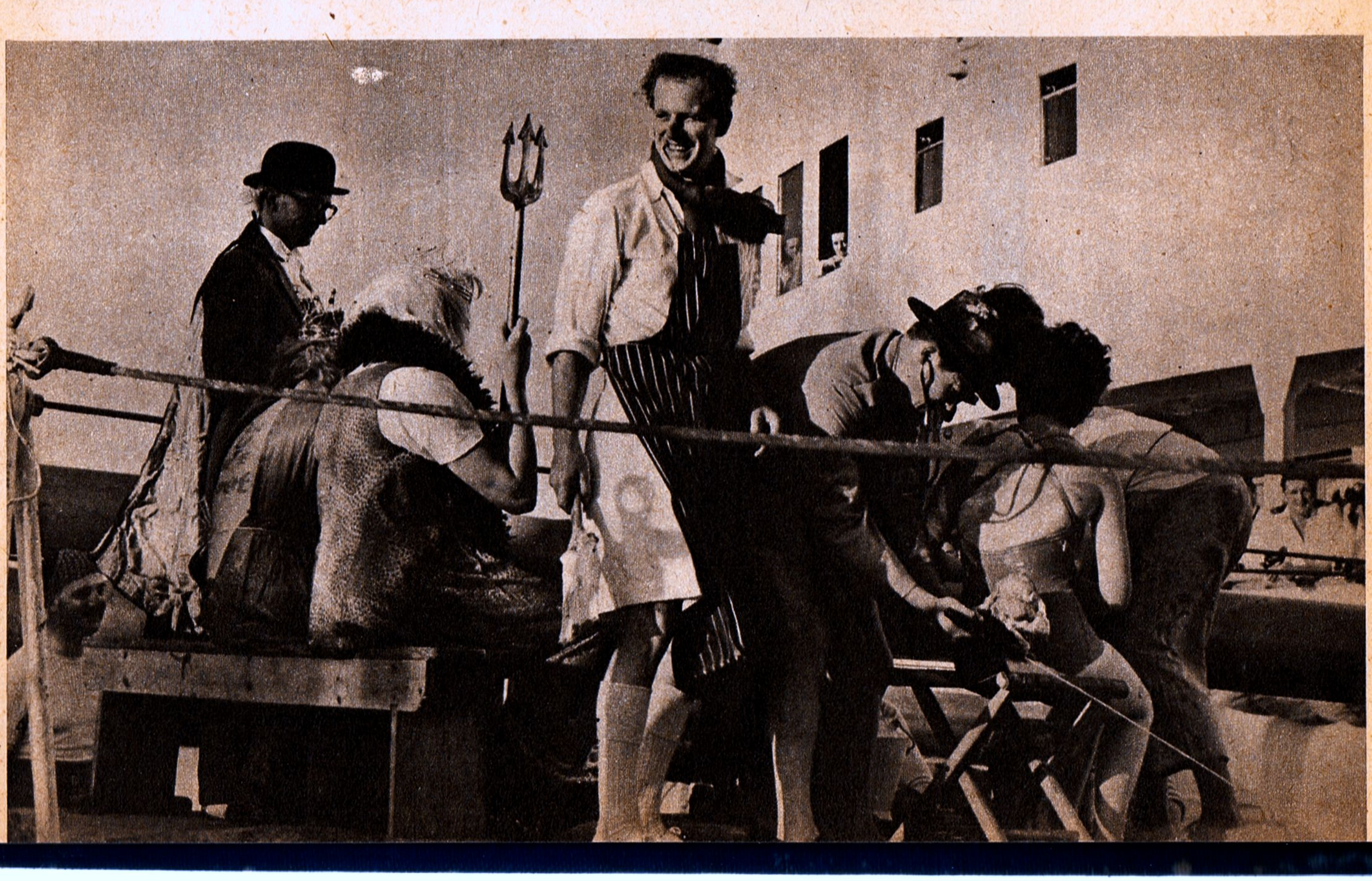
ST. GEORGE, BERMUDA (right). *In an open landau the Queen and the Duke begin their Royal Progress through the town after the Queen had received an address of loyalty.*

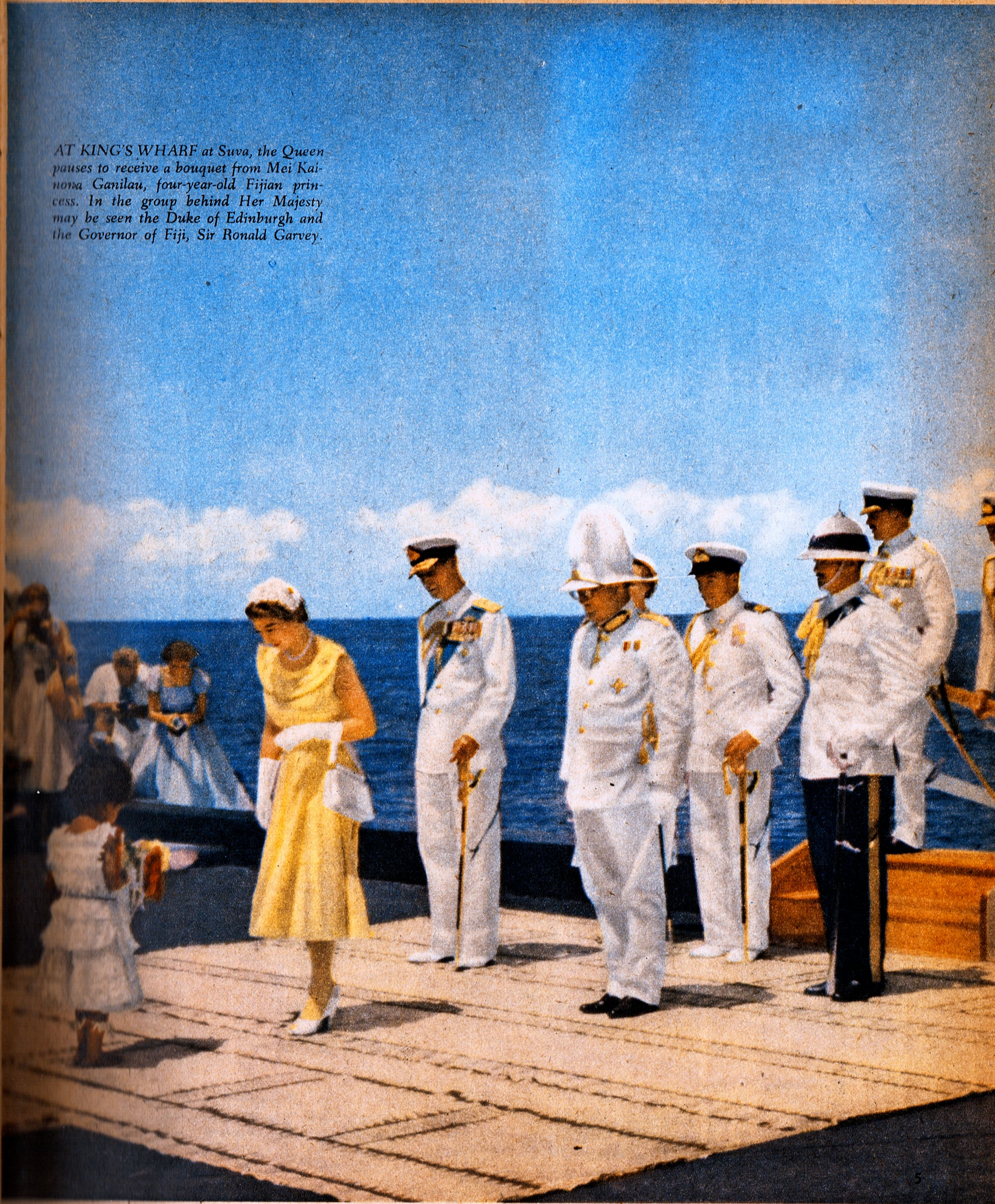




RALEIGH GESTURE (left). *A negro spreads his coat at the Queen's feet as she walks from the saluting base at Port Royal, Jamaica, to join Gothic. Officials were dismayed but not the Queen.*

THE DUKE (below) *as official barber at King Neptune's Court looks round for another "customer" in the Crossing-the-Line ceremony aboard the Gothic on December 5.*





AT KING'S WHARF *at Suva, the Queen pauses to receive a bouquet from Mei Kainona Ganilau, four-year-old Fijian princess. In the group behind Her Majesty may be seen the Duke of Edinburgh and the Governor of Fiji, Sir Ronald Garvey.*

At Montego Bay, Jamaica, the following morning 30,000 islanders waited in the broiling sun long before her plane's scheduled arrival from Bermuda. They held red, white, and blue umbrellas bought specially for the occasion, adding another splash of color to the vivid tropical flowers.

When the Queen descended from the plane to be welcomed by the Governor of Jamaica, Sir Hugh Foot, and Lady Foot, her skirt—14 inches from the ground and held out by two stiffened petticoats—made the calf-length frocks of Jamaican women seem over-long.

White men and black were among the Government and local officials presented to Her Majesty. Prominent among them was Chief Minister William Bustamente, one-time strike-leader, resplendent in tails.

Short of bunting, the Jamaicans used pampas grass dyed red, white, and blue; instead of flags, they put up columns of palm leaves entwined with jasmine and bougainvillea; arches were made of ferns and freshly picked fruit.

Before leaving the coast, with its lovely beaches sparkling below the green hills, the Royal couple and their entourage stopped for lunch at the Silver Sands Beach Club.

The Duke had a quick swim before lunch, but the Queen had only a short rest. Wisely, she did not risk having to dress hurriedly and make a rushed entrance.

She was rather tired and pale on arrival at Montego Bay, but obviously the rest relaxed and refreshed her.

When the journey was resumed a short tropical downpour was so sudden and so heavy that on the Queen's order the Royal cavalcade came to a stop. "It is dangerous for the bicycle escort," Her Majesty explained.

The quarter-million Jamaicans lining the route thought nothing of the rain. Accustomed to such downpours, they unfurled their palm-leaf umbrellas and stood smiling to cheer the Sovereign on her way.

Sir Hugh Foot suggested that addresses of welcome could be passed to the Queen in her car so that she would not have to be continually climbing in and out. But the Queen refused. "No," she said. "I will leave the car and meet the people."

Highlight of the following day's round was the Youth Gathering at Kingston, when 25,000 Jamaican children sang play songs for the Queen and the Duke as the Royal couple drove up and down in the shiny black landrover that Gothic carried for the tour.

Climax of the Jamaican visit was the evening reception in the gardens of The King's House, the Governor's residence at Kingston. The Queen walked among the 30,000 guests in the magnificent gardens that were turned into a theatre setting with floodlit trees, shrubs strung with colored lights, and arbors outlined with magic lanterns.

Her eau-de-nil paper taffeta gown looked ice-blue when she was under strong lights, and the silver and gold embroidery on the bodice scintillated to vie with the flash of her diamond tiara, necklace, and earrings.

Next morning a downpour of rain an hour before the Royal couple were due to arrive at the polo grounds gave Her Majesty a little longer rest.

It seemed an anti-climax to the brilliant reception, but the episode of Sir Walter Raleigh occurred as a coda to the whole Jamaican visit.

Gothic had arrived at Port Royal to pick up the Royal party. As the Queen and the Duke were walking from the saluting base to the pier a Negro broke through the cordon holding back the cheering crowds. With a bow, he threw his cream linen coat on the ground before the Queen. Her Majesty neatly sidestepped the coat and went on without a backward glance.

The Negro, Warren Kidd, was promptly arrested, but he was soon released. He had planned the act for a long time, he said, perfecting the gesture with much practice in order to emulate Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Royal couple sailed in Gothic to Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, where they docked at 8.15 a.m. on November 29. It was evident that the Queen enjoyed Bermuda and Jamaica. But she really loved Panama.

The Queen and the Duke crossed the isthmus by car, returning a few miles to rejoin Gothic at the Pedro Miguel Locks for the last stretch of the canal to Balboa.

The road here winds in and out of the Zone, which was tense with American precautions for the Queen's safety. But once the car turned the corner into Panama there was such a howling and cheering crowd mobbing the Queen's car, plus the explosions of firecrackers, that one Panamanian in the procession thought that yet another revolution had broken out.

Dark-skinned Panamanians, undeterred by police batons, jumping on the running-board of the Queen's car, grinning their welcome and emphasising it with thumps on the windows, became routine for the rest of the visit to this Spanish-speaking republic within the British Commonwealth. The Queen enjoyed every minute. She showed concern only when it seemed that some of the children might be run over.

The most memorable part of the short Panama visit was the reception given by President Jose Antonia Remon, former Chief of Police, and President without benefit of election. Two thousand people were invited and nobody declined; as well, there were another 1000 unashamed gatecrashers. Every man was a Valentino; every girl, in frilly fiesta dress, a Rita Hayworth. The toasts were not to Queen Elizabeth, but to La Reina Isabella, La Reina Linda.

Panama has its own ideas of national songs. There they believe, for instance, that "The Desert Song" is Australia's national anthem. So it wasn't surprising when, to honor the Queen, they played "The Harry Lime Theme."

The Queen took the floor for the first dance—somewhat diffidently—with the jolly, rotund President to the strains of "Embraceable You." "I hope we're not the only couple dancing," she said to him as they moved towards the marble dance floor. But she need not have worried. They were followed by quite 1000 other couples, and the Queen's enjoyment was evident in her gaiety, her laughter, and wholehearted clapping for three encores.

Gothic, after the whirl of these early days, was a holiday at sea. Aboard, the Queen relaxed in cotton dresses and low-heeled shoes. She read, watched enthusiastically the games the Duke played, saw some films, visited the escorting cruiser, H.M.S. Sheffield. Always at hand was her movie camera to record shipboard scenes such as the Crossing-the-Line ceremony.

The Duke had been the first into the 20ft. square wood and canvas pool which was rigged upon Gothic's forward well deck, so it wasn't surprising when he elected to play King Neptune's barber.

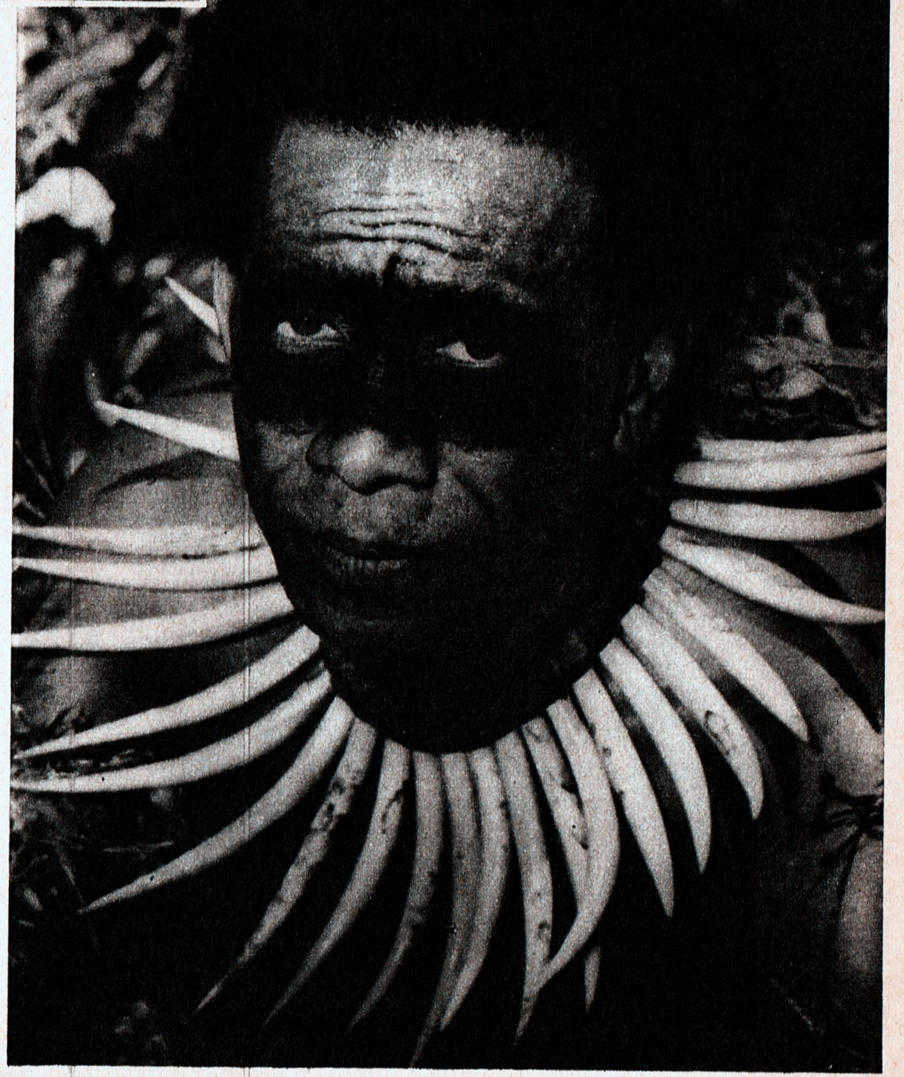
ANCIENT CEREMONY. *Queen Elizabeth drinks kava, made of ground yagona root, from a coconut bowl reserved for Royal visitors to Fiji. Here Her Majesty hesitates before drinking, but she drained the bowl at one gulp, to the delight of all.*

While Gothic was steaming steadily for Fiji, the Fijians were feverishly preparing for the Royal visit and rehearsing lengthy ritual welcome ceremonies, which turned out to be a blend of native customs tailored to modern purposes. As well, of course, there were the routine European-style receptions. What made the most talk beforehand was whether dancing girls, specially imported from all over the islands, would be allowed to put on a floor show for the Monarch at the State Ball in Suva.

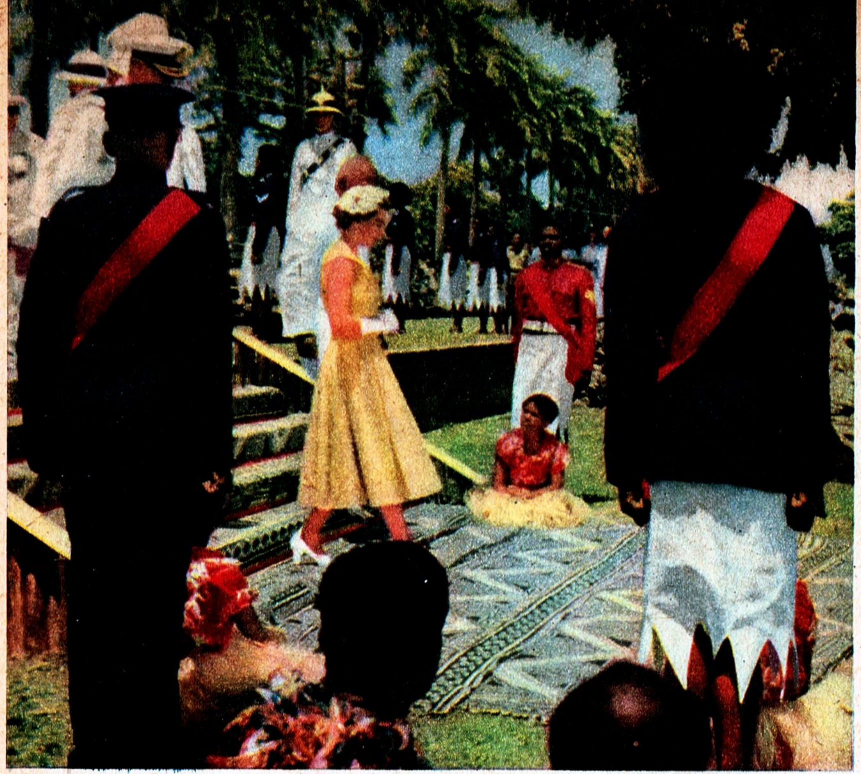
The hula girls were finally ruled out amid echoing protests that "the Duke would like it." The rehearsed hulas were approved as "quite proper," but whether the dancing would remain so on the big night was another matter. Officialdom's last and regretful word was that Polynesians, under the stimulus of music and excitement, usually lost all inhibitions.

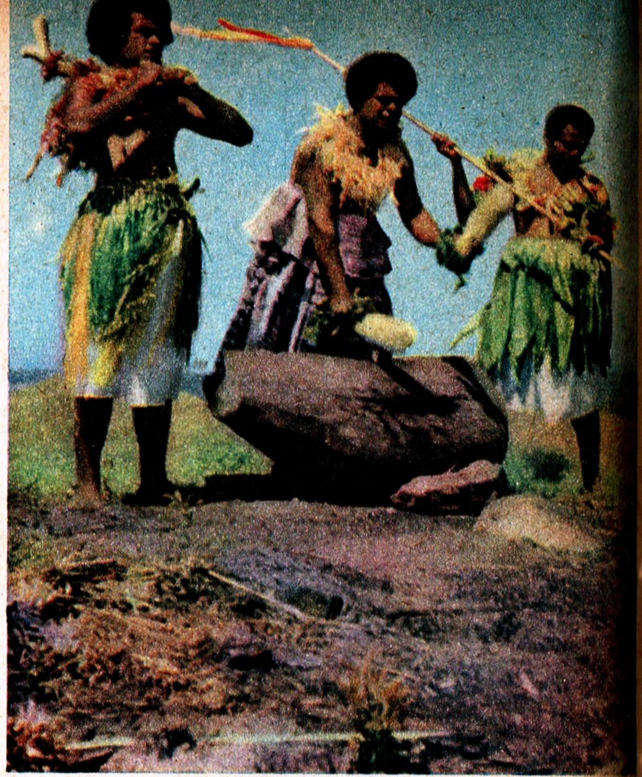
Gothic entered Suva Bay on the blazing sunny morning of December 17, where she was greeted by decorated yachts, a salute of guns, and a small fleet of outrigger canoes, their golden sails glinting in the sunshine, their crews in green, yellow, and white coconut-leaf skirts and leis.

Three chiefs, resplendent in pale gold tapa (tree-bark) dress and bright bead



FIJIAN DANCER MOSES, *one of the hundreds of islanders who in native costume and necklets of boars' tusks took part in the dances performed in Albert Park, Suva, as part of the tumultuous welcome to Queen Elizabeth.*



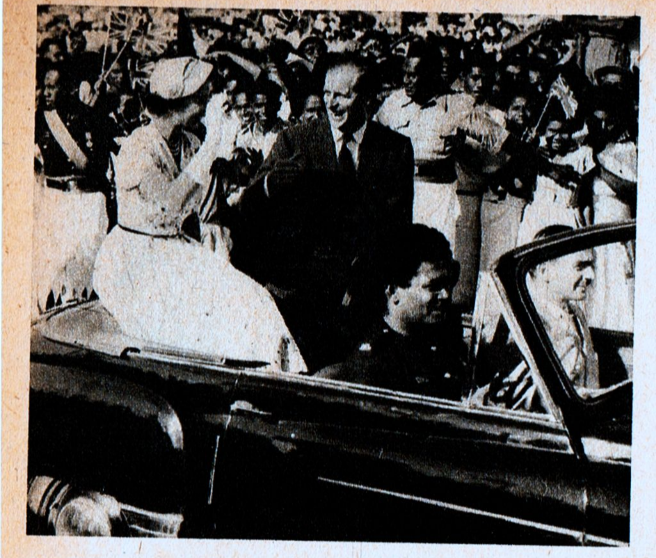


IN FIJI. Her Majesty (above) leaves the dais in Albert Park, Suva, where she saw ceremonial dancing by hundreds of native men and women.

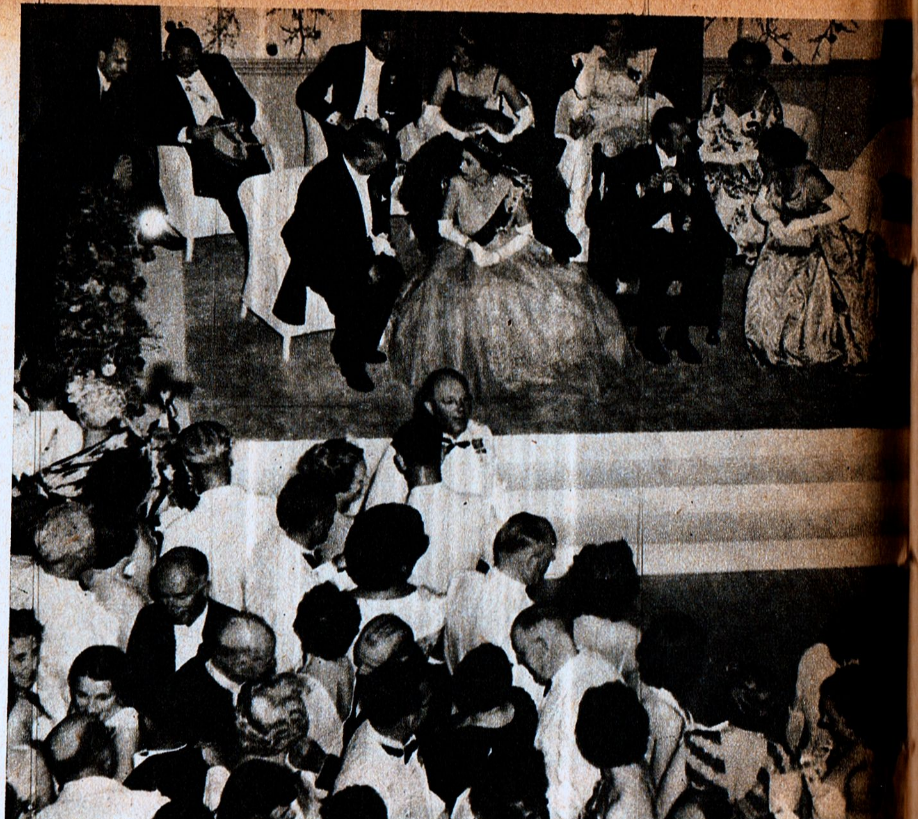
ABOVE CENTRE: Fijians in ceremonial dress on a hill above Lautoka beat the lali (log drum) to announce the Queen's arrival on the island.

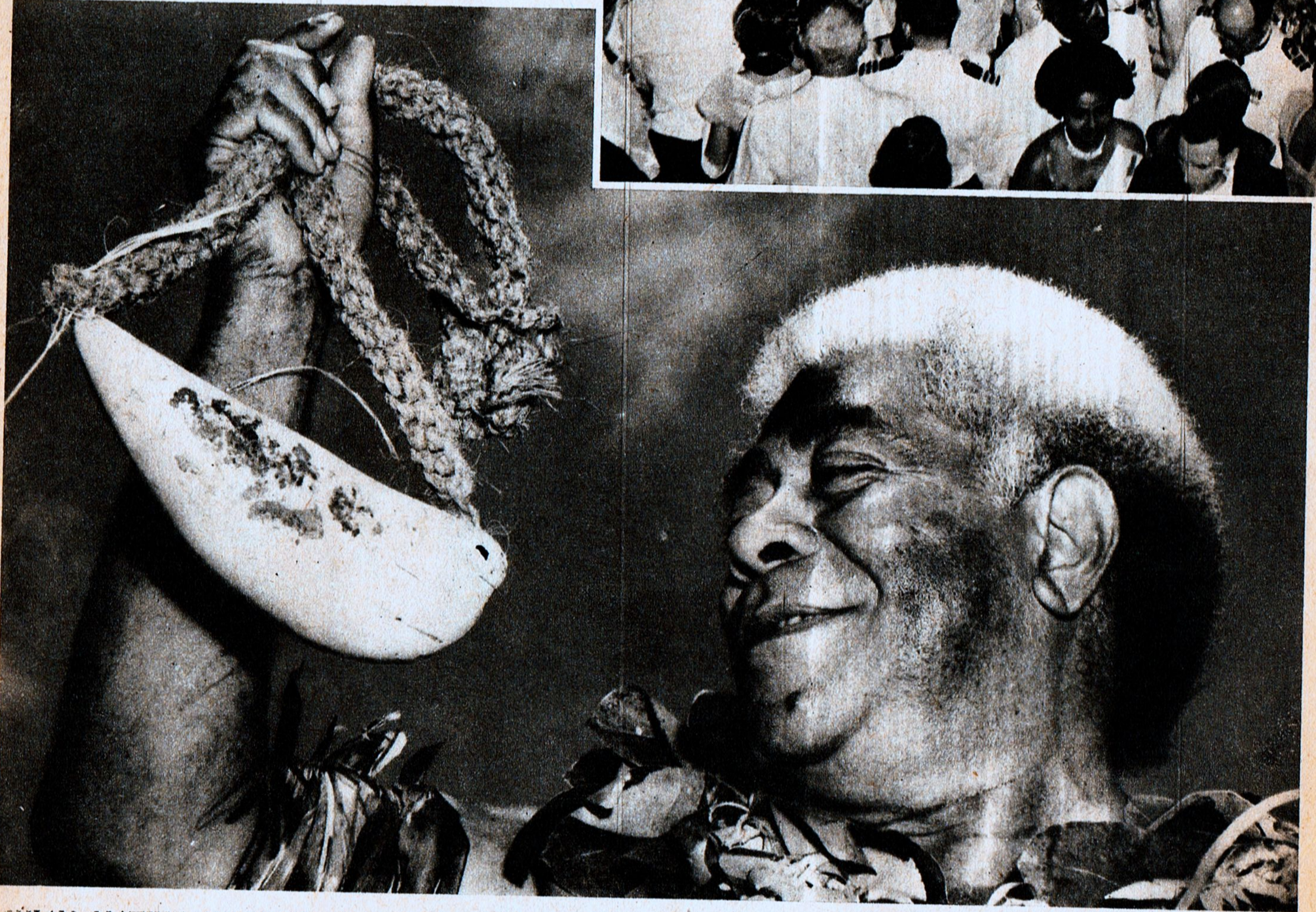
ABOVE RIGHT: Torchlight escort for the Royal couple to the State Ball. The 50 torch-bearers ran beside the car for 1½ miles at an unfaltering pace.

RIGHT: The Queen, accompanied by Sir Ronald Garvey, arrives at the State Ball, Suva.

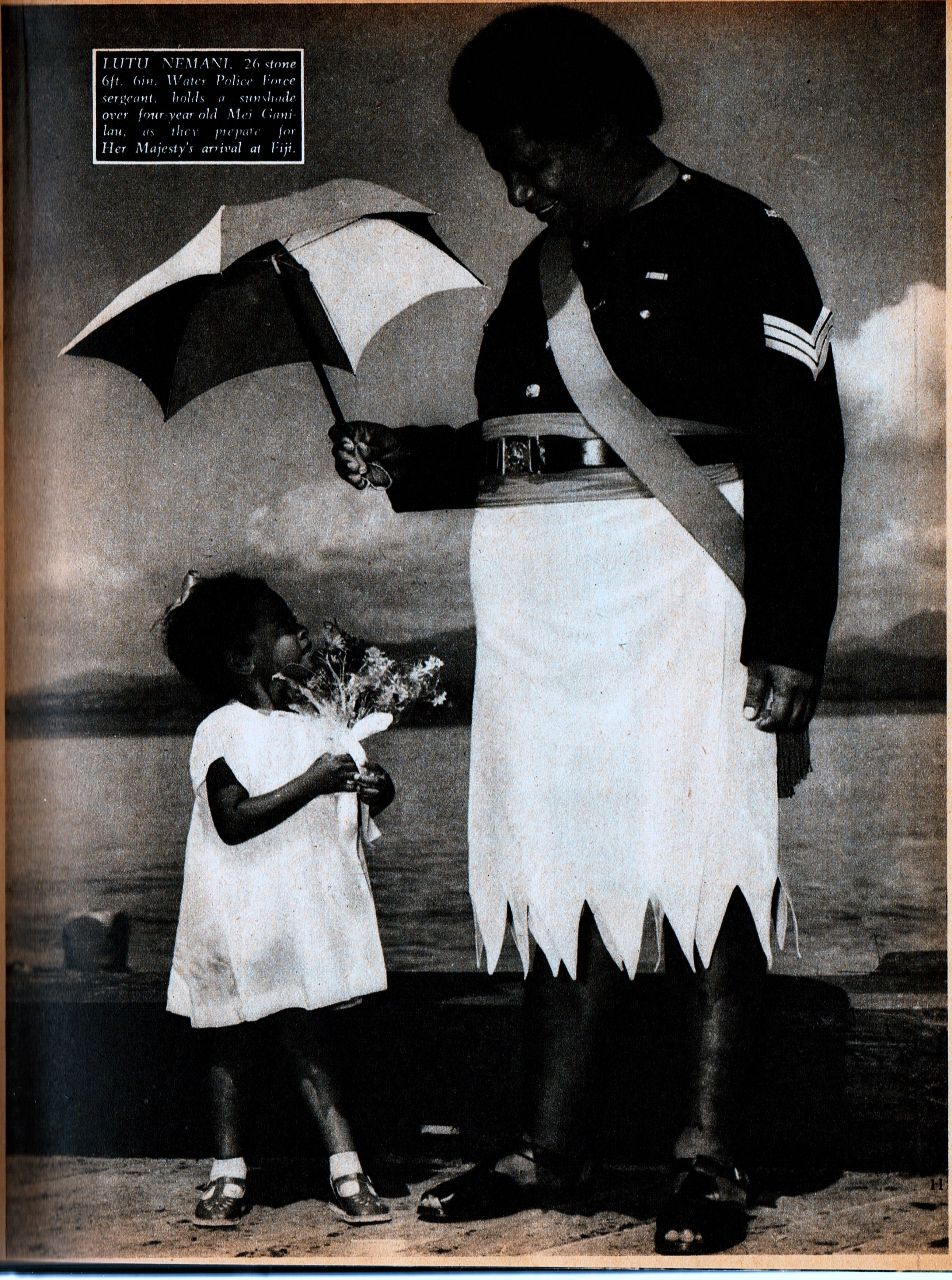


ROYAL COUPLE (above) share a joke in the gaiety of the acclamation on their way back from the athletic meeting at Lautoka, Fiji. AT RIGHT: The Royal party on the dais at the State Ball at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Suva. The Queen looked beautiful in a bouffant gown of blue and silver lace over blue tulle.





FIJIAN NATIVE WARRIOR Livia Yavaca with a tabua (whale's tooth), one of the hundreds given to Queen Elizabeth in Fiji. The whale's tooth is the symbol of friendship and its presentation is ranked as a high honor in traditional Fijian ceremonies. Special supplies of tabua were flown into Fiji from all over Oceania to fulfil the huge demands from the islanders.



LUTU NEMANI, 26 stone 6ft. 6in. Water Police Force sergeant, holds a sunshade over four-year-old Mei Ganilau, as they prepare for Her Majesty's arrival at Fiji.

FIJIAN ARISTOCRAT Ratu George Kadavulevu Cakobau, O.B.E., is presented to Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh (left) by Sir Ronald Garvey at Albert Park, Suva. Cakobau is the head chief of Fiji.

THE QUEEN (above) watches an athletic meeting in Churchill Park, Lautoka, from a coconut-shaded dais.

AT RIGHT: The Royal couple arriving by car at the athletic meeting. The Duke's hat is the Tyrolean-influenced brown felt that was very much admired.

necklaces, crossed the harbor in a launch with the Fiji Governor, Sir Ronald Garvey, to begin the long and significant ceremonies of speech, presentation of tabua (whales' teeth, symbols of friendship), and speeches in reply.

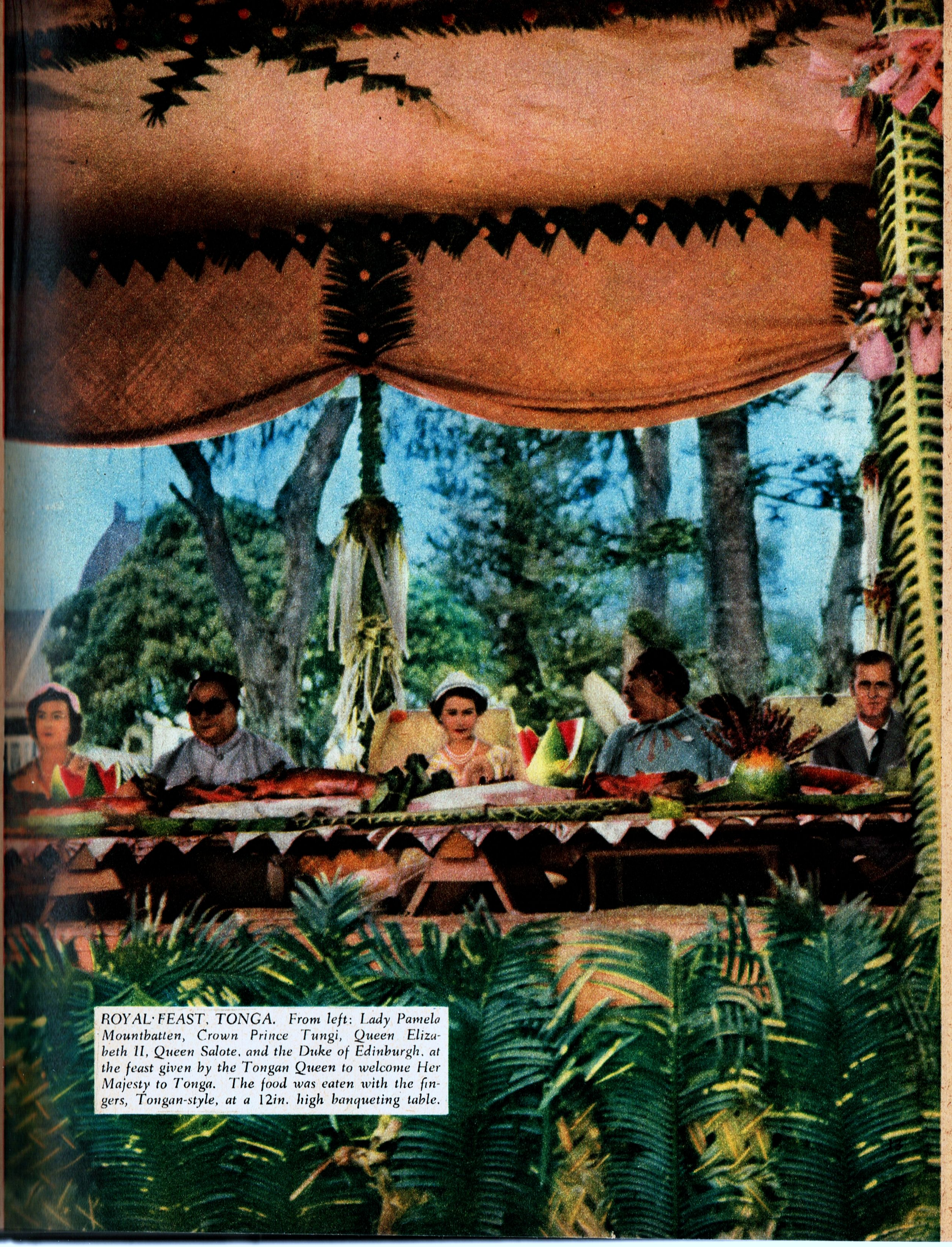
Immediately the Queen landed at King's Wharf she was presented with a bouquet by a tiny tapa and frill clad Fijian girl. Elizabeth looked very fair, small, and cool in her yellow shantung summer dress against the massive, dark-skinned Fijians. The proudest of these men was also the biggest — a Water Police Force sergeant who was stationed on the wharf, and ever since has been able to boast, "I de only man salutie de Queenie."

Conducted by Ratu (chief) Sir Lala Sukuna, Her Majesty walked along a specially laid tapa carpet and on to a dais in Albert Park, where 30,000 Fijians had assembled. There, in full view, the Queen drank kava, specially made on the spot from a powdered root, out of a special coconut shell reserved for royalty. Although kava is the Fijian national drink, this was a rite; and the Fijians firmly believe that disaster overtakes those who refuse to drink or do not drain the cup.

The Queen hesitated with the coconut shell in her hands below her lips (as well she might according to Europeans, who mostly think it vile), but then she tilted back her head and drained the cup. As she did so a shout of delight and acclamation shrilled through the park.

There followed a ritual carried out by the high-born ladies of Fiji headed by Lady Maria Vasowale (Sir Lala Sukuna's wife), more presentations of tabua, and a swirl of singing and dancing with clubs and spears.

During that day the Queen and the Duke visited a boys' school and a girls' school; Her Majesty officially opened the new Central Medical School; and together, escorted by an unbroken line of Fijian torchbearers, the Royal couple attended



ROYAL FEAST, TONGA. From left: Lady Pamela Mountbatten, Crown Prince Tungi, Queen Elizabeth II, Queen Salote, and the Duke of Edinburgh, at the feast given by the Tongan Queen to welcome Her Majesty to Tonga. The food was eaten with the fingers, Tongan-style, at a 12in. high banqueting table.

the State Ball. The temperature during the day had stayed steadily in the nineties, so it was not surprising that the Queen seemed tired.

The Duke (he had become forever "Diuke ni Edinibari" to the Fijians) summed up the Royal visit to Tonga, the next stop on the tour, when he and the Queen were being farewelled by Queen Salote, the massive native Queen, and her two sons and daughters-in-law. "We were here less than two days," he said. "I'm damn sorry it wasn't two weeks."

It began on Saturday morning, December 19, when the Royal couple arrived by flying boat. Immediately after a guard inspection they were conducted to an immense feast.

The food had been a week in preparation. It included hundreds of chickens, lines of roasted sucking pigs, turtle, fish, and lobster, both raw and baked in leaves over charcoal or dressed with seasoned coconut milk, root vegetables, tropical fruit, and outsize slices of watermelon.

The Queen firmly kept to her diet and ate very little, although the Duke tried everything. The feast was eaten with fingers, and most of the 2000 guests emerged with at least a spot or two of watermelon juice, but the Queen was immaculate as ever, her make-up unimpaired as she rose from the table of honor.

In the afternoon she rested while the Duke went swimming with Crown Prince Tungi and Prince Tu'ipelehake, both of them over six feet and 20 stone.

That night Queen Elizabeth, wearing an evening gown of aquamarine tulle and sequins and a diamond tiara and jewels, and the Duke attended a dinner-dance at the small weatherboard bungalow of the local British Consul, Mr. J. E. Windrum.

For Tonga, it was formal. Mrs. Windrum, a good-looking American from Texas, had got her husband to install a special stove to cook the dinner; Mr. Windrum had been having his troubles with the magneto in the house's electric light plant. No sooner had the Queen arrived than the lights failed for 15 minutes.

The Queen chatted and laughed through dinner. Afterwards she did not dance out of courtesy to Queen Salote, who never dances. But the 30 guests followed the Duke on to the floor.

Next door was a dance at the home of the Commissioner of Police, attended by the mothers of some of the girls at the Windrums' dinner-dance. They spent the evening watching the dance floor (the bungalow verandah) over the straggling hibiscus hedge or running into the street to peer over the heads of the crowd and gasp with them, "Isn't she beautiful!"

The next morning the Queen, a photography fan, wandered through the palace gardens, cine-camera in hand and a snapshot camera hanging from her neck, eagerly photographing everything that took her eye.

After service in the Wesleyan Church, the Queen, the Duke, and a small party of the Queen's entourage and the Royal Tongan household went picknicking at Kauvai, Queen Salote's estate 15 miles away.

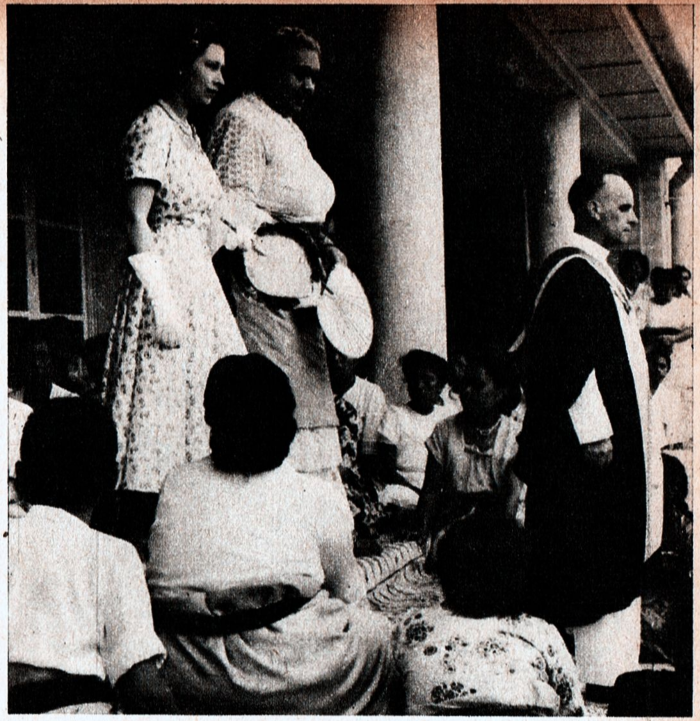
Everyone was garlanded with leis and the members of the Queen's entourage went swinging about in native grass skirts, hula fashion. The cotton dresses of Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Lady Alice Egerton, the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, were almost hidden by the leis and skirts. "I must take photographs of you both to send home," the Queen said, as she retrieved her camera from the Duke. She ended by taking candids of everyone.

The picnic ended early so that the Royal party could embark for New Zealand in mid-afternoon.

Queen Salote had tears in her eyes at the parting on the wharf. "Come back again soon," she said softly. The Queen and the Duke, decked with flowers, looked back to wave regretfully as the barge took them to Gothic.

SOME OF THE TONGAN NOTABLES, distinguished visitors, and Press who made up most of the 2000 guests who attended Queen Salote's great feast to Elizabeth II at Nuku'alofa.

QUEEN ELIZABETH accepts a basket of flowers from Queen Salote's granddaughter. The 6ft. 3in. Queen proudly watches the presentation, which took place soon after Elizabeth's arrival in Tonga.



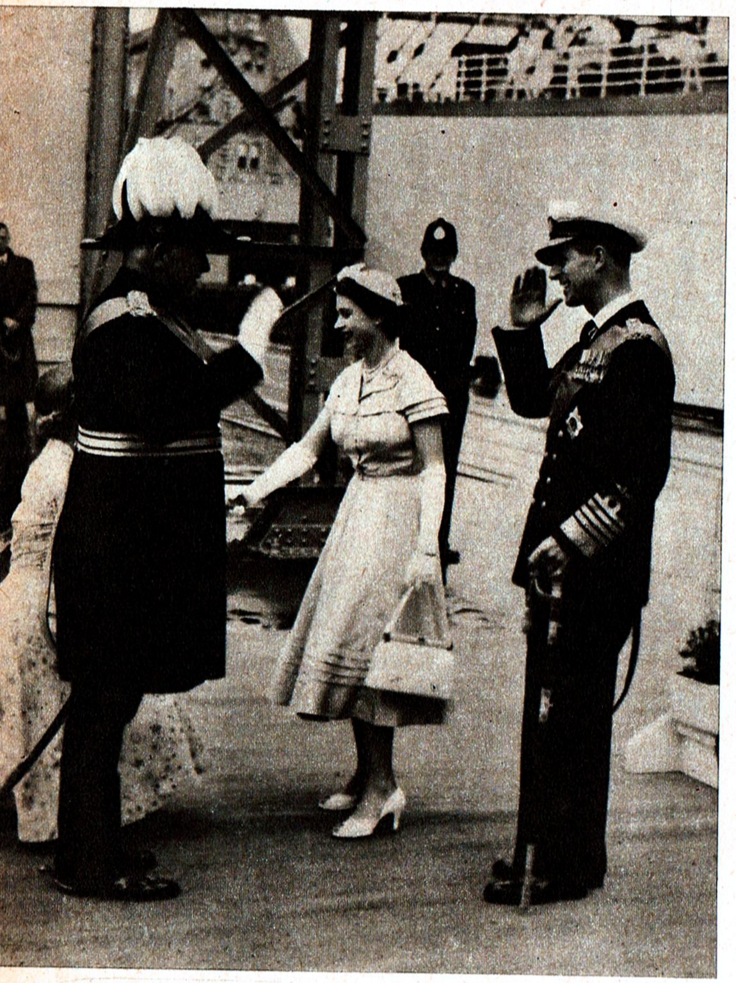
LEAVING CHURCH on the second day of the Royal visit are Queen Elizabeth and Queen Salote, preceded by the Wesleyan minister. The Tongan ladies are sitting in complete silence—their mark of respect to Royalty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH (above), accompanied by Queen Salote, inspects a Tongan guard of honor. AT RIGHT: Under a frilly parasol held by a high-born Tongan, Her Majesty walks with Queen Salote across the park after the big feast of welcome.

NEW ZEALAND

The North . . . and South Islands

AFTER the island-hopping and one and two day stops that comprised the first stages of the tour, New Zealand was an extended run from December 23 to January 31 from the North Island through the South Island. To those who made the rushed whirl by air, train and car, it was a blur of civic receptions, garden parties, ten-minute whistle stops, factory inspections, investitures, and other public functions big and small, punctuated by mayors in robes of office, little girls presenting posies, tubs of hydrangeas decorating every reception dais in the countryside. Always and everywhere there were the cheering crowds.



ARRIVAL IN AUCKLAND. New Zealand Governor General, Sir Willoughby Norrie, salutes the Duke of Edinburgh while Lady Norrie curtsies to Queen Elizabeth at Central Wharf, Auckland, where the Royal couple disembarked from Gothic to begin their New Zealand visit.

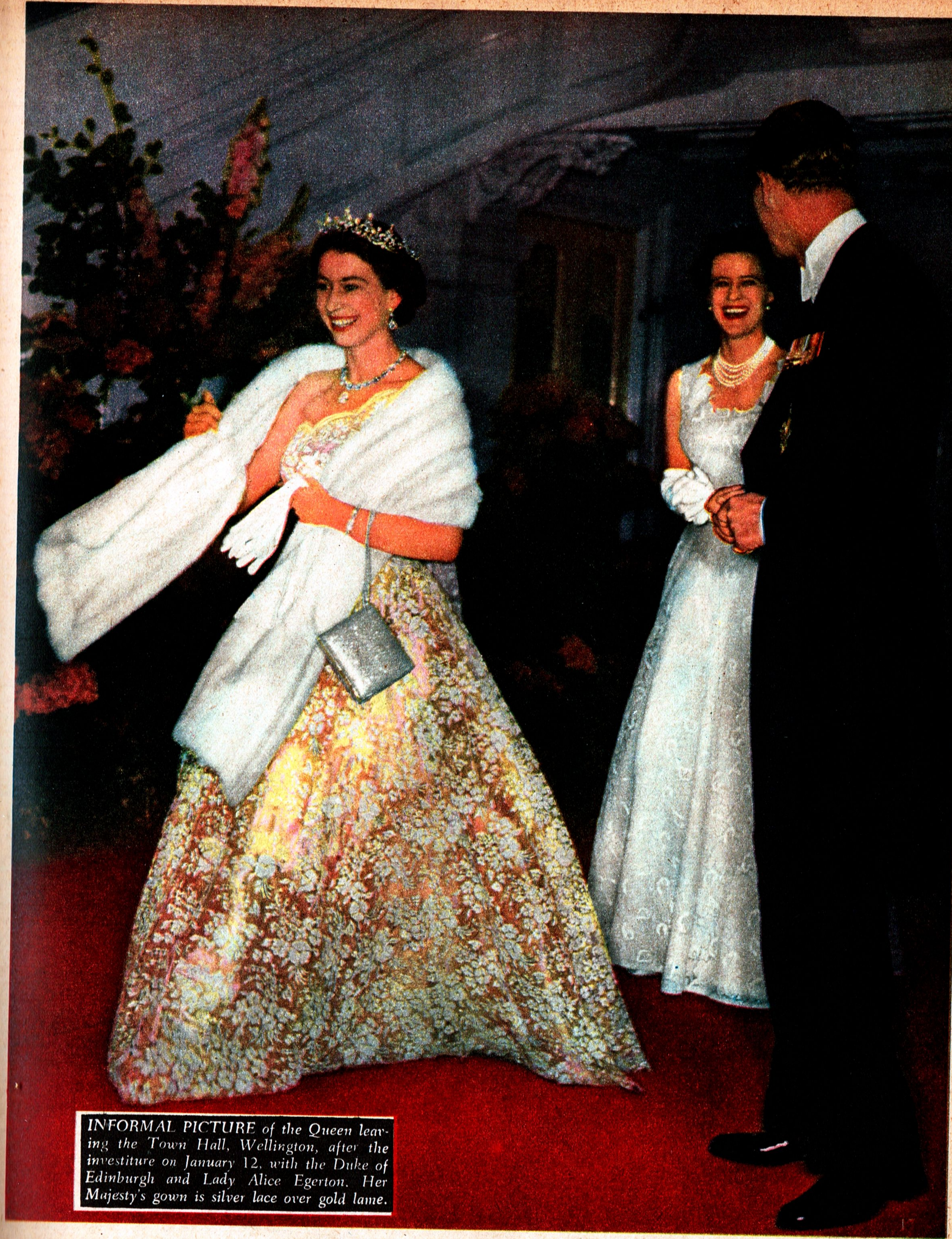
There were crowds fighting to get a glimpse of the Queen; crowds in a seething mass chanting under her hotel windows, "We want the Queen"; crowds forming a solid block in front of the Royal box at the races, disinterested in the horses, intent on following, sometimes through field-glasses at 20 feet, every expression on the Queen's face.

She, the focus of all this, was the most composed. Wherever she went, Elizabeth II seemed to be mantled in stillness, erect, unflurried, smiling, supremely neat, looking very slender and feminine in her summery, full-skirted dresses and tiny hats, her handbag looped conveniently over her arm in the way women have, which suggests that if a fire broke out this would be the first possession they would reach for.

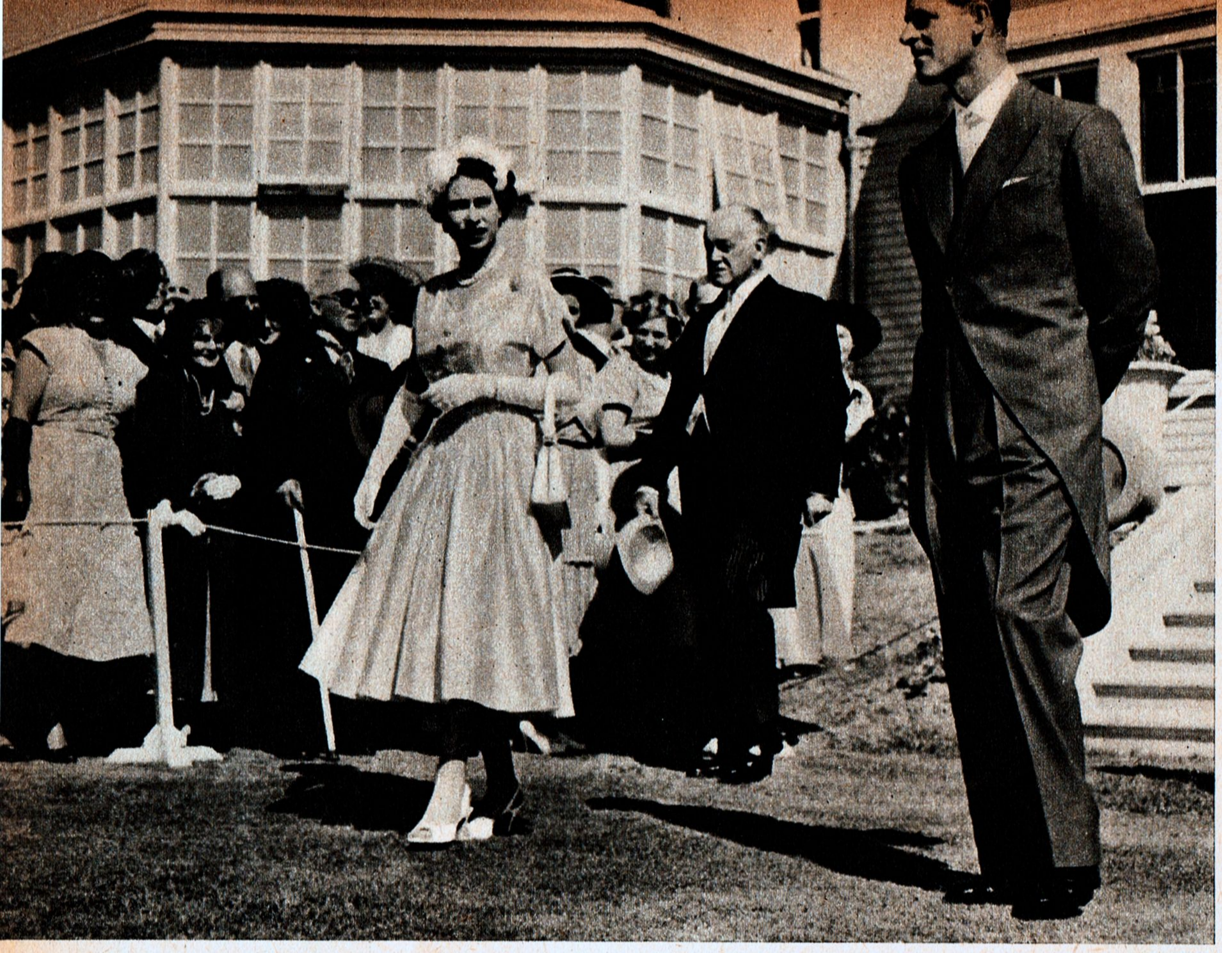
Everyone likes to find human touches, the idiosyncrasies of character in Royalty. But in the Southern Hemisphere this is especially so. It is such a long way from the titles and thrones and traditions of the north. The New Zealanders were impressed by their sovereign, the first reigning monarch to visit them – and they would have cheered whatever British sovereign arrived to see them. But they judged the Queen first and foremost as a person. And as a person they loved her. To a monarch who can take respect for granted, this was the highest compliment.

Just as the Queen had looked very fair in the Pacific Islands, she looked outstandingly young and girlish in New Zealand. She seemed forever to be surrounded by officials, major and minor, cut to a pattern of plain weatherbeaten face and portly figure, and their wives—ample, corseted ladies in their best hats, almost without exception middle-aged.

But the man in the street—or more accurately, the woman in the street—rejoiced that she had youthful companionship in her husband. "At least she has the Duke with her," they said. But more than this, it was apparent that the



INFORMAL PICTURE of the Queen leaving the Town Hall, Wellington, after the investiture on January 12, with the Duke of Edinburgh and Lady Alice Egerton. Her Majesty's gown is silver lace over gold lame.



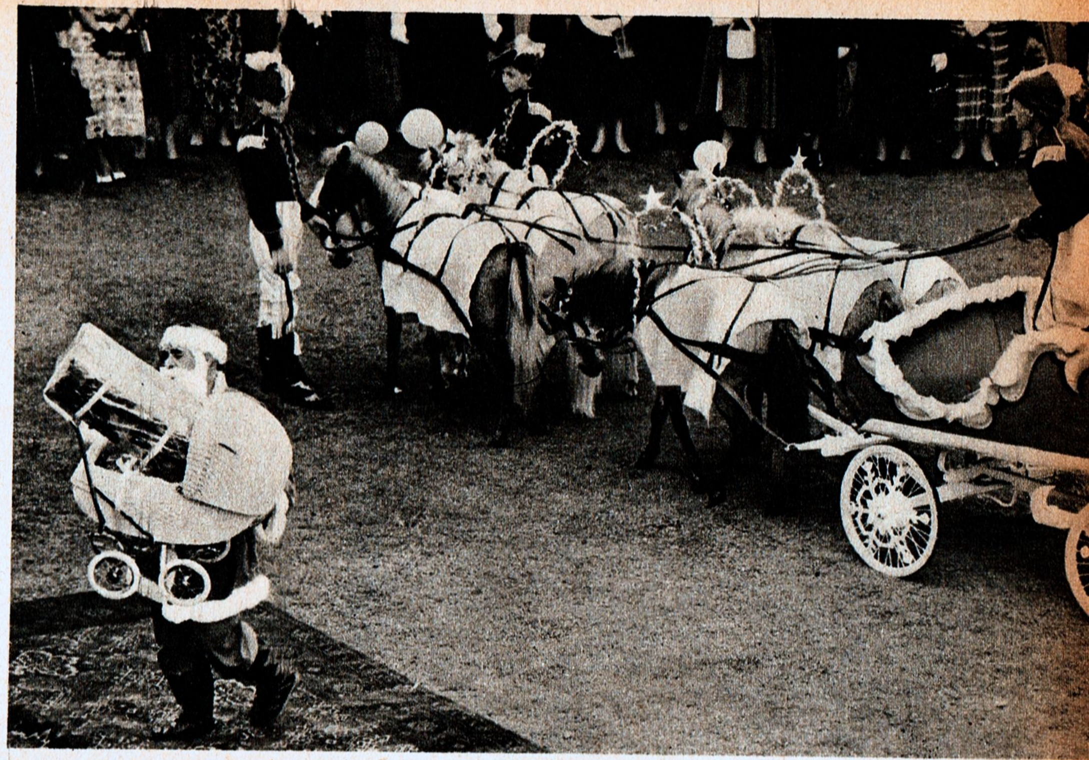
ROYAL COUPLE at the garden party, Government House, Wellington, on January 13. Behind them is the Governor-General, Sir Willoughby Norrie. People were presented every few yards, and it took an hour for the Royal visitors to walk the complete length of the lawn.

IN THE GROUNDS of Auckland Hospital, Korean veteran Lt.-Col. F. W. Voelcker is presented to the Queen. "How glad I am to have met you," said the Queen to the soldier.

HER MAJESTY receives the city's loyal address in front of the Town Hall, Auckland. The weather was patchy during the 1½-day visit here. It was hot and humid, rain alternating with sunshine nearly every day. The crowds were undeterred by the capricious weather.

SANTA CLAUS (right) staggers from his pony-drawn coach under a pramload of toys for the Royal children which he laid at the Queen's feet. This was a surprise visit paid to the Royal couple at Government House, Auckland, on Christmas morning.

BELOW: From the porch of Government House the Queen films Santa's arrival. Among the presents he distributed were a gold pen and pencil for the Duke of Edinburgh, an electric train for Prince Charles, and a pram and doll's wardrobe for Princess Anne.



Duke, with his long, eager stride, and his lean, good looks, was much more than the likeable young man the Queen had married.

There he was, always a couple of steps to the right behind her, intent, interested, and making the most of his opportunity, since he was relatively out of the limelight, to study the scene. The "little people," the ones whom officialdom had perhaps not the time, perhaps not the inclination, to bring forward to the Queen's notice, were the Duke's special care. Deliberately he trailed behind at the small receptions to have a few words with the men—crisp discussion, usually about machinery, or crops or war service.

"Look, they're sorting peas," he said to the Queen during the hour's tour of the J. Wattie canneries at Hastings in the North Island. He indicated some overalled girls who were trying hard to work and to look, yet not to stare, at the Queen. The Queen looked over at the operation, then gave the girls the smile that has become a cliche as "radiant" but which has no other description.

"Hurry up, we're behind schedule," he would remind Elizabeth. And she, reminded, would "hurry up." "Look, Bet, they're diving for pennies," he called across a Maori guide and an official when the Royal party were crossing a bridge in the Rotorua district. The Queen stopped, turned, looked down and saw a flight of small boys swallow-diving into the river. She noted also, with relief, that one of her entourage was recording the scene for her with her cinecamera.

During the tour three portable dais structures were like recurring decimals—one in use, one behind being dismantled, one ahead being erected. One of these structures became unofficially "our favorite dais." Whenever it loomed up the Queen and the Duke either exchanged a conspiratorial smile, or the Queen, her lips quirking,

AT THE DESK in her sitting-room at Government House, Auckland, the Queen makes her traditional Christmas broadcast after dinner. In London it was Christmas morning.

noticeably avoided meeting his eyes lest he make her laugh aloud.

So open, so close was this relationship between the Royal couple that those behind the scenes always knew when they had had a tiff. Mostly it was because the Duke at the wheel of a car—he took over from the chauffeur whenever a stretch of country road was ahead—always clapped on speed. Not even a Royal wifely command could stop him. Afterwards, boyishly, the Duke worked at coaxing back a smile. This never took long.

One well-kept tour secret was that sometimes the Royal couple got an unidentifiable New Zealand car, and, unnoticed, drove about a city like any young tourists.

The Duke's public gesture New Zealand voted the best was at the races when the Queen was beset by field-glass and periscope staring at closest possible ranges. The Duke brought up his own field-glasses, and calmly, expressionlessly, stared back.

The gesture was eloquent. "The Queen has come here to see and be seen," it said in effect. "But this is a bit too thick. She's defenceless against this sort of thing, but at least I can show you what it feels like."

New Zealanders rocked with laughter. "Good for Philip," was the verdict.

The tour got off to a comparatively indifferent start on December 23 in Auckland. It was raining with a high wind; stories that the Queen wasn't looking well and was overtired dismayed her; Auckland citizens had been so deterred by repeated beforehand warnings of mobs in the streets and consequent danger to life, limb and shop windows that many stayed at home.

There were two bright spots during that first day. One was when the Prime Minister, Mr. S. G. Holland, at the suggestion of the Deputy-Mayor of Auckland, Mr. K. N. Butle, draped Mr. Butle's plastic raincoat around the Queen's shoulders. The Queen, who had been standing

THE QUEEN, in a dress of polka-dotted caramel silk, turns to discuss form with Mrs. Grant, wife of Dr. A. McGregor Grant (left), president of the Auckland Racing Club, in the Royal box at Ellerslie meeting on Boxing Day. Her Majesty was unperturbed by the thousands of racegoers who packed stands and lawns to stare non-stop, often with field-glasses.

FILM PREMIERE (left). Her Majesty, magnificently gowned and wearing her favorite light tiara, at the St. James Theatre, Auckland, where she and the Duke saw the comedy "The Million Pound Note."

with Royal disregard of the weather, said, "Thank you," adding with a smile a whispered, "Sir Walter Raleigh." The amplifiers picked it up and relayed it to the delighted crowd.

The other was when the Queen, driving in Royal Progress through the streets, looked up as an appreciative wolf whistle pierced the non-stop cheering and saw some youths waving from their perch on top of an awning. In the second before they passed out of sight Her Majesty gave them a broad smile.

But the first upsurge of delight at the Queen's presence in New Zealand was almost immediately overcast by the railway disaster of Christmas Eve, when the express train from Wellington to Auckland plunged into the ice-flooded Wangaehu River at the railway bridge near Tangiwai. One hundred and thirty-six people were killed, most of them those who had joyfully anticipated seeing the Queen while holidaying in Auckland and spending Christmas with their families and friends.

It was the worst accident in the country's history.

A few protests were made that the Queen had kept to her tour programme, but these carking voices were raised abroad. New Zealand knew that her tour programme was hard-and-fast; every New Zealander was conscious of the Queen's sympathy. It was reflected in her anxious consultations with the Prime Minister, Mr. S. G. Holland, in her grave face and bent head at the Cathedral Church of St. Mary's, Auckland, on Christmas morning, in visiting survivors of the crash on the way back from attending the races on Boxing Day, and in sending the Duke to represent her at the funeral of unidentified victims.

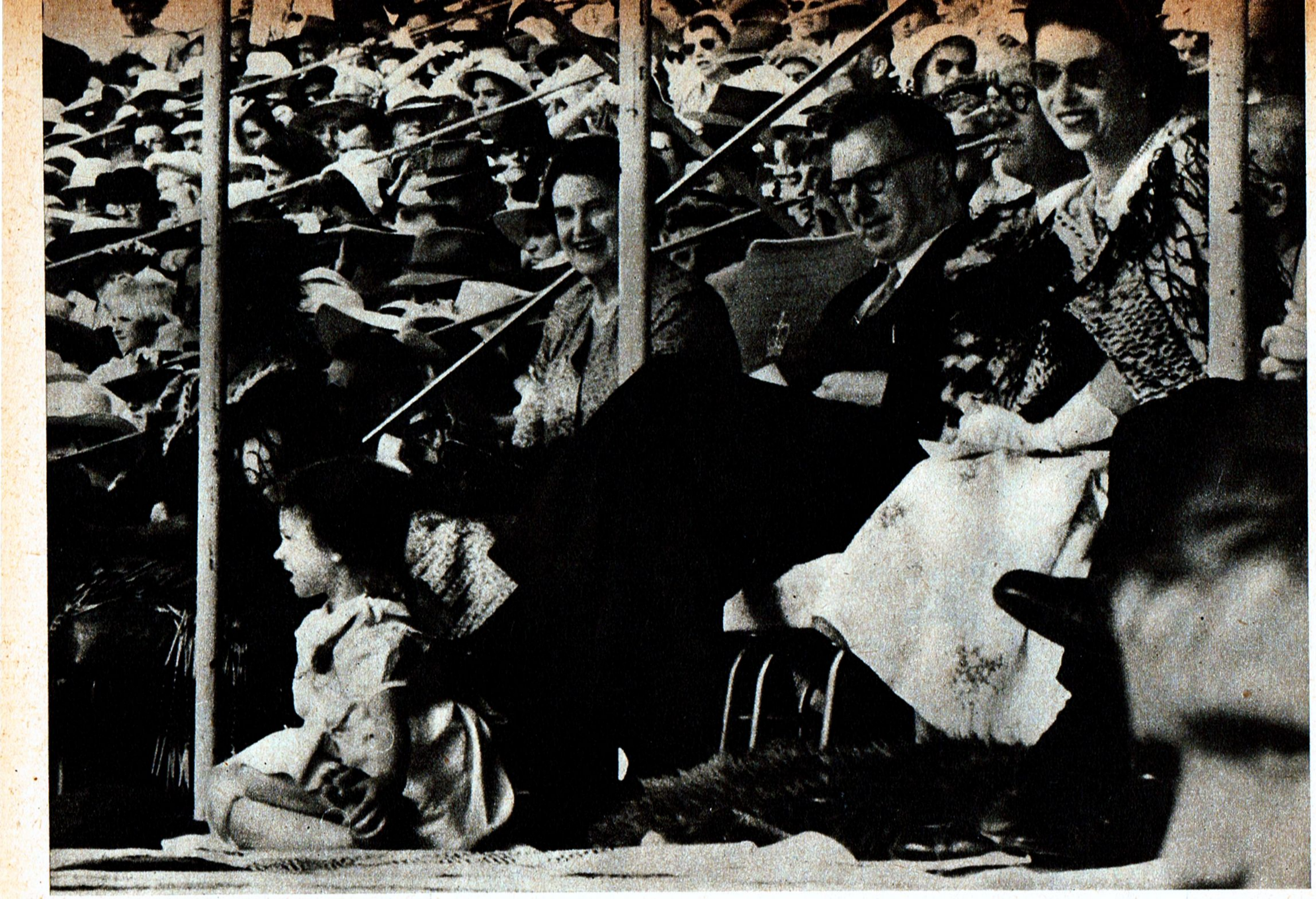
The country tour took her in a Royal Flight plane to Kaikohe, some 1800 miles from Auckland, then by car to Waitangi, with many whistle-stops along the dusty way to let the people of the little townships see her. She looked very straight and slim, as fresh as a flower, especially at

AT WELLINGTON, *the Duke of Edinburgh, representing the Queen, pays homage at the communal grave of the 21 unidentified victims of the Tangiwai railway disaster in which 136 were killed on Christmas Eve.*

AT WAITANGI, *five - year - old Maori girl Anne Te Aurere Rogers shyly presents a bouquet to Queen Elizabeth during one of the big Maori gatherings in the North Island of N.Z.*

MAORI GIRLS *(above) singing and swinging pois form a background for the men dancers who performed for the Queen when she visited Ngaruawahia, in New Zealand's North Island.*

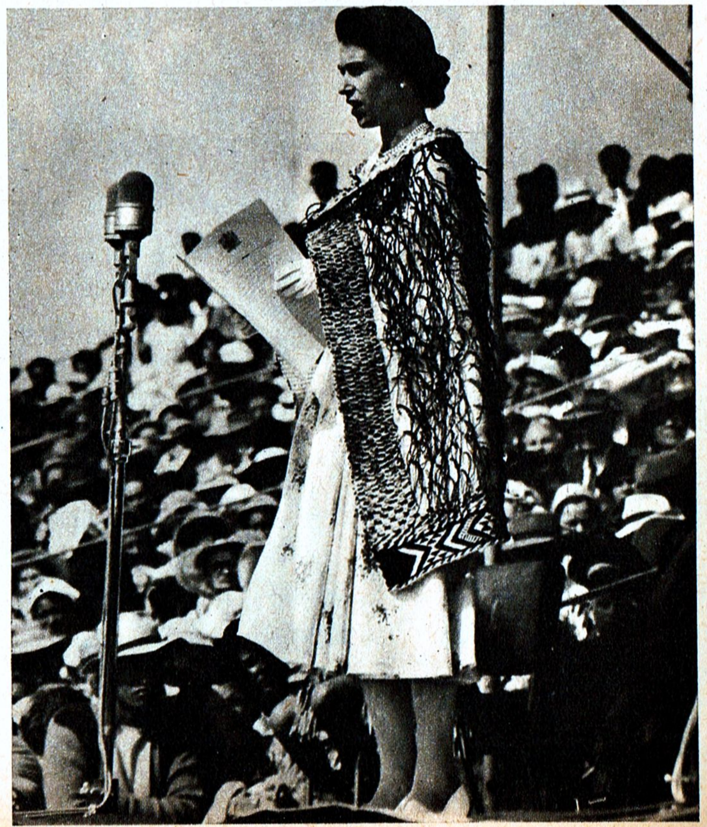
HER MAJESTY, *accompanied by the N.Z. Minister for Native Affairs, Mr. E. B. Corbett, passes through lines of chanting Maori women welcoming her with ceremonials to Waitangi.*

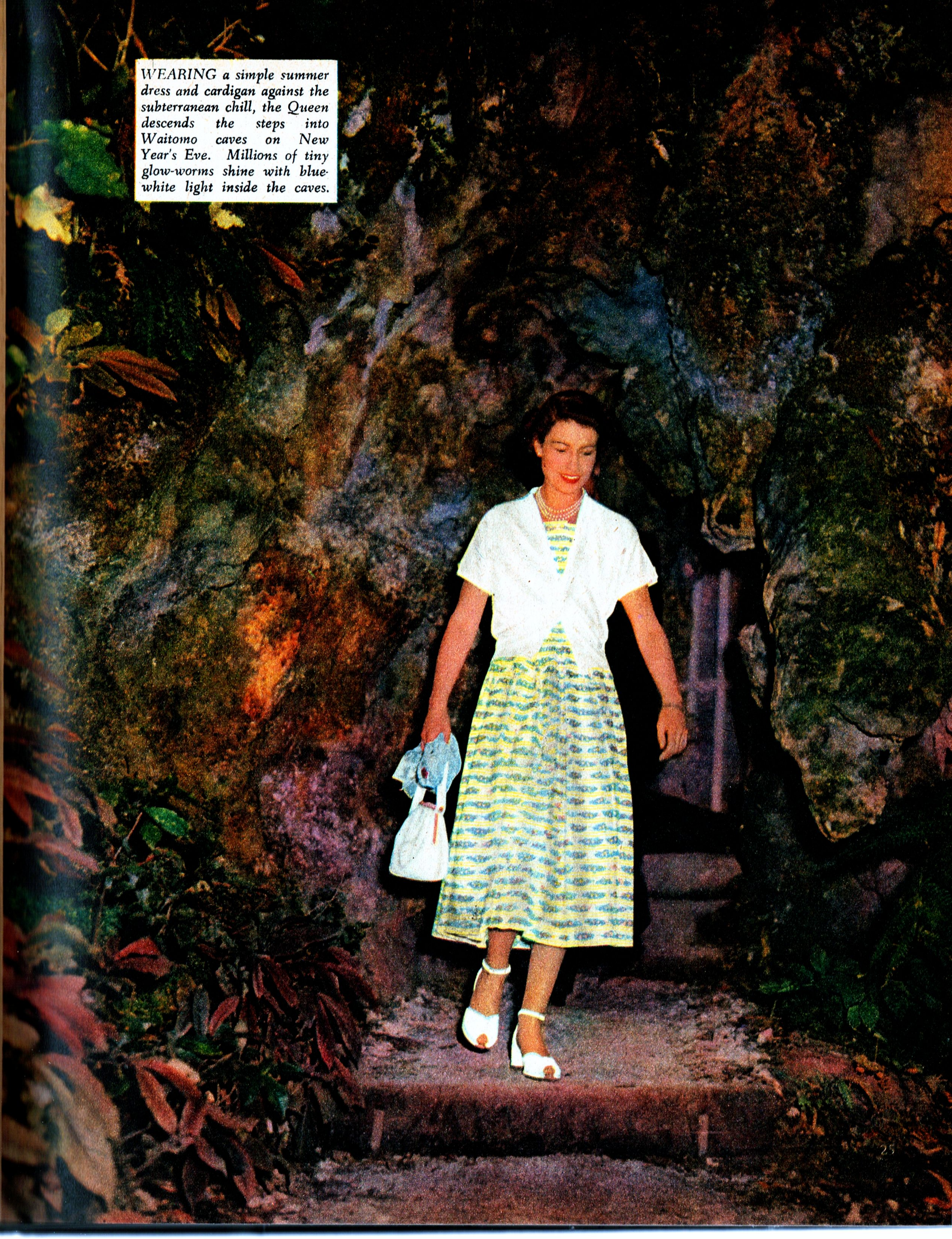


UNREHEARSED INCIDENT. Five-year-old girl who climbed on to the Royal dais at Arawa Park and sat at the Queen's feet while the native ceremonies were being performed. As the little girl climbed up, the Queen put out her hand to help her.

MAGNIFICENT spout from a geyser enthrals the Royal party (below). The geyser sulked inactively until someone dropped soap into the crater, with these immediate results.

WEARING a ceremonial coat that designated her a Maori high chief, the Queen addresses 10,000 Maori subjects who had assembled to welcome her at Rotorua (below).





WEARING a simple summer dress and cardigan against the subterranean chill, the Queen descends the steps into Waitomo caves on New Year's Eve. Millions of tiny glow-worms shine with blue-white light inside the caves.

MAORI CHILDREN frolic in a warm pool at Whakarewarewa watched by the Royal entourage. Later some of the children dived from the bridge for pennies. At left on the bridge are the Duke and Lady Pamela Mountbatten.

Waitangi, where 5000 dusky Maoris wlecomed her with swirling dances and songs.

The Maoris' feeling for the Queen was expressed by their action in throwing the sacred body-feather cloak at her feet. It was never meant to be touched carelessly, let alone walked on. And though a few of them grumbled, the decision to make it a carpet for the Queen was arrived at by an overwhelming majority.

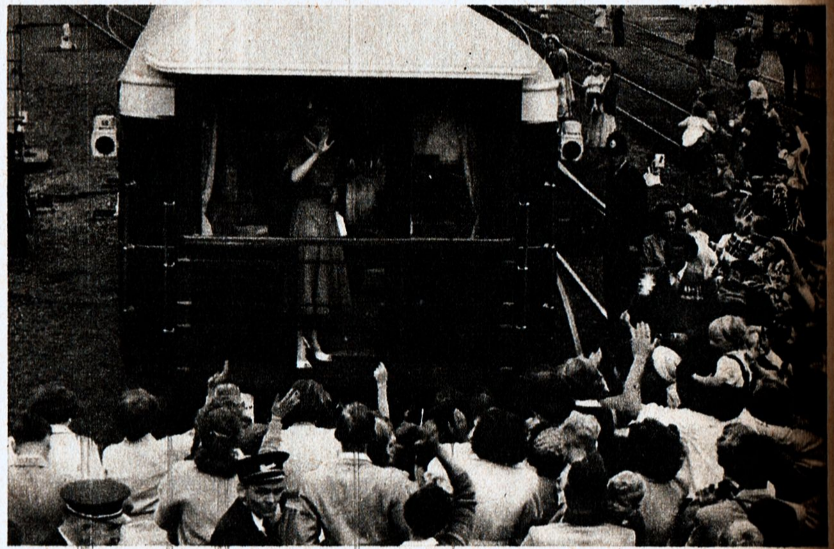
In the confusion and pressing crowds of the early part of the North Island tour, the Queen will remember best, perhaps, the visit to the Waitomo Caves (here Elizabeth put a cardigan over her simplest cotton dress, buttoned it awry, and looked no more than 19), Alton Lodge, famous for its stud horses, and the few days' respite staying privately at "Moose Lodge," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Cole, where the Queen, no aquatics fan, surprised even her own household by enjoying a launch party on magnificent Lake Rotoiti.

There followed more public duties of the tour, by car first, then from Hastings by train down the eastern side of the North Island and up the western side in a rough V to New Plymouth. From here the Royal visitors flew down to Wellington, the capital.

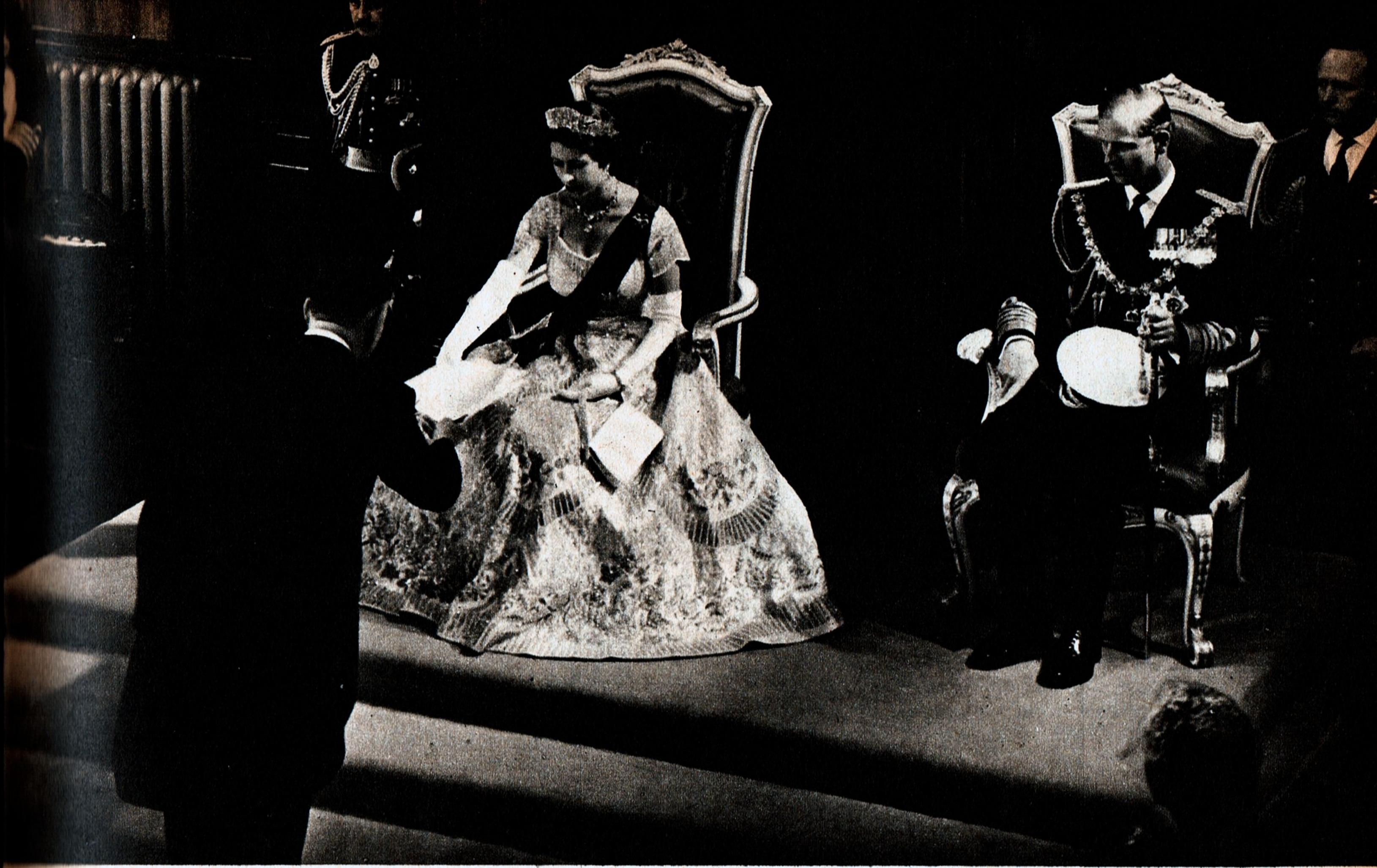
The pattern of the country tour had been set. The arrival and public reception by the mayor in the biggest park or public square available, a bouquet presentation, usually by a child, then the presentation of some leading citizens to the Queen and the Duke. If there were 1000 people in a district, 1000 turned up to see Her Majesty, and if all they got after a 100-mile drive and a night camped out by the roadside was a glimpse of her white-gloved hand waving from the back platform of the Royal train, they considered themselves repaid ten times over.

Wherever she stayed crowds gathered outside chanting "We want the Queen." Her appearance on the balcony of a hotel was the signal for outbursts of cheering and often the singing of "God Save the Queen." If the repeated calls

JUBILANT CROWDS at Palmerston North had to be held back by the police when the Queen passed by. During the evening brass bands played beneath huge crowns lit with electric bulbs, and people sang in the streets.

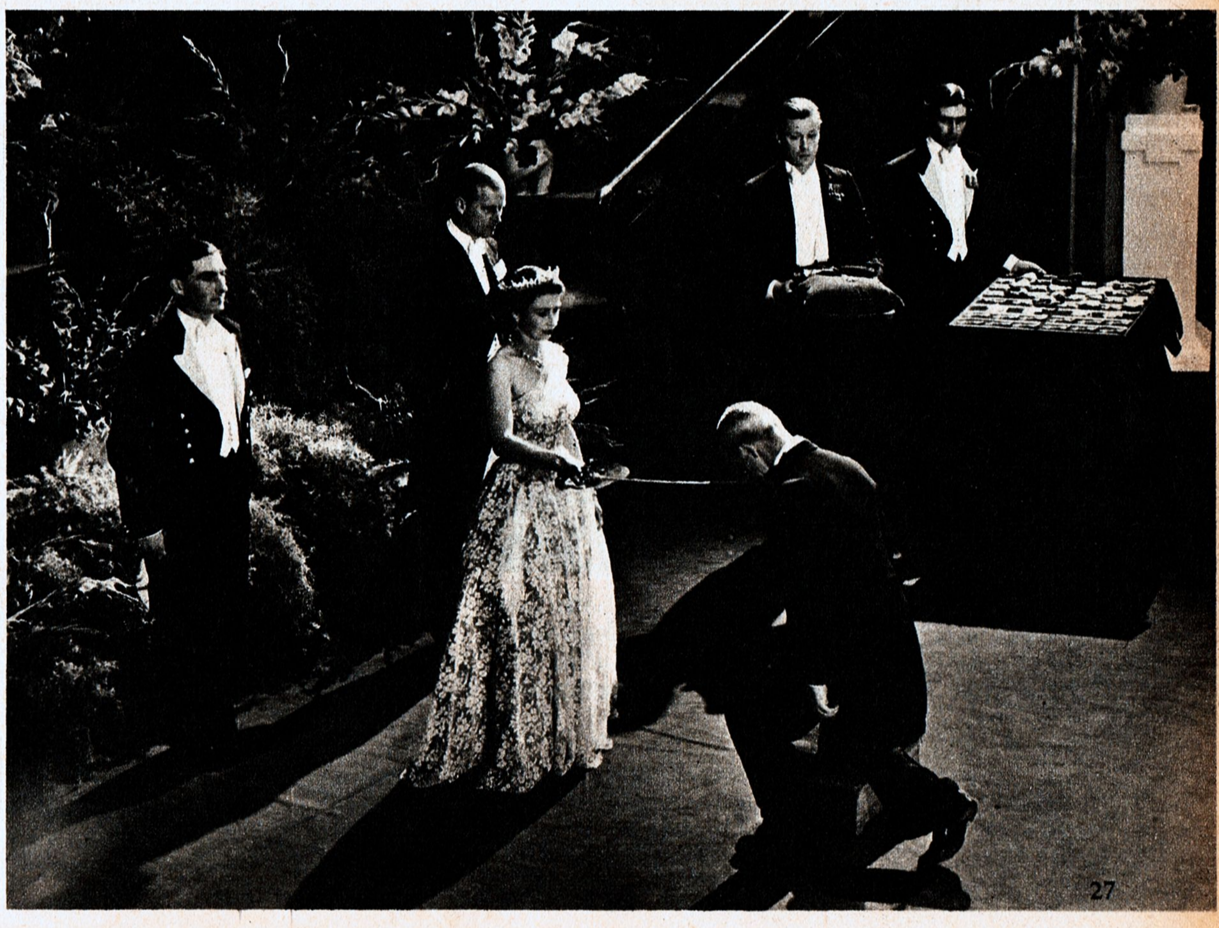


AN EXCITING two-day whistle-stop tour on a little train painted bright red allowed the Queen to see her people from the rear observation platform. En route galloping horsemen waving streamers chased the train.



WEARING her magnificent Coronation gown with diamond tiara, necklace and earrings, and the kingfisher-blue riband and star of the Order of the Garter, Her Majesty opened the fourth session of New Zealand's 30th Parliament, Wellington, on January 11.

RIGHT: Under Kleig lights in the Wellington Town Hall, the Queen lets her flashing gold and silver sword fall upon the shoulder of a new knight during a brilliant investiture when she presented 130 men and women with the insignia of awards and honors.

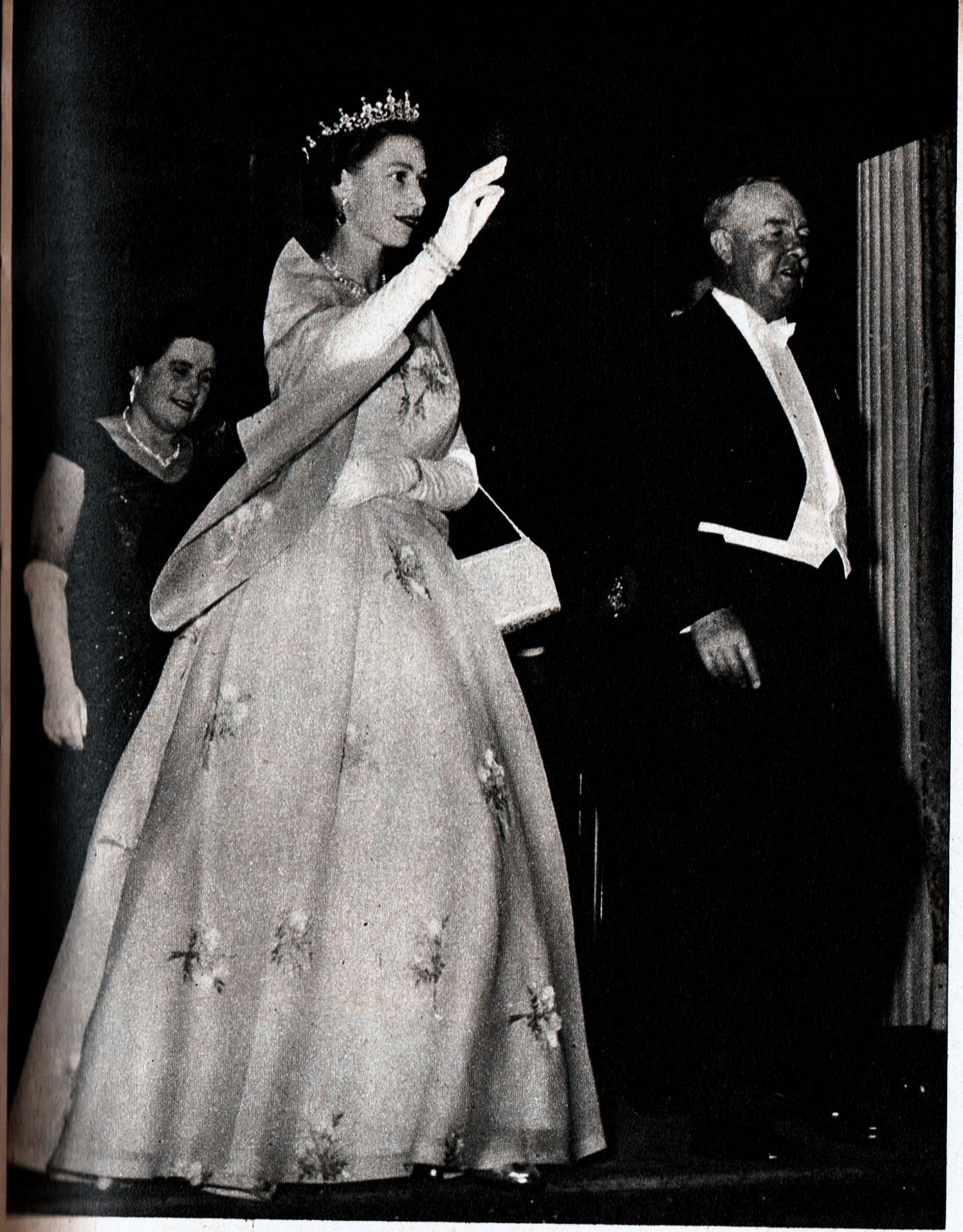


INSPECTING INDUSTRY. The Queen and the Duke took a keen interest in the modern assembly plant when they visited the Ford motor works during their visit to Wellington. The Royal pair spent nearly an hour-and-a-half inspecting the factory, following a State luncheon.

"FIELD-GLASS FOOLS" again gaped at Her Majesty when she attended the Trentham races at Wellington, but as she sat in the Royal box and talked to Mr. H. Chalmers, the Queen gave no sign of embarrassment.

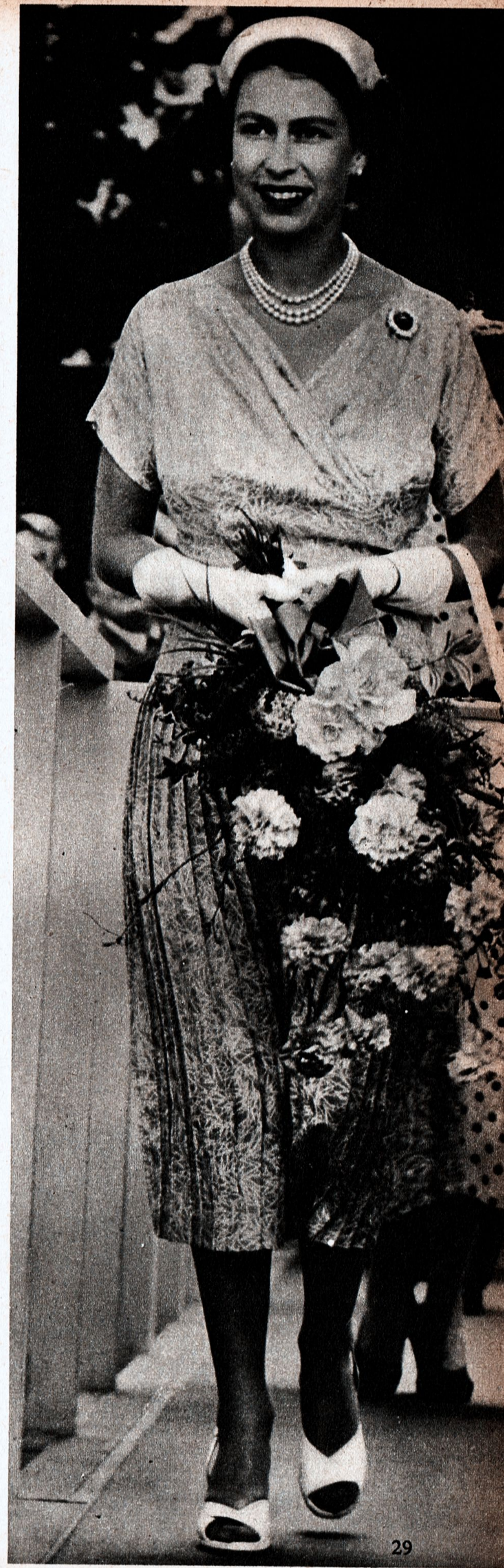
RIGHT: Queen Elizabeth's well-known love of dogs is exemplified in this candid shot of her bending down to speak to the pets owned by the children of New Zealand's G.-G., Sir Willoughby Norrie (in background).

USING a silver-mounted mallet of konini wood, the Queen lays the foundation stone of the new Anglican Cathedral in Wellington by tapping it three times. Her Majesty was a cool and lovely figure in ice-blue shantung with a small profile hat in two toning shades of blue.



ACCOMPANIED by the Lord Mayor of Christchurch, Mr. R. M. Macfarlane, the Queen waves to the crowd when arriving for a civic dinner. She wore a glorious gown and stole of French organza appliqued with flower sprays.

RIGHT. Lovely day frock from the hundreds in the Royal wardrobe was this dress of patterned blue silk. With it the Queen wore a white hat with a touch of royal-blue chiffon, and she carried a magnificent presentation bouquet.



GUESTS at the civic garden party at Christchurch admire the Queen as she moves among them. About 2000 of the 4000 present won their tickets by ballot. Before the party several mothers asked if they could take their babies in prams.

AT NELSON, in the South Island of New Zealand, a throng stretching back as far as the eye can see greets the Royal cavalcade. The Queen's car, flying the Royal Standard, is in the foreground of the picture (below).

ABOVE: Leaving the civic dinner at Christchurch, the Queen throws an appreciative glance at some of the decorations. Below: Her Majesty and the Duke, with the Mayor and Mayoress of Christchurch, cross a street.

HER MAJESTY waves to the people gathered to say goodbye at Bluff, South Island, where the Royal couple embarked in Gothic for Australia. With the Queen is Mr. S. G. Holland, the New Zealand Prime Minister.

ABOARD GOTHIC the Queen and the Duke stand together watching the receding coastline of New Zealand. The ship was decorated throughout with flowers gathered by women's organisations from gardens all over the country.

were a little too much at the end of a long day, Elizabeth, at least, appreciated that when the crowds sang the National Anthem they were sending up a real and personal prayer for her long life and happiness.

At Wellington, which carried on the routine programme of public engagements in capital cities of New Zealand and Australia, the Queen also opened a special session of Parliament on January 12. It was the most spectacular event of her New Zealand visit. For it the Queen wore her Coronation dress; and the diamonds in her hair and at her throat and wrists blazed in the afternoon light as she walked majestically up the steps with the naval-uniformed Duke of Edinburgh.

Only one incident marred the solemnity of the historic occasion. This was when a woman called from a privileged position near the top of the steps, "Come on, give us a smile, Queenie."

From Wellington the Royal visitors flew, on January 16, to Nelson, on Tasman Bay, the first leg of the fortnight's South Island tour which took them first west by air to Westport, down to Greymouth by car, then right across the island by train to Christchurch, and straight down the east coast by car and train to Ashburton, Timaru, Oamaru, Palmerston, Dunedin, Milton, Invercargill, and Bluff.

At the garden party at Christchurch some women climbed posts to stare at Her Majesty, who was in a full-skirted, orchid-pink dress with white accessories, and at the Duke, long-legged and elegant in morning dress. The average citizen was appalled and made up for it by not staring and not calling for balcony appearance. But the Queen seemed very happy in Christchurch and she radiated light and warmth, especially at night engagements in gorgeous evening gowns and jewels, showing to perfection the beautiful lines of her arms and shoulders.

During an inspection of a textile factory in Christchurch the Queen and the Duke watched an impromptu mannequin parade of clothes they had just seen being made. The clothes included nylon underwear and swimsuits, paraded by five girls, and men's action-waist suits and sports trousers. Many people professed themselves shocked, despite assurances that the girls wore discreet foundation garments under the transparent underwear.

"Do women wear such things?" the Duke asked the Queen when a swimsuit was being modelled. She assured him, with a wise nod, that indeed they did. Afterwards they accepted gifts themselves and for Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The Queen's present included two nightdresses, and she asked the Duke excitedly, "What did you get?" He peered through the transparent wrapping. "Just what I wanted," he announced with a triumphant grin above a sweater and several pairs of socks.

As the tour wound its way through Dunedin to Bluff, through the heart of Scottish New Zealand, Gaelic sentiment triumphed over Scots conservatism. "Her Majesty's mother is a Bowes-Lyon," they were boasting proudly. Her Majesty herself became a "dear wee lassie," and many people were in tears as she left on Gothic for Australia on the morning of January 30.

Her farewell song, piped across the water to her, was: "Will ye no' come back again."

AUSTRALIA

New South Wales and Canberra

AS GOTHIC steamed away from Bluff across a cyclone-threatened Tasman Sea towards Australia, it was rumored in Sydney that there were some among the Royal party who wondered if the welcome awaiting Her Majesty would match the demonstrations in perfervidly loyal New Zealand. If the rumors were true, there was no basis for them at all.

No cyclonic fury lashed the Royal yacht, and from the time Queen Elizabeth entered a Sydney Harbor decorated by nature in the blue and gold of a perfect summer day and by man with hundreds of brilliantly flagged craft, she was engulfed by waves of almost hysterical adulation.

The citizens of the huge metropolis of Sydney—the second largest white city of the British Commonwealth—forgot about work while their Queen was among them. It was hard to believe that these wildly cheering and at times stampeding people were the self-same million and a half who used rather to pride themselves on their reputation for "toughness."

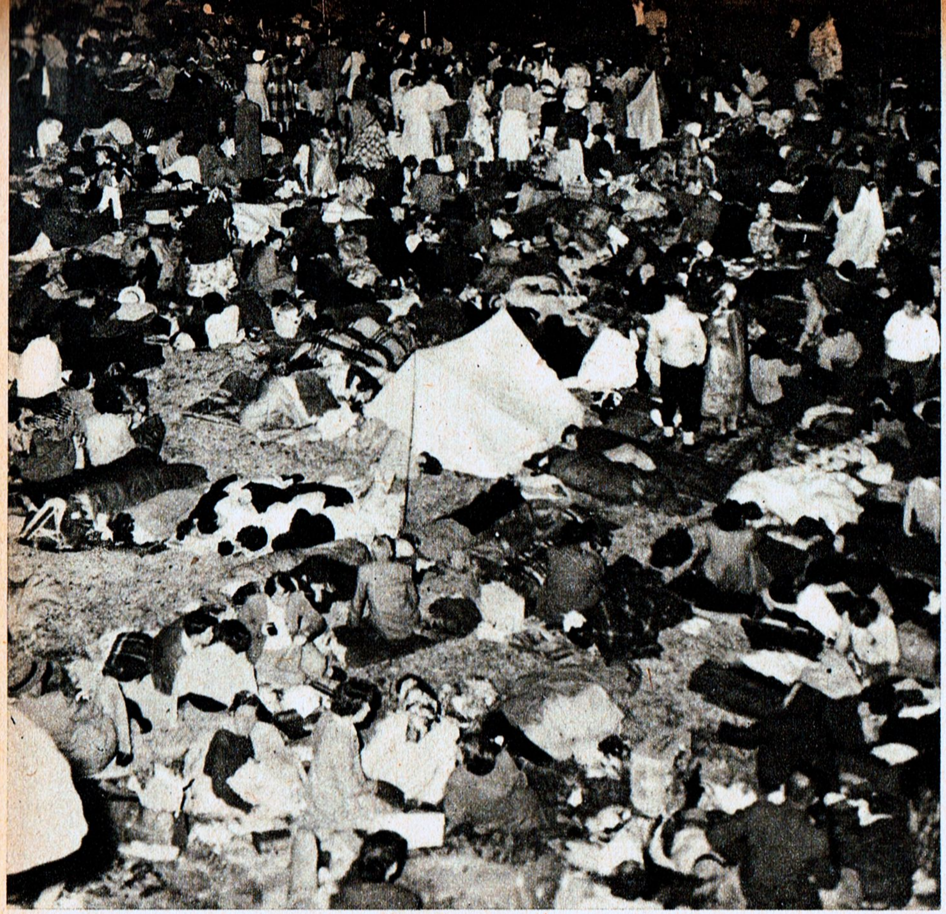
Among musicians and stage stars who have appeared before them, Sydney audiences are known as the most critical, hardest-to-please in the world. But for Elizabeth, Queen of Australia, it was encore after tumultuous encore such as no other celebrity has known.

The welcome to Australia actually began 600-odd miles out in the Tasman, when four escort ships of the Royal Australian Navy took over from New Zealand's Black Prince. In ordered, traditional naval fashion the men of the warships lined the decks and "cheered ship" when they approached Gothic.

As daughter of a seafaring king and wife of a seafaring husband, Elizabeth must have appreciated the perfection with which the escort ships offered their traditional greetings. She must also have been struck with the enthusiasm which prompted people in rowing boats and other tiny craft to set out early in the morning of Wednesday, February 3, the day of the arrival, to hail the Sovereign far out on the blue water. And as Gothic drew near to Sydney Harbor's

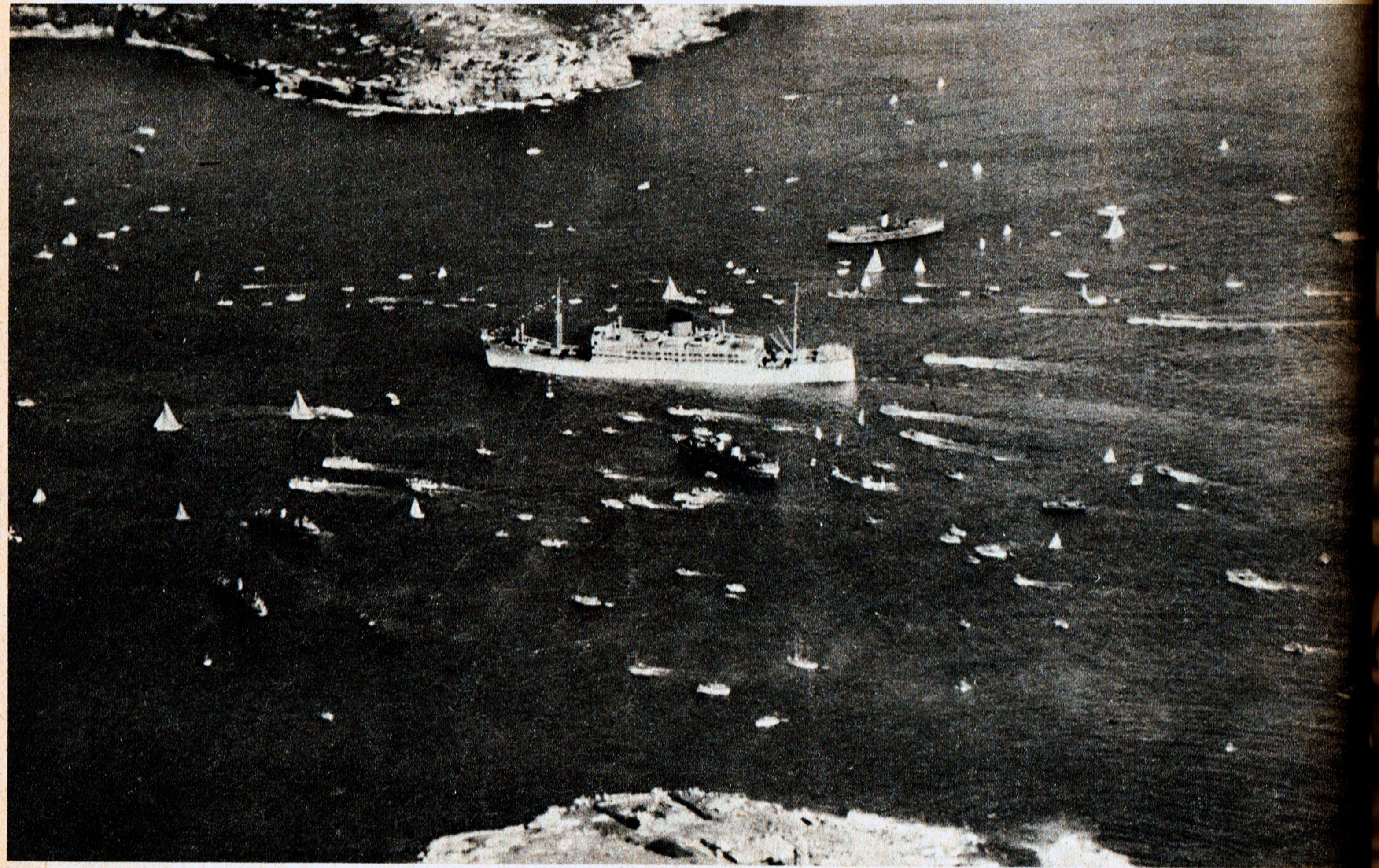
CROWDS near the Botanic Gardens, Sydney, roar a welcome to the Queen as the Royal car approaches Government House after the triumphant Royal Progress through the city streets.

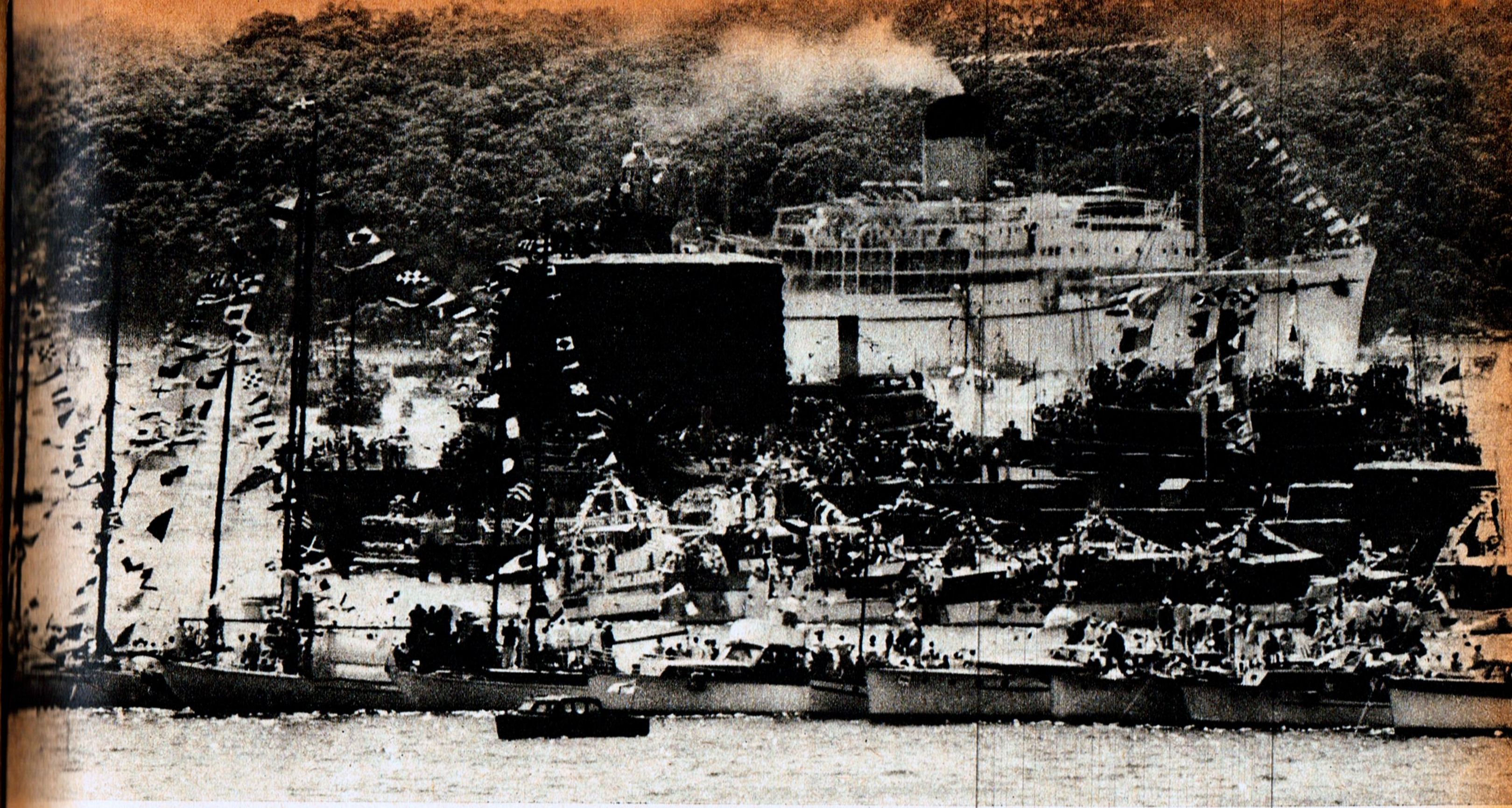
THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh step from the Royal barge on to the landing pontoon in Farm Cove, Sydney. Saluting are the Governor-General, Sir William Slim (right), and the Governor of N.S.W., Sir John Northcott. Behind are the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies (right), and Mr. J. J. Cahill, Premier of New South Wales.



IN FARM COVE. Some of the thousands who camped out around the inner harbor foreshores during the night before the Gothic was due in Sydney. They began taking up their positions at about 6 p.m. in order to get a good view of the brilliant scene of the Queen's arrival.

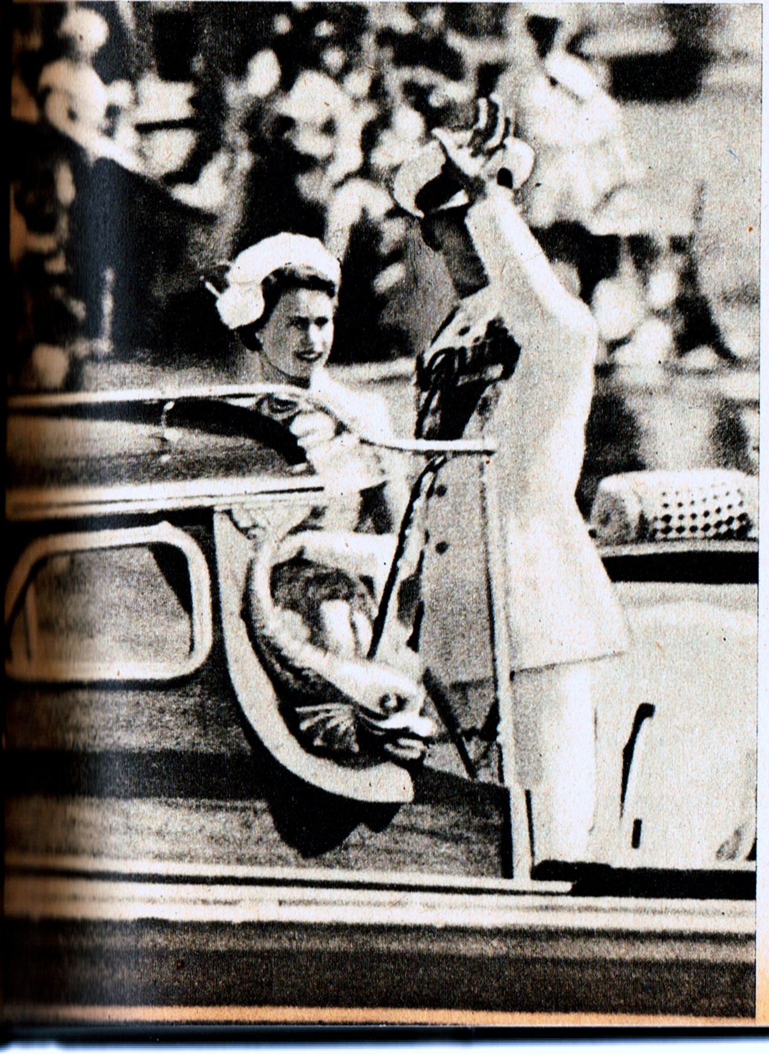
MAJESTIC ENTRY. Royal yacht Gothic (below) enters the heads guarding Sydney Harbor surrounded by hundreds of welcoming ferries, yachts, and small craft whose numbers increased as she sailed slowly up the harbor to anchor exactly half an hour later in Athol Bight.

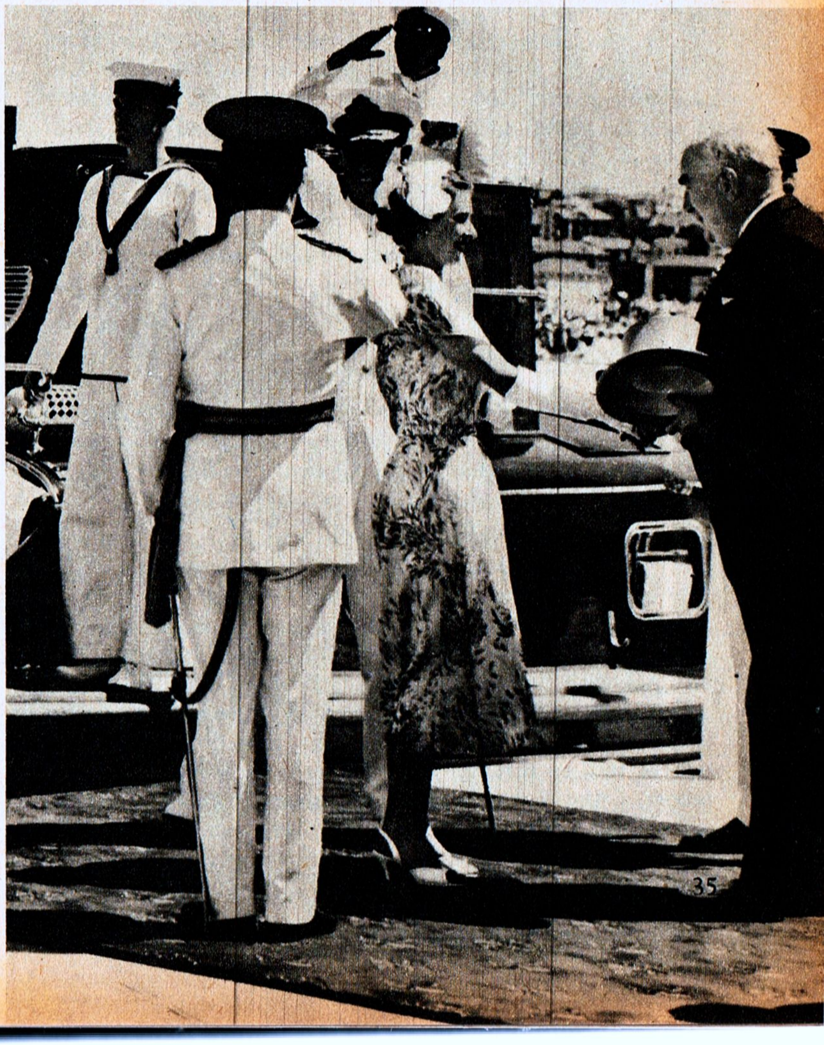


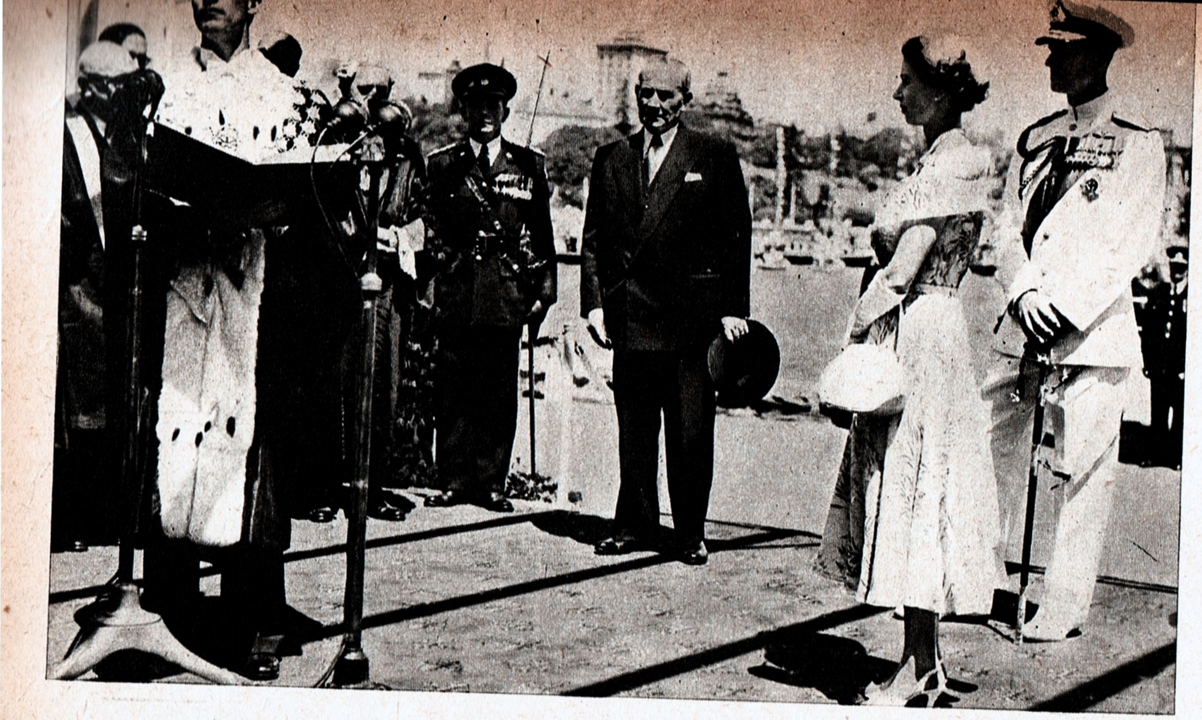


BRILLIANTLY FLAGGED small craft (above) form a laneway for the Royal barge. In the background is Gothic, and in front Fort Denison, unofficially titled Pinchgut since convict prison days.

THE DUKE (below, left), with the Queen, waves as the Royal barge takes them to Farm Cove. Below: After disembarking on the landing pontoon the Queen is greeted by the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, who later introduced Federal Ministers.







ON A DAIS on shore at Farm Cove the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman P. D. Hills, dressed in robes of office, reads an address of welcome. Later Ald. Hills presented the aldermen of the City to the Royal couple.

majestic headlands, surf lifesavers in surf boats, on surf skis, and on surf boards went out from the beaches to wave a unique "Down Under" welcome.

Dressed informally and warmly against the cool morning air, the Queen and the Duke were on the bridge of Gothic to see these early manifestations of loyalty. But in time for the triumphant entry into Sydney Harbor Her Majesty had changed into a white chiffon frock printed with a design of wheat ears and wattle – a pretty compliment to the nation – and the Duke into the gleaming white uniform of an admiral of the Fleet.

The harbor welcome was one such as few other cities could offer. Ferries listing to one side tooted deliriously, and as Gothic moved slowly up the mill-pond waters, hundreds of small craft aflutter with bunting and packed with thousands of wildly cheering people circled about. On the rounded, jutting headlands a further half a million citizens added their voices and waving arms to the acclaim.

Her Majesty was enchanted. "Isn't it magnificent!" she exclaimed to her husband.

On the landing pontoon and dais at Farm Cove the red carpet was laid, the bunting unfurled, and the official guests were steadily perspiring in the sun. Even the two recently elected Communist aldermen of the City Council were there, ready to shake the Royal hand, and then to back up for another presentation to the Queen, this time with their wives, at the Lord Mayor's Ball two nights later.

The setting for Her Majesty's landing in Australia is surely one of the most lovely, and deceptive, in the world. Above the stone-walled arc of Farm Cove rises the green of the Botanic Gardens, while the skyline is of the graceful buildings of Macquarie Street. But Sydney, though it is mantled with beauty, is not all beautiful. There are slums and appalling backyard ugliness and it was through the poorer sections of the city that the Royal progress route ran, as well as through the brilliantly decked, smiling city proper. (And it was in the poorer sectors that Elizabeth received her warmest, most heartfelt welcome. "Just like in the East End of London," a B.B.C. commentator travelling in the entourage said.)

After Gothic had anchored and the top-level welcomes had been made on board, the Queen and the Duke transferred into the Royal Barge. Through a laneway of boats and amid a wild cock-a-doodle-dooing and whistling and cheering, the barge sped to the grey-and-white painted landing stage.

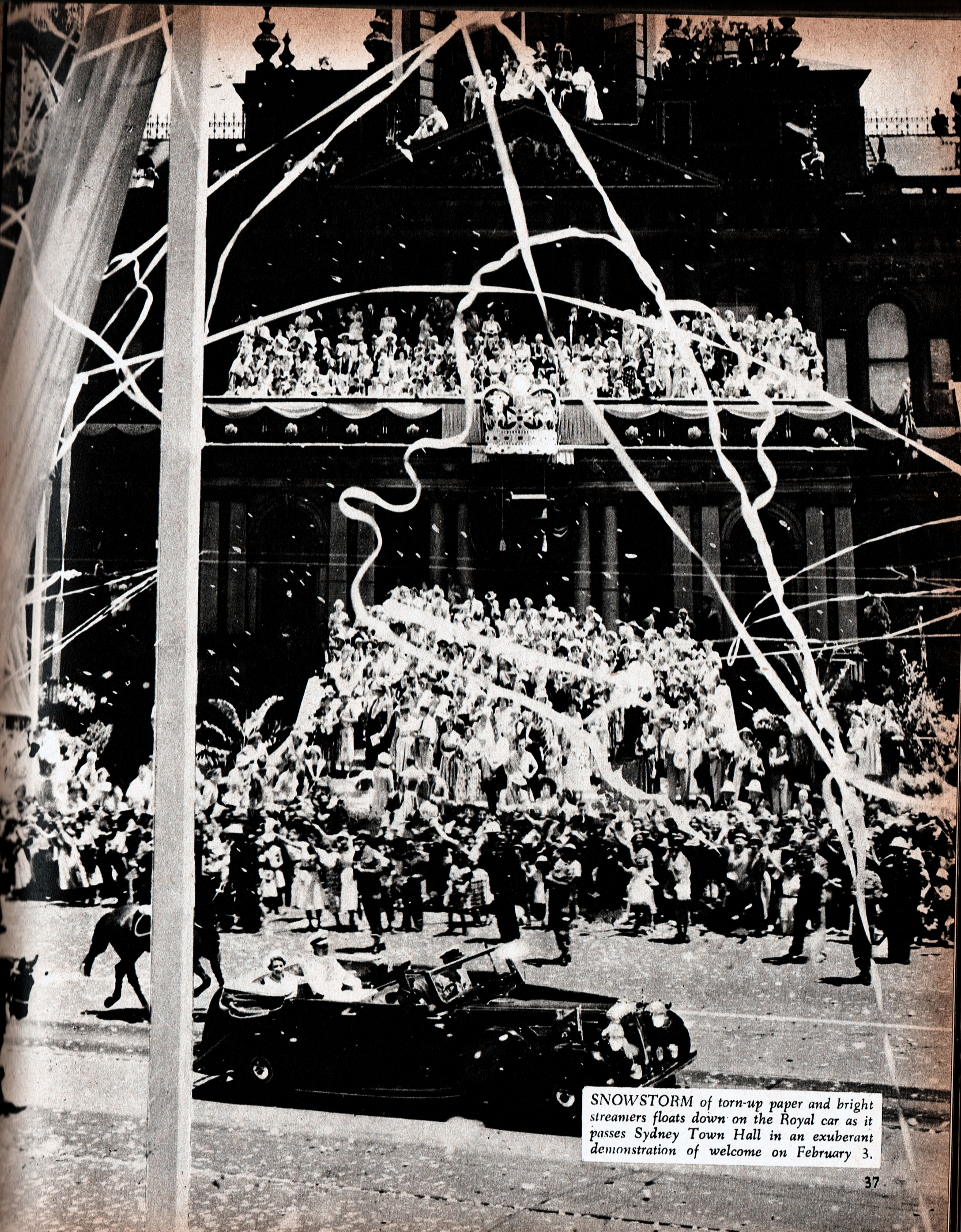
Her Majesty looked nervous on disembarking, and the official guests, unsure of how to behave in the presence of Royalty and unwilling to endanger their dignity, were rather subdued. But Elizabeth and Philip went through the formalities so smoothly and easily that they were ready to begin their progress through a city on tip-toe, several minutes ahead of schedule.

It was when their car moved off, accompanied by a guard of mounted police, that the wild, uninhibited enthusiasm of the populace broke. Thousands upon thousands had slept in the streets overnight; but muscle-cramped and grimy, they outdid the fervor of London's Coronation crowds.

The route of the initial progress was nine and a half miles long. There was adequate room on that occasion, despite official fears of chaos, for everyone to see the slender young woman and her husband – two people who were handsome and glamorous, charming and magnetic, as well as the living symbols of deep and permanent values.

During the morning of the Queen's arrival the air in Sydney became electric. It stayed that way; and at night it was as though all the supercharged enthusiasm of the people became visible. As the late darkness of summertime fell, the buildings and the triumphal archways spanning the streets, the trees and fountains, even the roses and massed petunias in central Hyde Park, burst into multi-colored light. The citizens seemed never to go home.

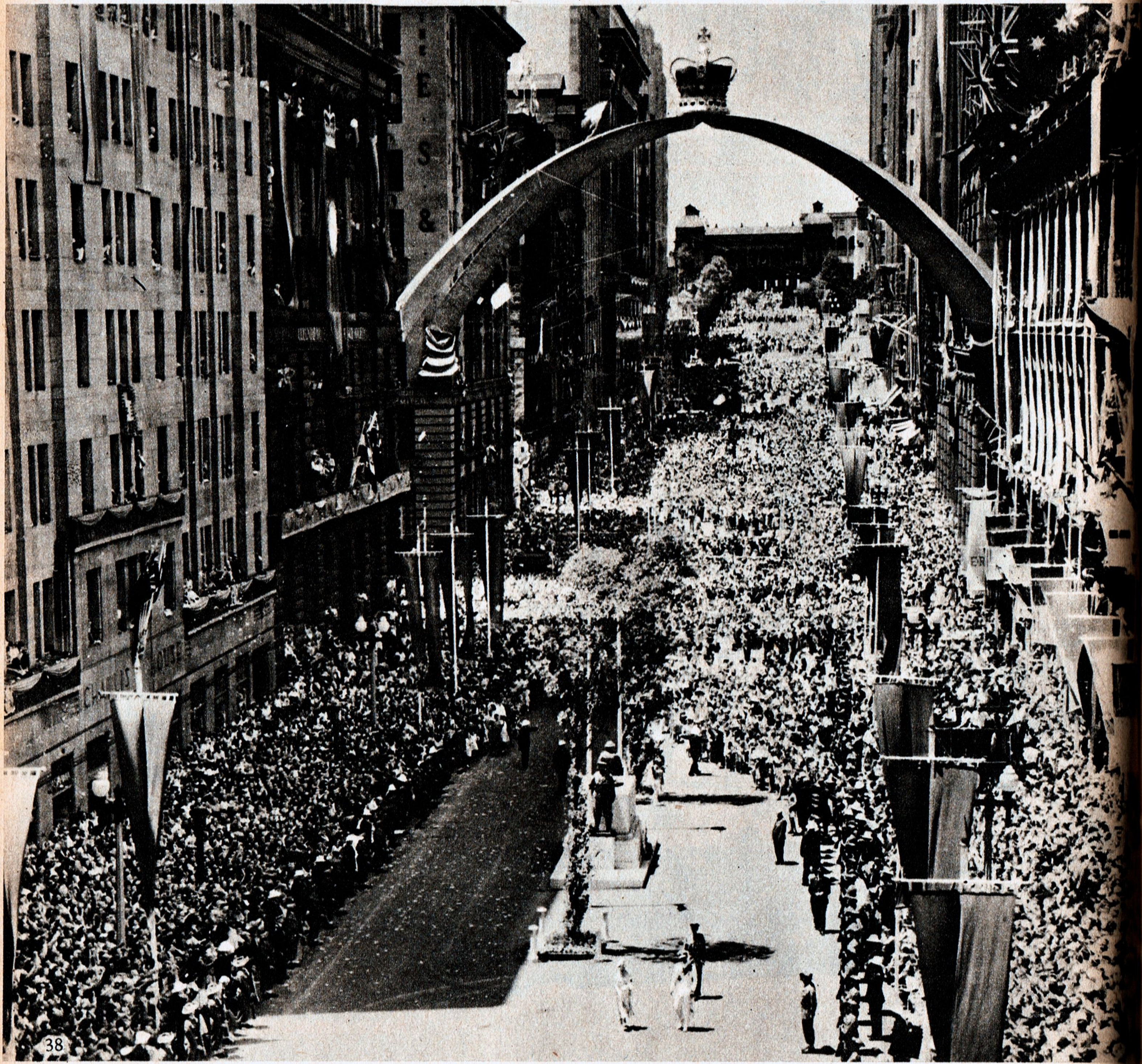
On the evening of arrival day the crowds, a million and a quarter strong, packed the park-like harbor foreshores to watch the greatest fireworks display the city had ever staged. The Royal party saw the cascading rockets, the searchlights,

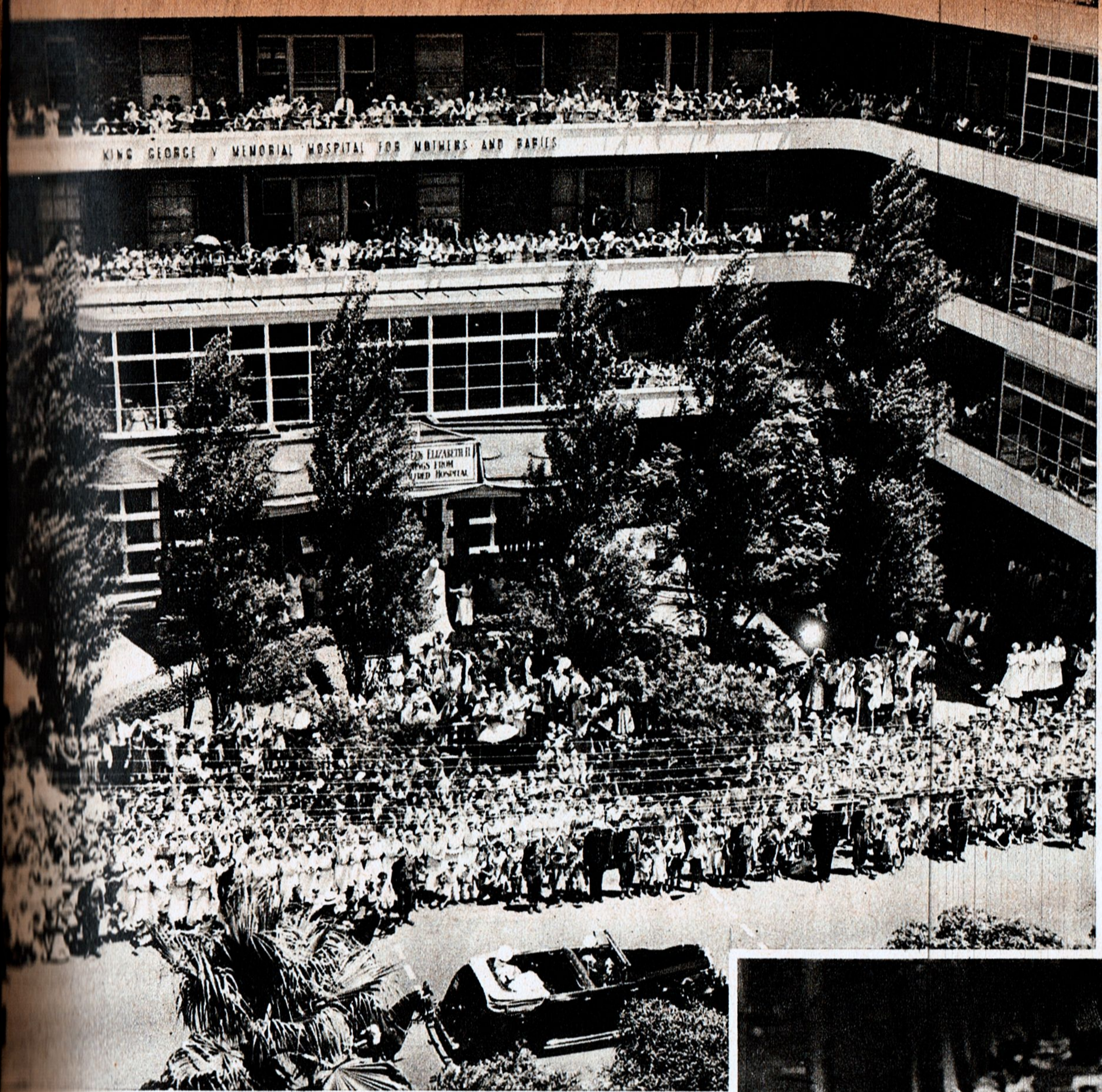


SNOWSTORM *of torn-up paper and bright streamers floats down on the Royal car as it passes Sydney Town Hall in an exuberant demonstration of welcome on February 3.*

SMILING and waving (left), the Queen and the Duke acknowledge the cheers of the people during the Royal Progress.

BELOW: The Queen and the Duke (in middle foreground) walk up Martin Place to their car after placing a wreath on the Cenotaph. The Royal Progress in Sydney was interrupted for this brief ceremony.





MEDICAL STAFFS and patients pack the tiered verandahs and forecourt of the King George V Memorial Hospital for Mothers and Babies on the western perimeter of the Royal Progress route as the Queen's car drives by (left).

AFTERMATH. This little girl (below), sitting among the debris left by the crowd during the long and tiring overnight wait, was still clutching a flag long after the procession.

and the jets of colored water from water-frontage Government House. As the climax, a giant portrait of the Queen and Duke was outlined in exploding fire. Lady Pamela Mountbatten, one of the two ladies-in-waiting, passed the compliment: "It's better than what London did for the Coronation."

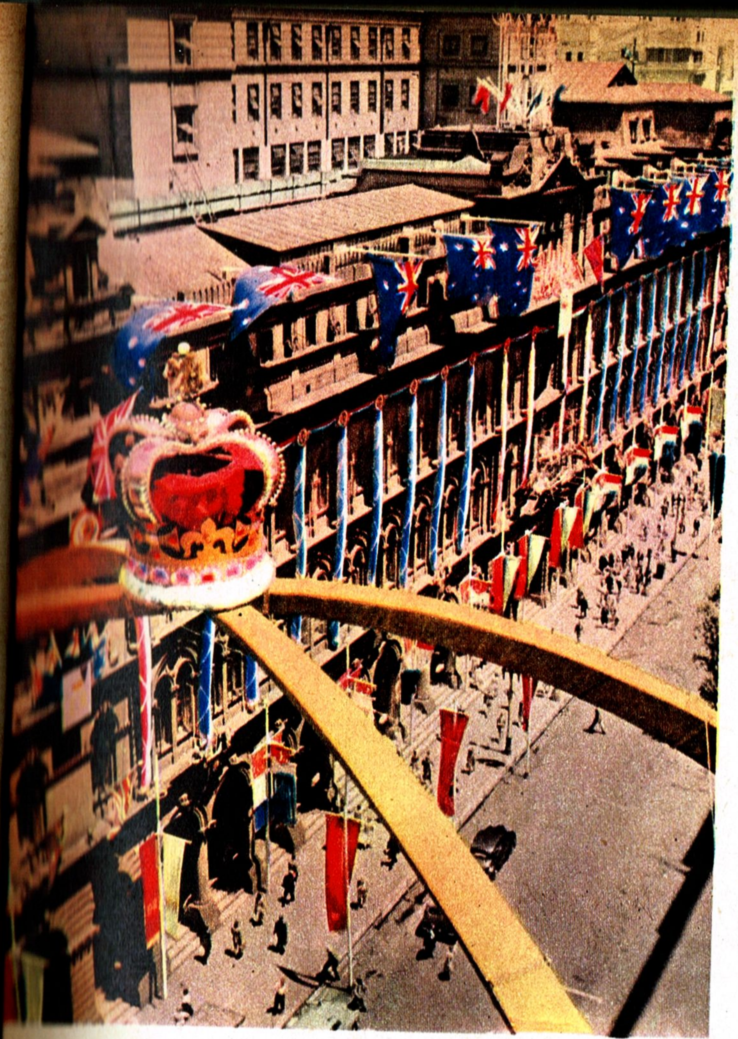
Next morning, a different Elizabeth from the shy, nervous one of the previous day arrived with Philip to open the State Parliament. Wearing in the brilliant sun an evening dress of champagne lace and a tiara of diamonds and pearls, her mood was stern and businesslike. Driven by her desire for perfection, she had much earlier made a private inspection of the teetering but elegant building and ordered some of the lighting changed. Now, as she approached in the splendor of State, she behaved as does one who takes the job in hand seriously. It was not until she had completed her speech that she smiled.

The politicians' wives, who in the eleventh hour had been brought to the forefront (and within range of the cameras), all forgot to curtsy; nearly all the politicians forgot to bow. But nothing could mar the magnificence.

When the Sovereign appeared outside after the ceremony

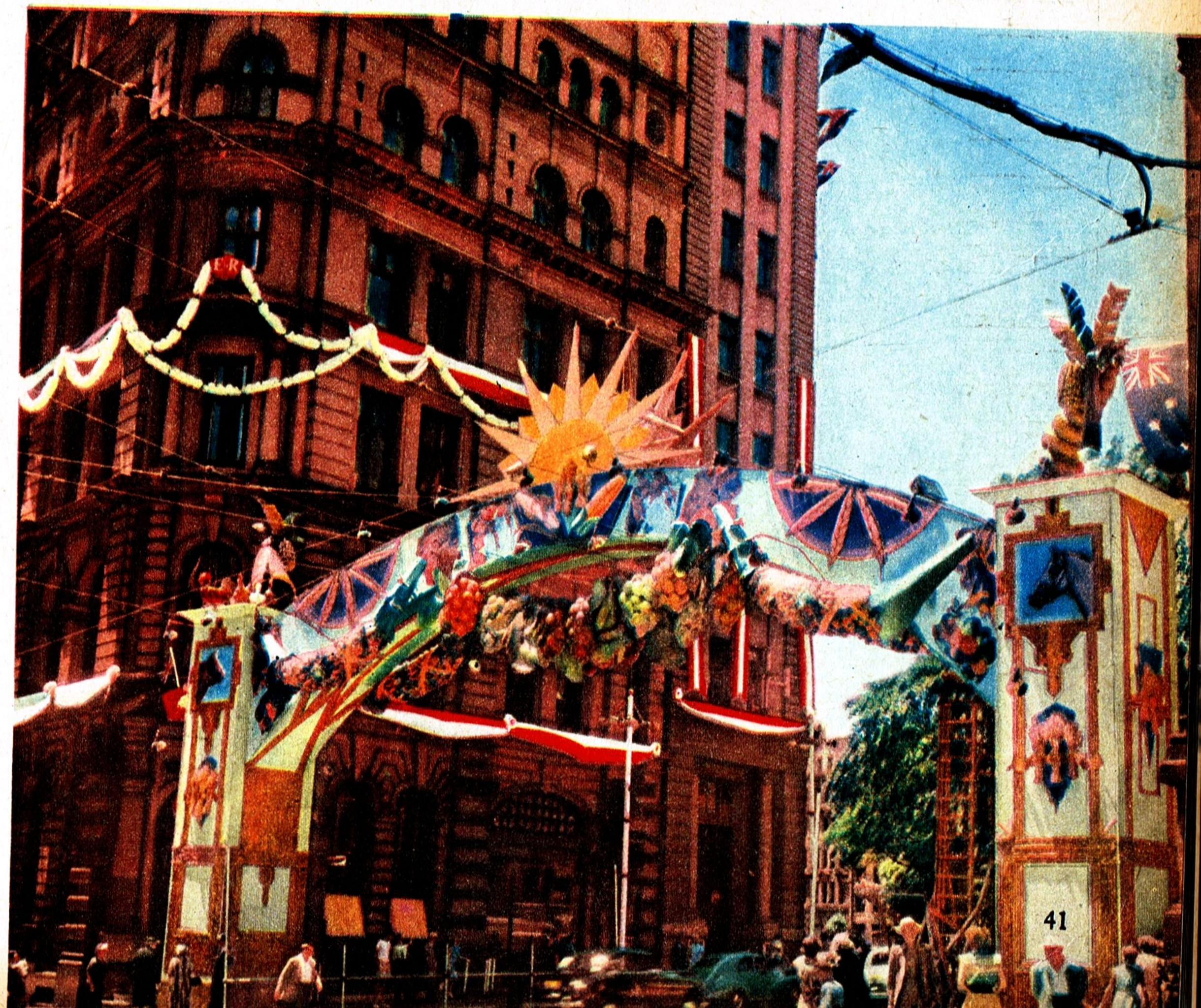
ROCKETS (left) *bursting over illuminated warships in Sydney Harbor were part of the fireworks display on the night of the Queen's arrival to welcome her to N.S.W.*

THE QUEEN (below) *visits Sandringham Memorial Garden in Hyde Park, Sydney, to open the bronze gates erected to the memory of her father and grandfather.*

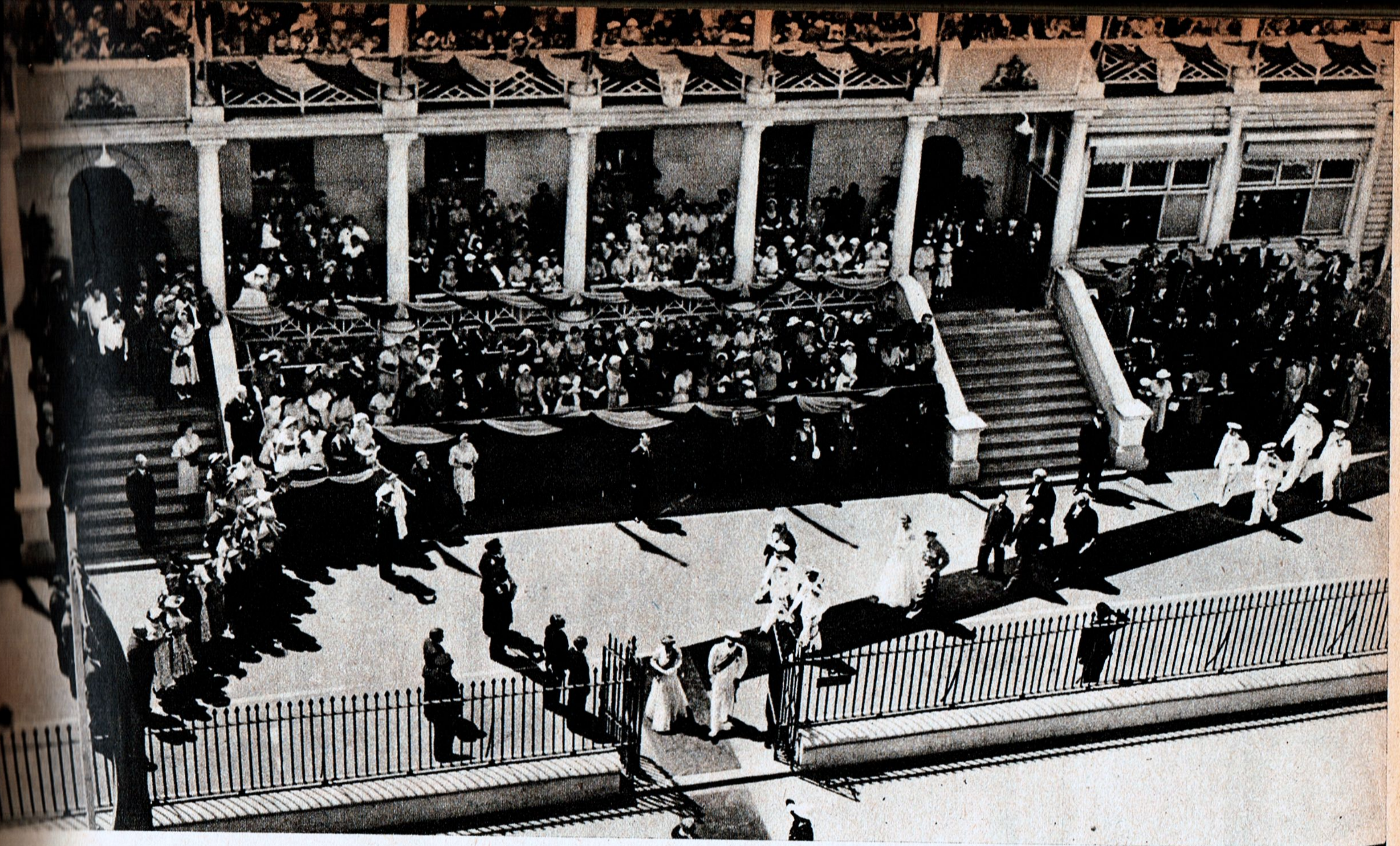


THE BANKERS' ARCH *(above), at the intersection of Pitt Street and Martin Place, was one of the simplest but most striking of the decorative arches erected in Sydney for the Royal visit. In the background is the decorated facade of the G.P.O. Above right: Another view of Martin Place shows decorated bank buildings in the rear.*

AGRICULTURAL *produce decked out this arch (right) which stood in Bridge Street, outside the historic Royal Exchange building, where the Sydney wool sales are held.*



HAPPY PORTRAIT of the Royal couple on their arrival in Sydney. The Queen's dress of white chiffon printed with stylised sprays of wheat and wattle and the Duke's admiral's uniform were perfectly complemented by the blue of the harbor on this perfect summer day.



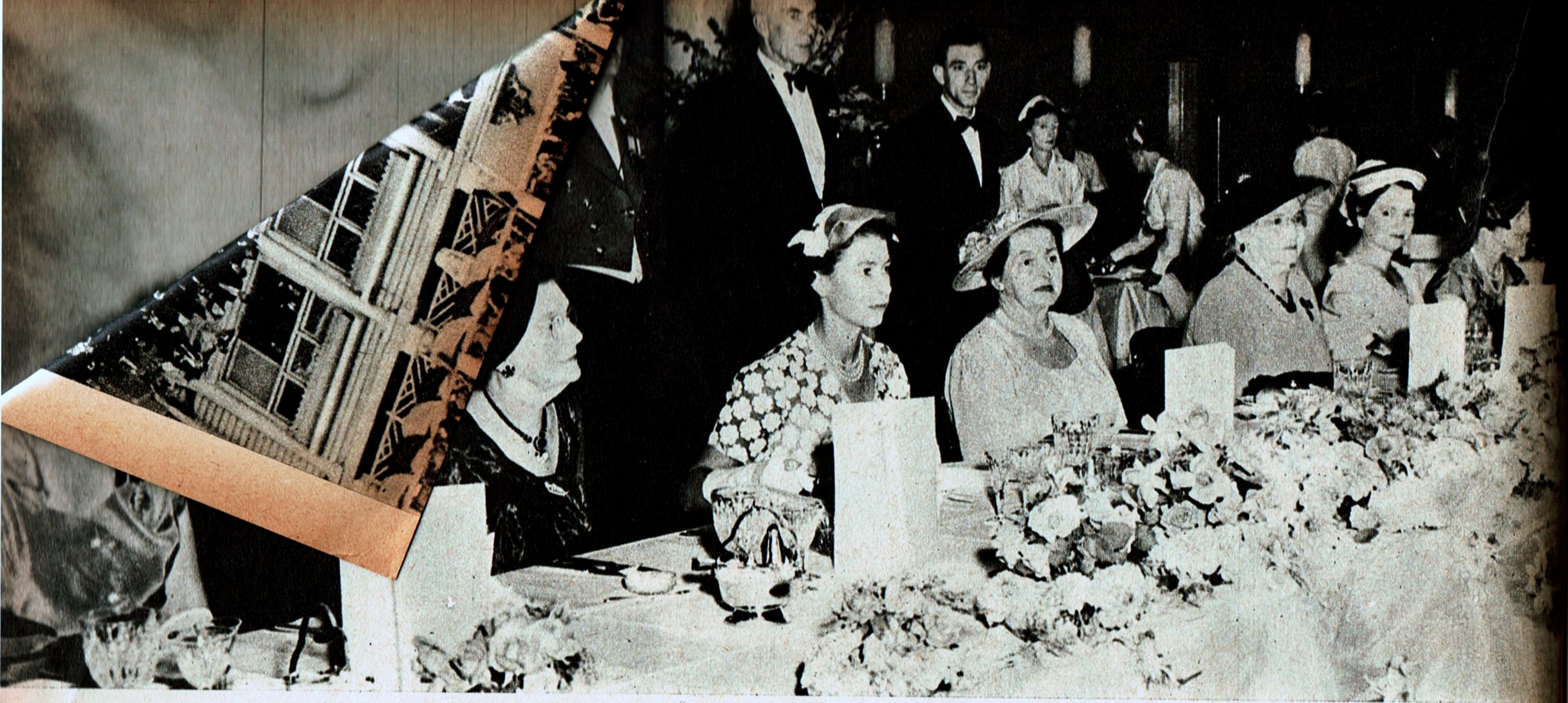
THE QUEEN and the Duke (above), in dazzling sunshine, leave Parliament House after the ceremonial State opening of the N.S.W. Parliament on February 4. At right: The Queen delivers her speech in the Legislative Council.

the squashed crowds in the streets reached the zenith of their appreciation by singing the National Anthem. The Queen, it was easy to see, was deeply affected. This was, however, only the first time in Australia that the fervent singing of the hymn and warm acclaim were to bring Elizabeth to the point of tears.

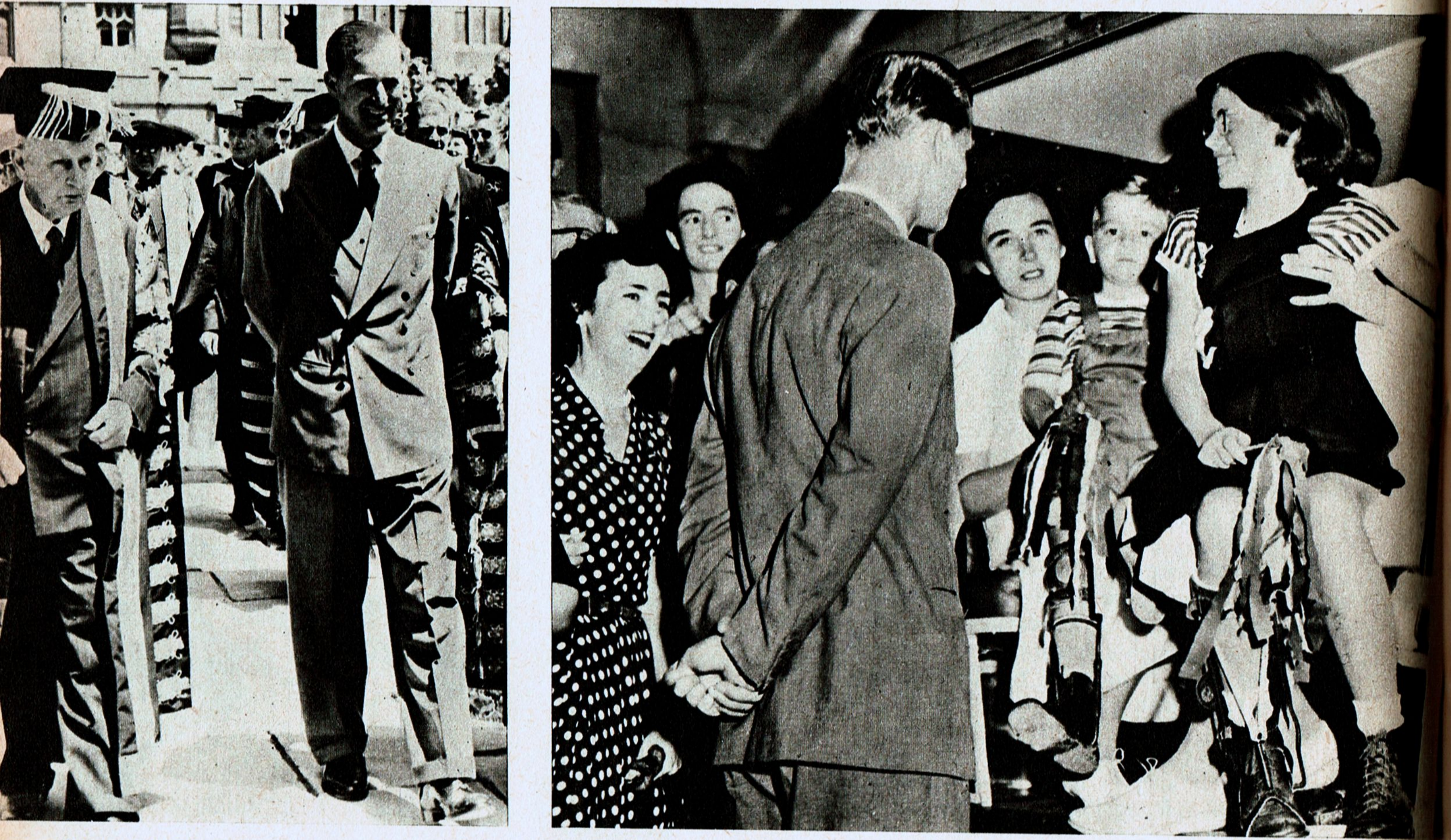
Later in the morning the city's workers, and thousands of others besides, took their midday meals to the barricades to see the Duke drive to the University and the Queen to lunch with representatives of women's organisations. The traffic jam had been bad. This time it was worse, and it kept worsening on each occasion the visitors drove out. For hours the city would be virtually at a standstill.

At the University the Duke made the first of his Australian conquests with his easy informality. He was interested in everything, although a dental student confessed he couldn't remember much about what the Duke had asked him. "I was too busy looking at his teeth," he said. "He has very nice teeth."

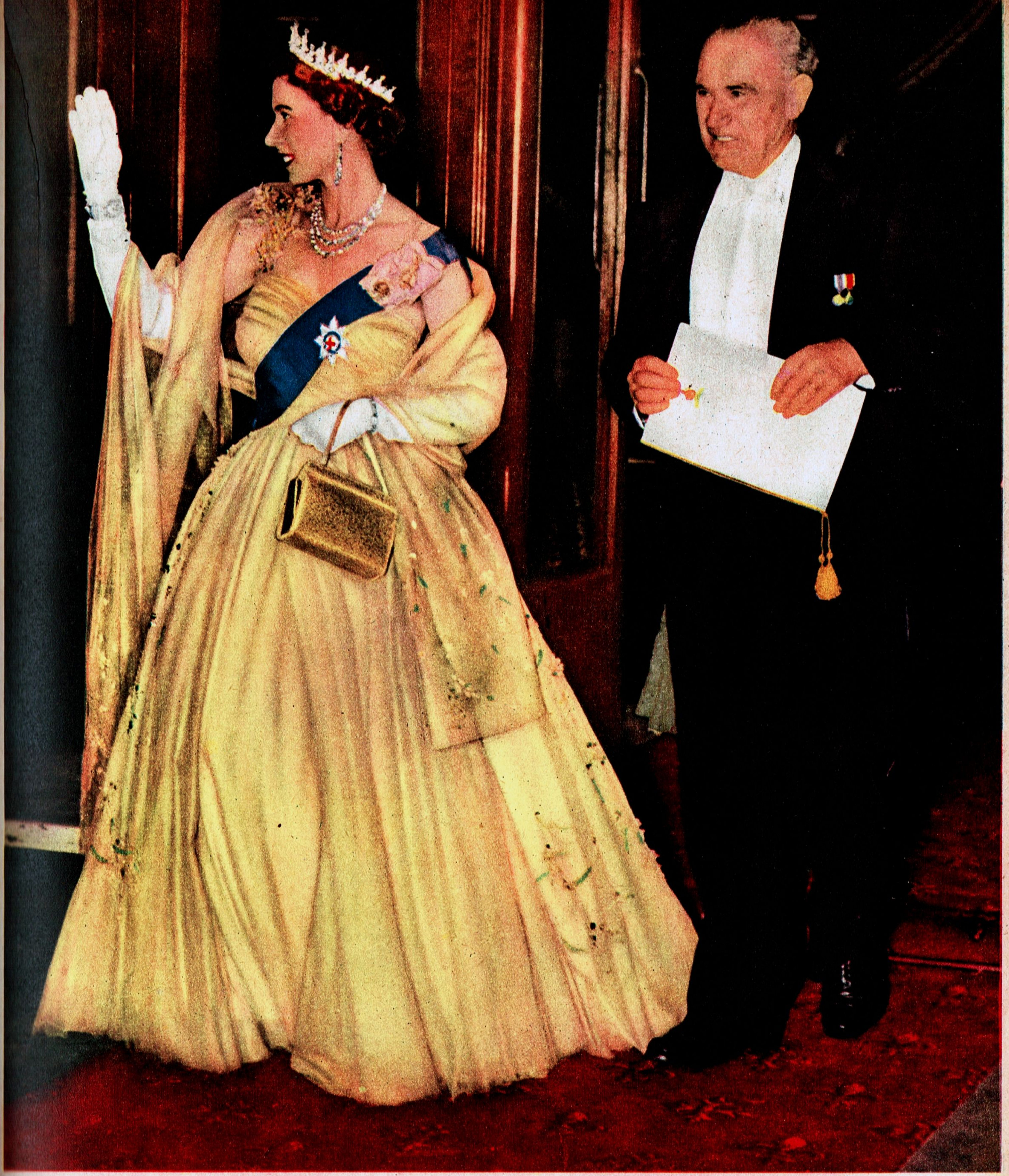
Where the Queen was having lunch, at the Trocadero, a ballroom only slightly larger than three or four railway stations laid side by side, more than 450 people outside received minor injuries in a stampede to see her arrive. Inside, the reception was, naturally enough, more sedate. In an emerald-green straw hat and emerald sheer redingote patterned with white Tudor roses, she seemed the perfectly groomed young matron lunching in town with older women friends. She overstayed her schedule by nearly 20 minutes.



WOMEN'S LUNCHEON. *The Queen lunches with representatives of women's organisations at the Trocadero. At the table (from left) are Mrs. J. Metcalf, Mrs. R. J. Heffron, the Queen, Mrs. J. J. Cahill, Mrs. G. Melville, Mrs. P. D. Hills, Mrs. W. H. Cullen. Her Majesty chatted about the work of the organisations and put all thoughts of diet aside as she enjoyed her lunch of spring chicken, asparagus and salad, and strawberry meringue. She ate the dessert to the last spoonful.*



THE DUKE'S DAY. *While the Queen was at the women's luncheon the Duke visited Sydney University, where he mixed with the students at buffet luncheon. They later assured him vociferously, "Good on you, Philip. You'll do us." Above left, the Duke walks through the quadrangle with the Chancellor, Sir Charles Blackburn. Above, the Duke talks to some children, who, returning from after-polio treatment at a nearby hospital, had the ambulance halted near the University gates on the off-chance of meeting him. Notified of this by officials, the Duke walked to the back of the ambulance to talk to the children.*



THE QUEEN *waves to the crowds as she leaves the State Banquet in Sydney with the Premier of New South Wales, Mr. J. J. Cahill. She looked supremely lovely in this gown of golden tulle embroidered with sprays of wattle. The banquet was held in the ballroom of a leading store. According to one story, as the Royal party was going through the shop on the way out, a member of the Household vaulted a counter and asked Her Majesty: "Is there something you wanted, Madam?"*

But that night when she appeared for a State Banquet in a wonderful yellow tulle gown embroidered with a wattle design, tiara, and other superb jewellery, she was the epitome of regal magnificence and grace. The populace, which had been lined up for hours, gasped in admiration.

On the following morning she opened memorial gates in a lovely sunken garden dedicated to her grandfather and father, George V and George VI. This ceremony, tinged with sadness, was followed by a roaring welcome from a rally of 100,000 ex-service men and women, in which thousands of gatecrashers got themselves mixed up. Then she and the Duke drove in their land rover among 110,000 shrilling schoolchildren, even more deliriously happy than their elders lining the streets on the way to the assembly points.

That afternoon the Royal pair undertook a 23-mile round drive to Concord Repatriation Hospital – the most hectic, boisterous, and exhausting progress of any during the Sydney visit.

English correspondents had been despairingly complaining of Sydney: "It's just too big to cope with." When they saw the exuberance of the crowds which brought the Royal car to a crawling pace, showering it with confetti, flags, and streamers, they cabled home picturesque stories that Her Majesty was in danger of inadvertent injury. But the Queen showed no anxiety. She looked a little tired despite her smile, but that was all.

The same evening was the Lord Mayor's Ball. When the Queen, in parchment satin, appeared on the balcony of Sydney Town Hall, the wildly waving and cheering thousands below made it the Buckingham Palace Coronation scene of the Antipodes. Miraculously, although thousands fainted in the crush, no one was seriously injured.

The ball was a flop as a social event. A large number of the 2000 guests just stood and stared quietly from a respectful distance. Though the Queen was not discomposed, she was tired, and stayed only an hour. Sydney's young and handsome Lord Mayor, Alderman P. D. Hills, looked more than a little wistful as he bade farewell to his Royal guests of honor at the Town Hall steps.

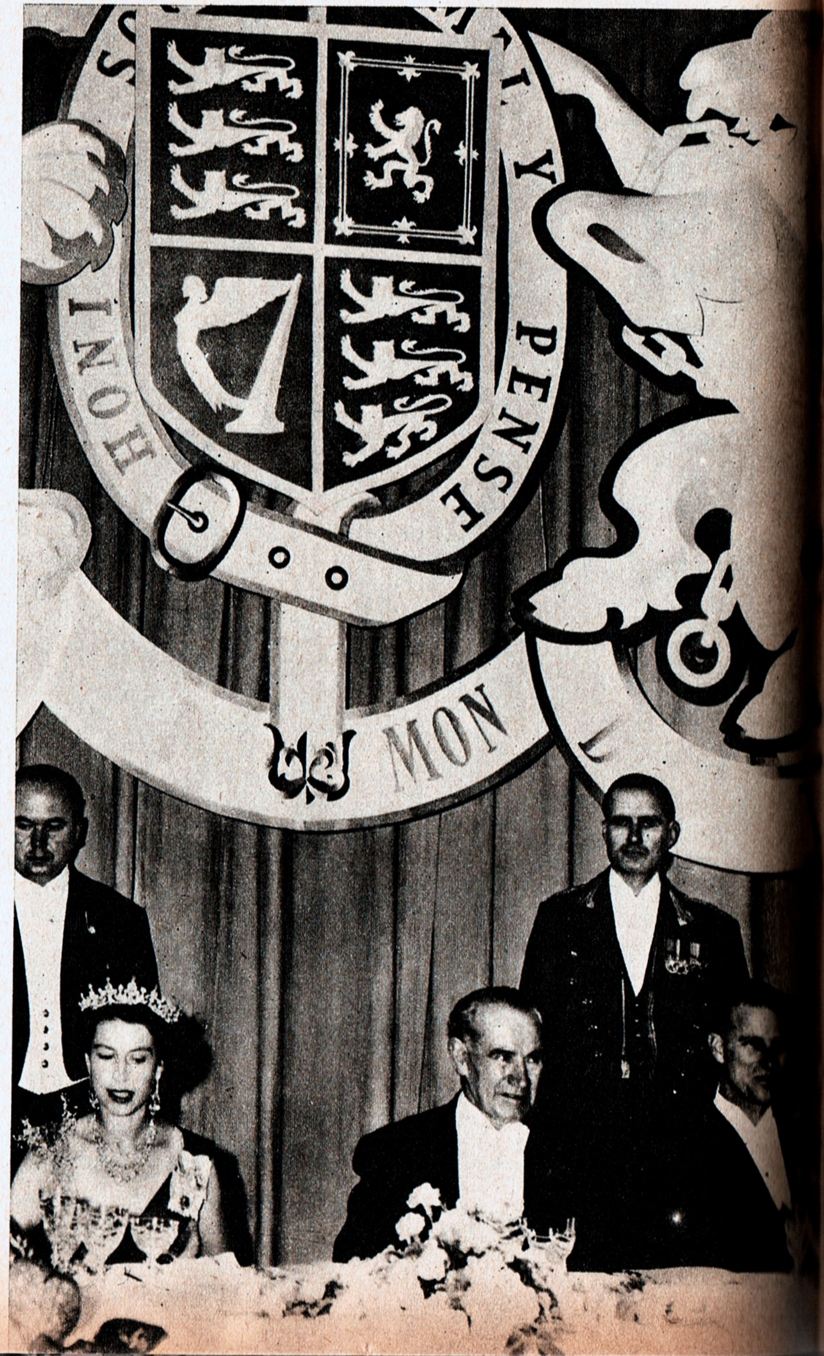
After a night's rest the Queen was all vitality again for an even more strenuous programme. Throughout that Saturday she wore the yellow silk dress she had used in Fiji, and it took her perfectly through an investiture, a Legacy House visit, the races, and a surf life-saving carnival at a suburban beach.

At the races at Randwick, Sydney's star course, the Queen was completely happy. The weather kept its hot perfection of sunshine, with a light breeze, and the crowd did not gawk. But unlike Her Majesty, Philip is no racing fan ("A mug's game," he calls it). He ducked off for an unscheduled hour or so to a nearby Sheffield Shield cricket match, returning to the course to accompany the Queen to Bondi Beach, a few miles away. Here they were so fascinated by the surf carnival that they stayed 40 minutes longer than planned.

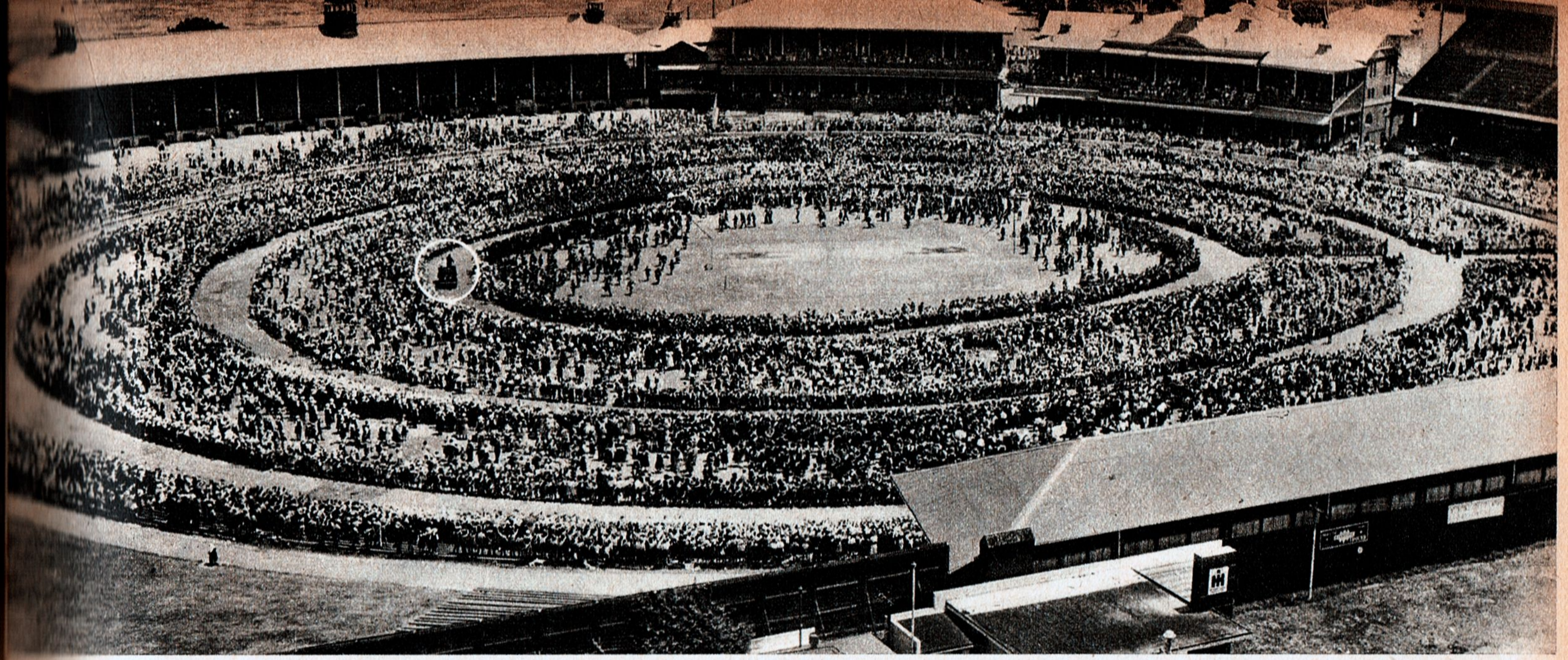
In the evening was a gala concert, and, on Sunday, morning service at St. Andrew's Cathedral. The next 36 hours were free time for the Royal visitors, though the crowds hung about the city and at many points in the suburbs and near countryside expecting an unofficial appearance at a dozen rumored places.

These 200,000 Royalty hunters, buoyed up by the wildest stories of the Queen's plans for her "rest" period, were indefatigable and well-nigh indestructible. They hung about for hour after hour decked out with patriotic favors (there was even a goat with flags tied to its horns), simply refusing to believe that the visitors were really staying inside. On the Monday afternoon they were all outwitted when the Queen and the Duke paid a visit by launch to a private harborside home.

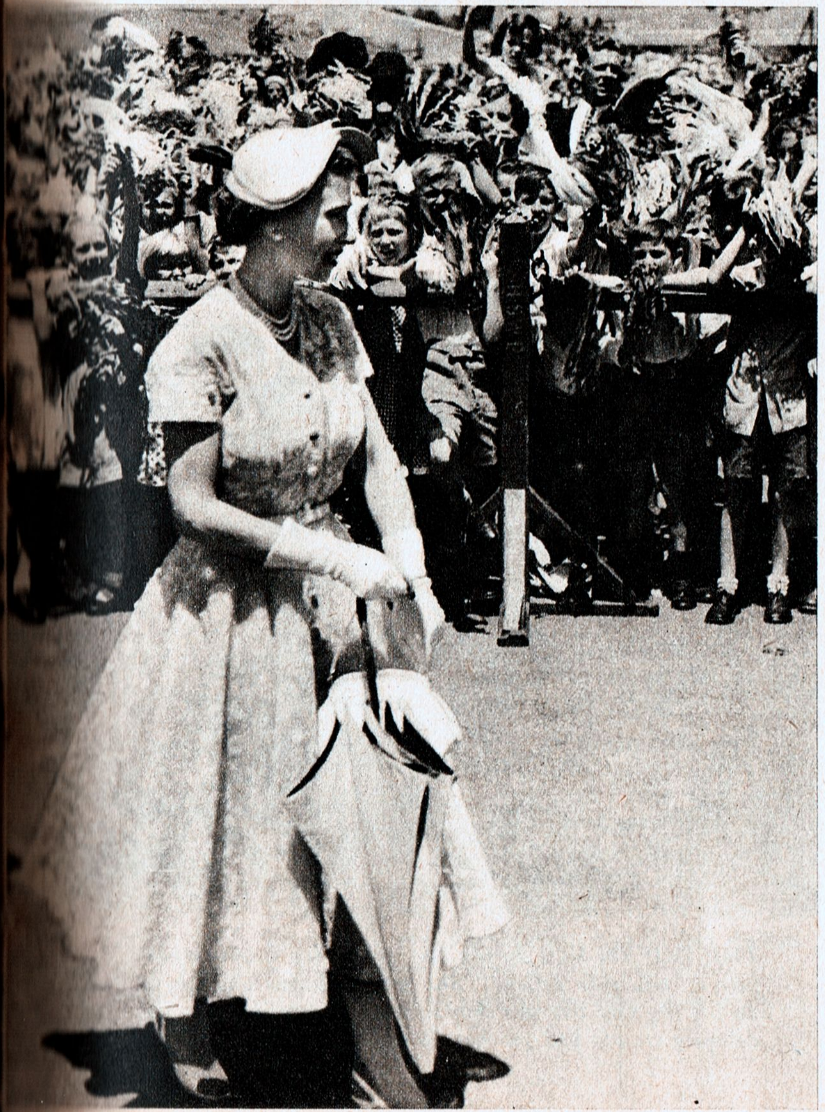
Next morning Elizabeth and Philip went by train to Newcastle, the Birmingham of Australia. Teeming rain did not extinguish the enthusiasm of the people there, nor of the thousands who lined the track and stations along the route of the 100-mile journey. The Queen stood for most of the trip on the back observation platform of the



STATE BANQUET on February 4 was held in a setting of floral splendor. Seated between the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh is the N.S.W. Premier, Mr. Cahill.



CHILDREN'S DAY. The Queen met 120,000 children on February 5 in three big rallies. Above: The Queen and the Duke drive in the land rover (circled) round the Cricket Ground. Below: Her Majesty with the umbrella she took as protection against the blazing sunshine; but she did not open it out of consideration for the children.



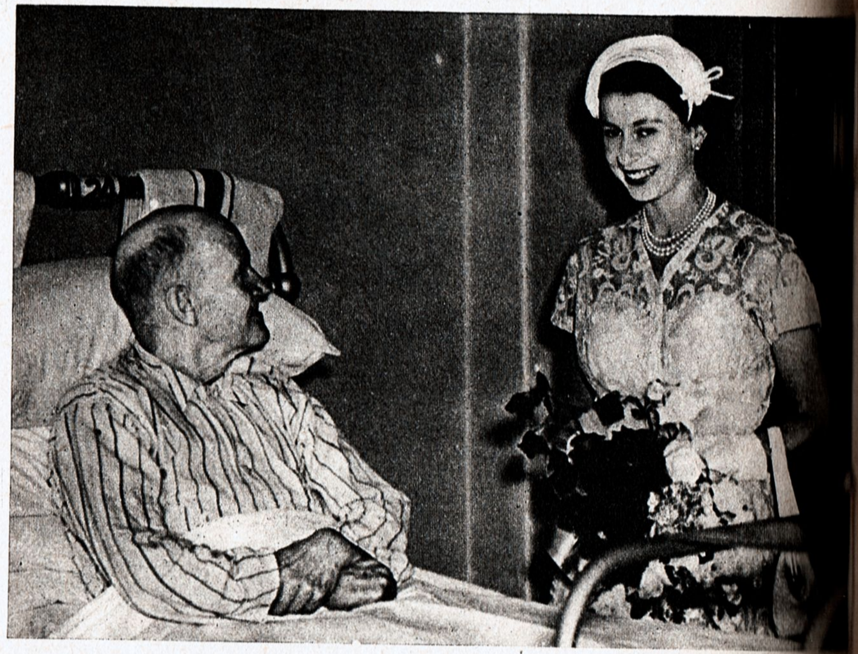
ABOVE: Some of the 35,000 children assembled to meet the Royal couple at Centennial Park. Below: Close-up of the Queen and the Duke at the Showground, where another 39,000 children had gathered. Yet another 30,000 children saw the couple near Concord in the afternoon.

KITCHEN STAFF (above) at the Repatriation General Hospital at Concord dash forward to clap and hail the Royal couple as they drive away after visiting the hospital.

train so that she could see and be seen. She even interrupted her morning tea several times to jump up and go outside when the warning whistle from the engine told her that there was a concentration of people ahead.

Despite the steady rain, the drab streets of Newcastle were transformed into avenues of glowing color for their brief hours of Royal glory; and 100,000 citizens were there to take up the spontaneous chant of welcome. Later, by barge, the Royal pair crossed Newcastle Harbor through a half-mile laneway of decorated, gleaming white yachts to inspect the Broken Hill Proprietary steelworks at Stockton. Because of the bad weather, some doubts were entertained as to whether the waiting Royal plane would be able to take-off on the scheduled flight to the rich North Coast of N.S.W. However, the flight was accomplished in one minute under the reckoned time, despite headwinds of 23 miles an hour.

At Lismore, a handsome and thriving city surrounded by glorious countryside, the Queen and the Duke stayed overnight at a hotel. The entire district had been in the grip of drought, but when the Queen arrived the rain was bucketing down. Her Majesty joined in the general jubilation. But less than a fortnight later the scene was darkened by tragedy. A cyclonic disturbance caused the worst floods in the history of the area, with heavy loss of life and millions of pounds' worth of damage.



THE QUEEN halts during her tour of the Concord hospital to talk to a patient. She seemed bright and happy during the visit but was discomfited on arrival because the delaying crowds had put her 40 minutes behind schedule.

THE DUKE leans from the car to grab a bunch of roses proffered by a five-year-old schoolgirl. She had waited in Lane Cove with an older companion to see the Royal couple on their drive back to Government House after their visit to the Concord Repatriation Hospital.

It was at Lismore that the Queen did one of those kind and thoughtful things that really endear her to people. The thousands of stoic country children who had stood for hours in the downpour in the local park were scheduled for one drive-past by the Royal car. But Elizabeth's heart was so touched by the sight of all the dripping wet but enthusiastic little faces that she ordered her driver to turn the vehicle around and circle the area once more.

In a place of honor at the foot of the spectacular crimson-and-gold dais where Lismore extended a civic welcome to the Queen and the Duke were the members of Australia's most famous family—Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara and their sturdy, handsome Quads. When Her Majesty learned that they had travelled 200 miles from their home at Bellingen for the occasion, she asked to meet them.

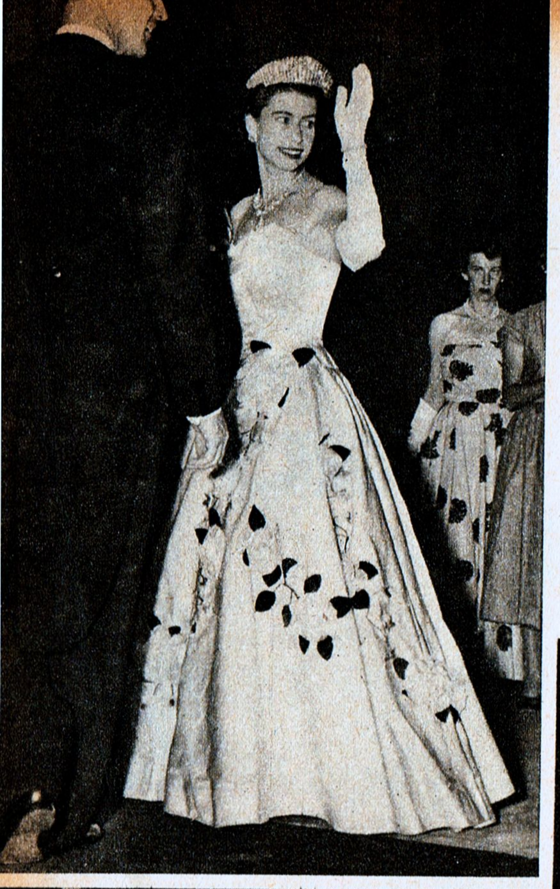
The civic reception over, the Queen stepped off the red carpet to take a short cut to where Percy and Betty Sara and the three-and-a-half-year-old children, Judith, Alison, Phillip, and Mark, were waiting. The Quads had been well tutored by their mother on how to behave in the presence of Royalty, the boys to bow and the girls to drop a pretty curtsy. But the roar of the crowd, excited by the spectacle of the Queen and the quadruplets together, terrified the children. Alison and Judith screamed. Mark and Phillip bolted towards their father. Her Majesty, with all the understanding of a mother, bent forward towards Betty Sara and said, "It must be very alarming for them, all the crowds and the noise." Mrs. Sara, who is an Englishwoman and looks remarkably like the Queen, managed to control her protesting daughters and to chat to Her Majesty at the one time. The Duke gave Percy Sara a father-to-father look of sympathy.

It was a wonderful day for Percy and Betty, even though their offspring did take stage-fright.

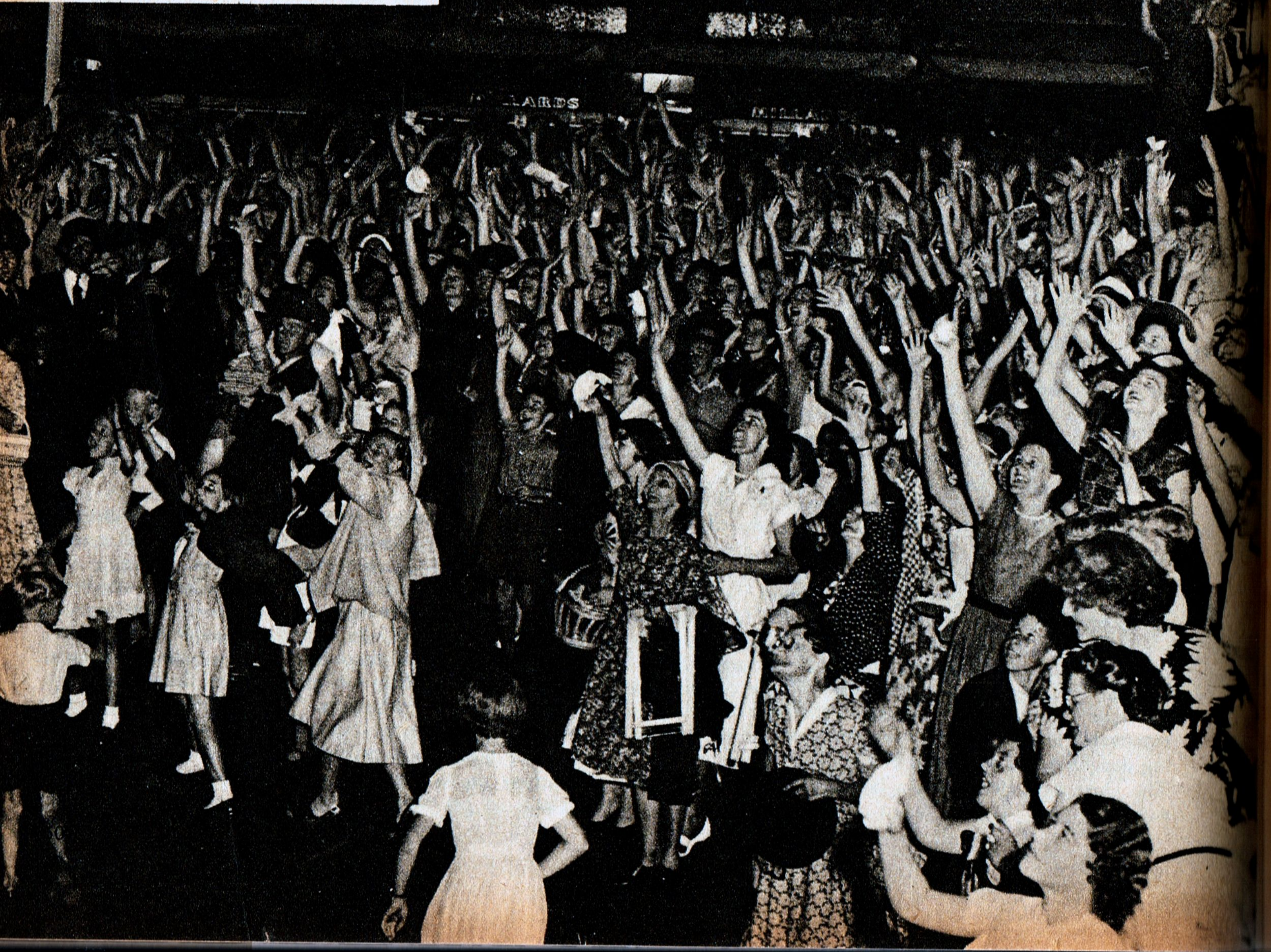
After motoring to Casino, the Queen and the Duke flew from the lush coastal district over heavily timbered ranges to Dubbo, in the sun-browned central west of the State. The long air hop also took them from rain into sunshine. Main event of the Dubbo programme was a visit to a typical country show. At this informal festival (where Her Majesty enjoyed the novelty of being greeted by a guard-of-honor of prize rams and ewes), bushmen in wide-brimmed hats and women in cool summer frocks were there in thousands to watch, with their Royal guests, exhibitions of tree-felling, sheep-shearing, and whip-cracking as loud as a salute by rifle fire.

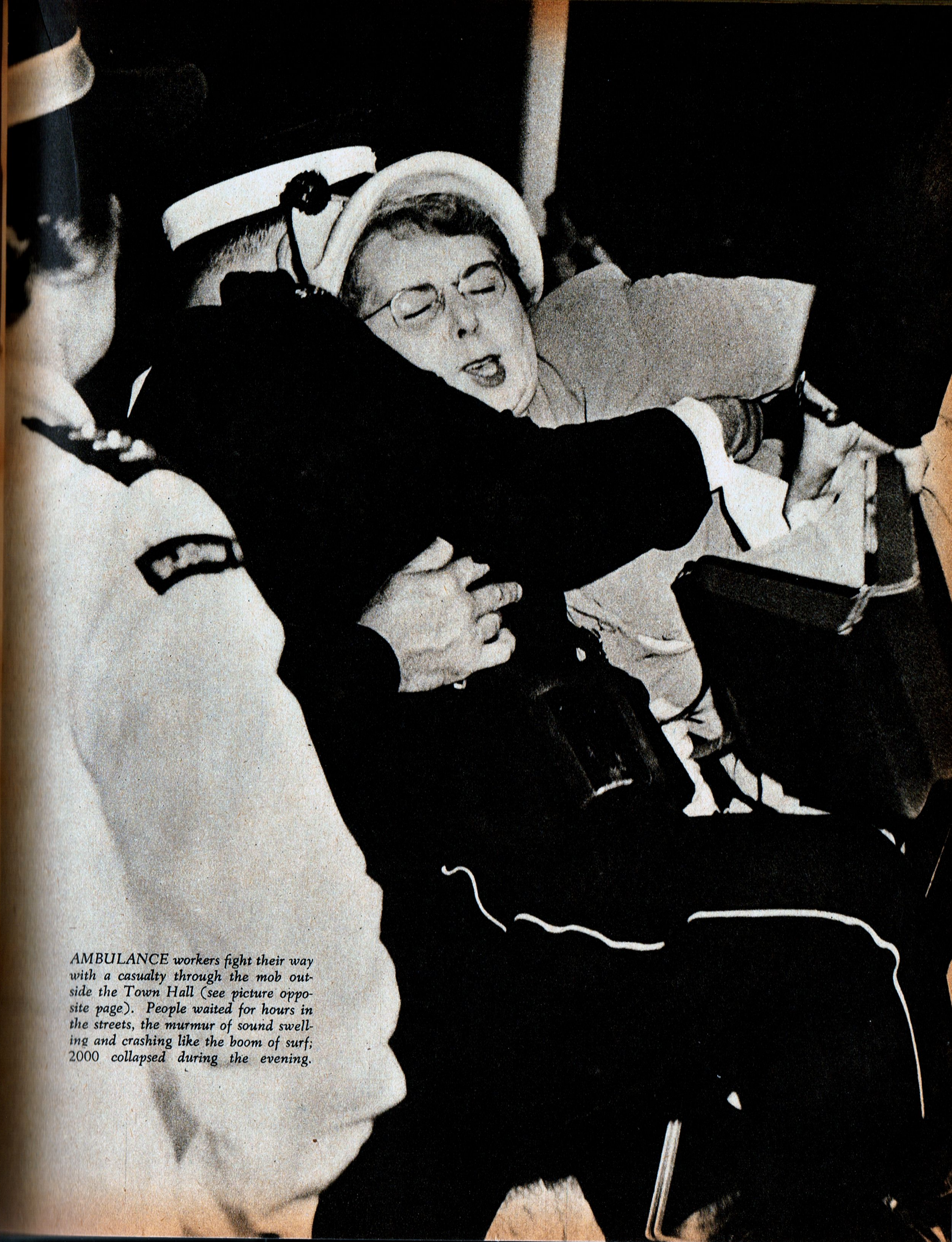
By the time the Queen returned to Sydney that night she had, on her first Australian country tour of 32 hours, travelled 1029 miles and stood for an aggregate of 20 hours. But next morning, when she left by car for Wollongong (which is Newcastle's opposite number south of Sydney), she showed no signs of fatigue. Indeed, Wollongong was a picnic, from the gaiety of the welcome in the streets to the luncheon served in the local Returned Servicemen's League hall.

Bathurst, the centre of the State's richest grazing district, and Lithgow, which doesn't know which to be proudest of—its coalmines or Marjorie Jackson, the Olympic sprint star who used to live there until her recent marriage—were on the Royal itinerary the next day. On the return journey the Queen and the Duke saw the splendor of the Blue Mountains scenery at Katoomba. And as the Royal train entered the metropolitan area at Parramatta there were truly amazing scenes of enthusiasm. The populace simply took possession of the permanent way, where six sets of tracks carry the busiest and swiftest railway traffic in Australia. Swarming on to the lines, the people simply defied all attempts to get them off, slowing the Royal train to a

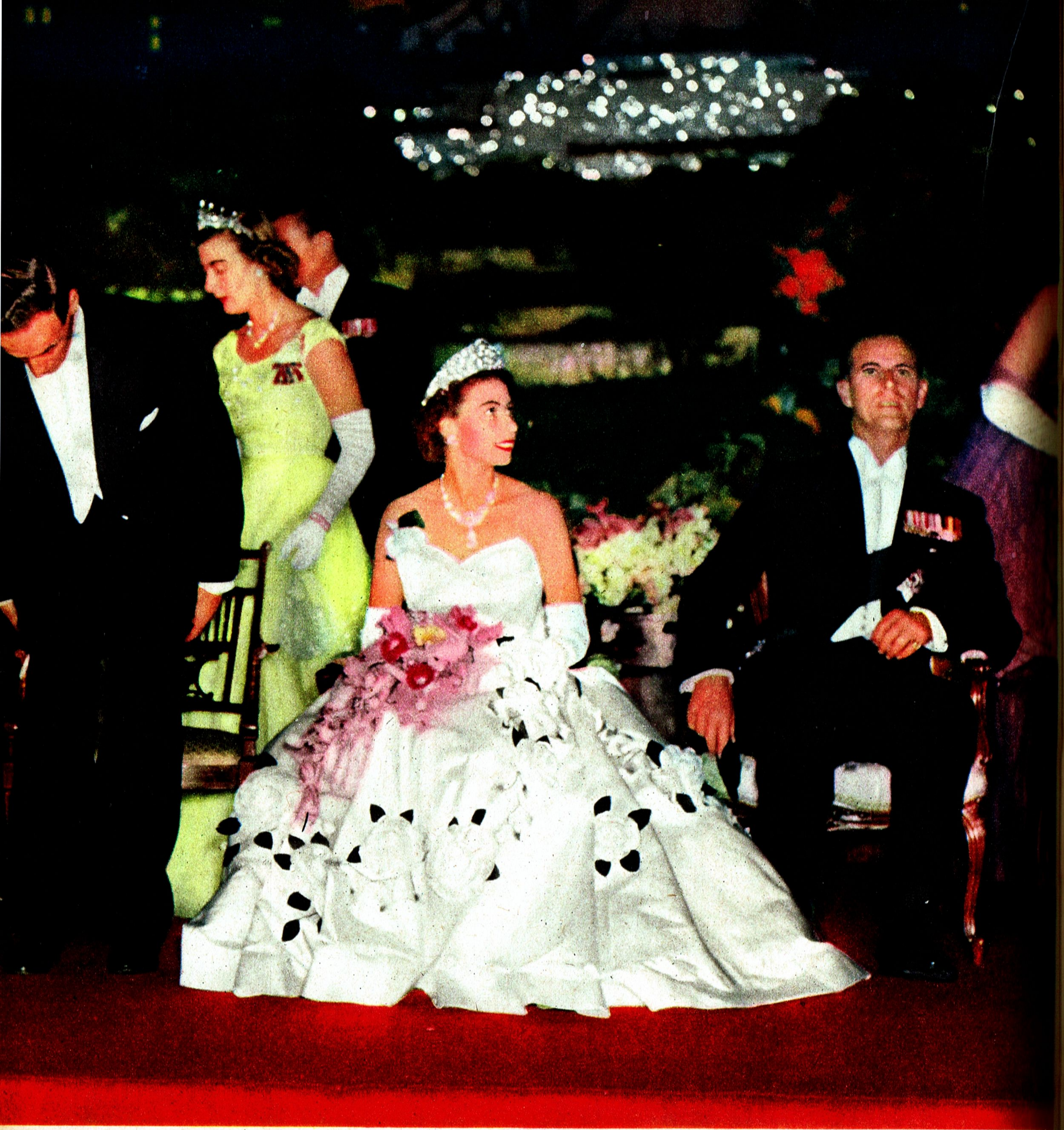


ACCOMPANIED by the Lord Mayor, Alderman Hills, the Queen (left) turns on the Sydney Town Hall balcony to wave in answer to the acclaim of the crowd below. An excited, cheering mob of 150,000 thronged the streets adjoining the Town Hall, although only a relative few had any chance of seeing Her Majesty at the Mayoral Ball. When she appeared, the packed mass of people seemed to surge towards her, but, almost miraculously, no barriers were broken down and no one was seriously injured in the crush.

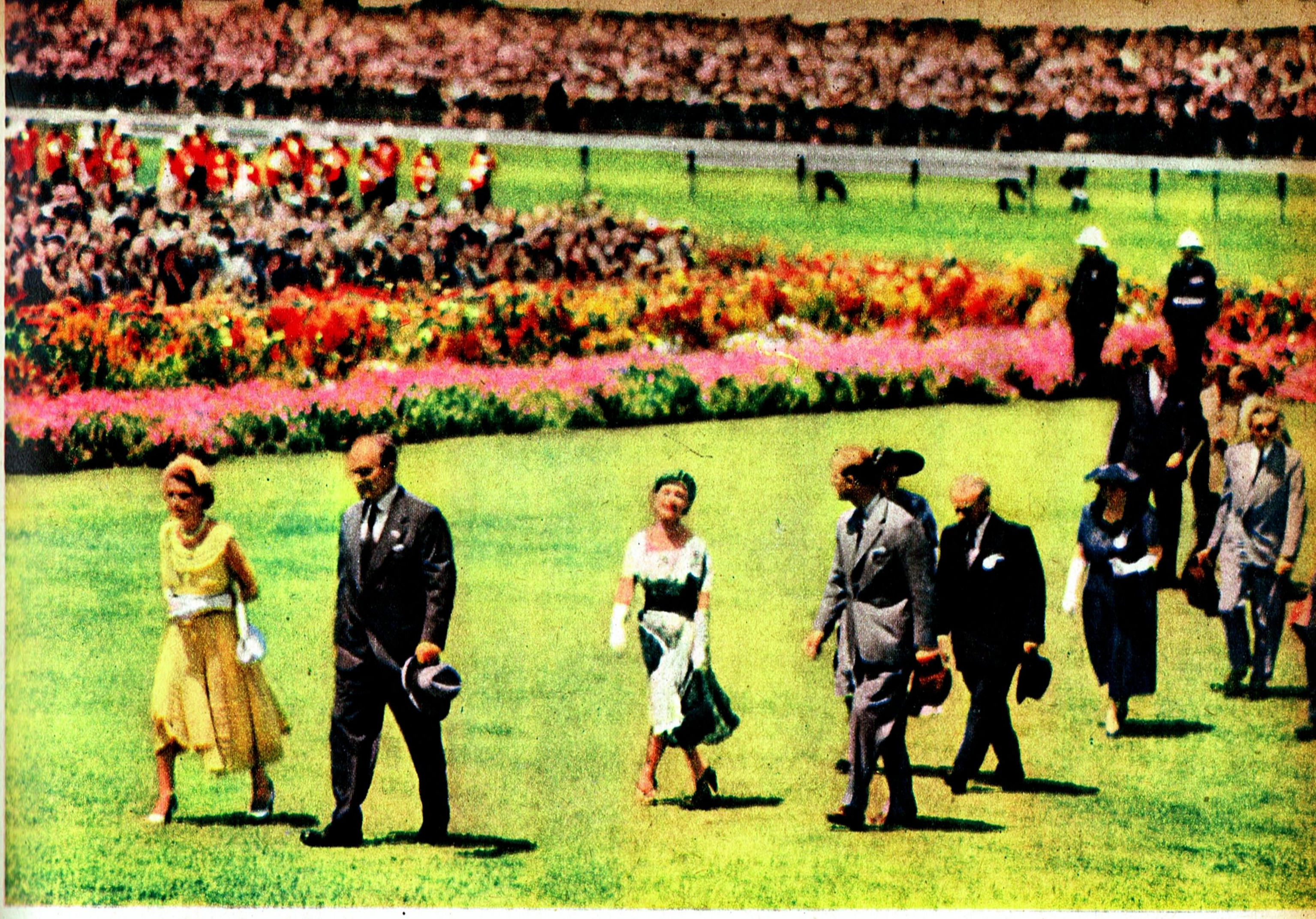


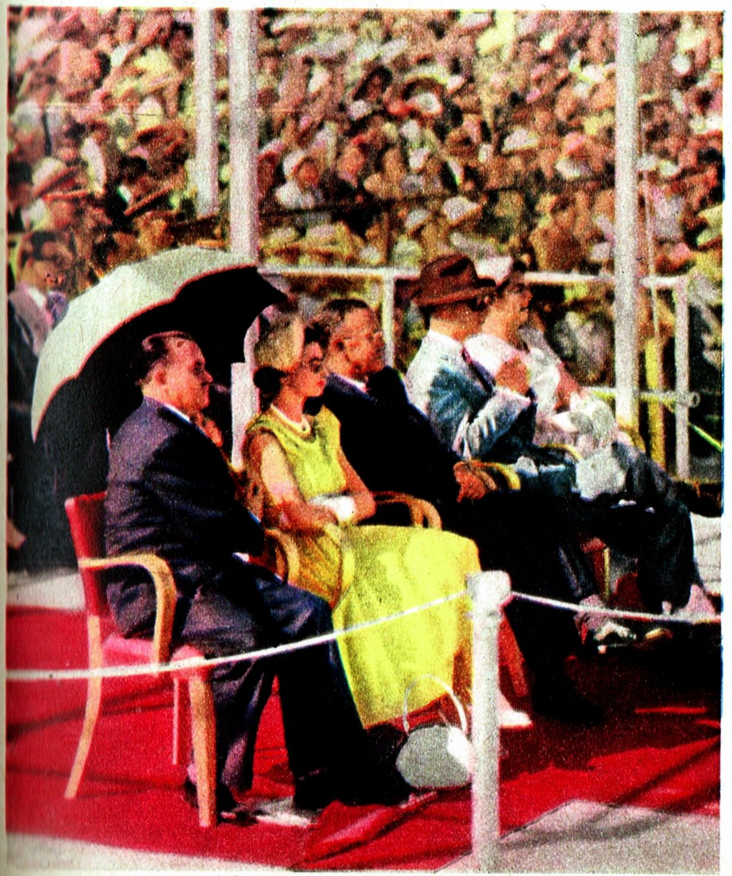


AMBULANCE workers fight their way with a casualty through the mob outside the Town Hall (see picture opposite page). People waited for hours in the streets, the murmur of sound swelling and crashing like the boom of surf; 2000 collapsed during the evening.



GLORIOUS GOWN of parchment satin, the skirt garlanded with roses, was the Queen's choice for the Lord Mayor's Ball at the Sydney Town Hall on February 5. Her bouquet of cattleya orchids was flown from Queensland. The Lord Mayor, Ald. P. D. Hills, is about to take his seat beside Her Majesty. Behind him is Lady Pamela Mountbatten, one of the ladies-in-waiting.





AT RANDWICK RACES (above). The Queen walks to the Paddock with Australian Jockey Club Chairman Mr. Alan G. Potter followed by the Duke with Mrs. Potter, members of the Household, A.J.C. committeemen and wives.

PARASOL (left) protecting Her Majesty from the late afternoon sun is held over her by Mr. Ken Watson at the surf carnival at Bondi. Between the Queen and the Duke is Judge Adrian Curlewis, president of the Surf Life Saving Association, which staged the carnival.

walking pace. In the few miles between Granville and Sydney eight electric trains and two steam trains were held up. Her Majesty's reaction? She thought it was "wonderful."

That was the last full-day programme in N.S.W. The following morning Elizabeth and Philip again left the rain and oppressive humidity of Sydney for the heat of Wagga, and the Queen withstood the swift transition by air with the greatest serenity. There were 100,000 people in the streets for Wagga's gala day, and as many of these as possible crowded into the local showground for a bushland carnival. Included in the

AT BONDI SURF CARNIVAL (above) the Queen and the Duke drive down to the water's edge to see the start of some of the events. Participants did their best for the Queen; surf-board riders particularly, regardless of mishap, dared a heavy surf to ride their boards standing.

entertainment were demonstrations of boomerang-throwing by aborigines (imported from Sydney for the day!) and a woodchop contest. During the course of this a six-inch chip nearly hit Her Majesty's face. She saw the flying chip and blocked it with her sunshade.

From Wagga the Royal party flew on to Canberra, the national capital. Almost a full 27 years earlier, Elizabeth's father, when Duke of York, and her mother ("the little lady in pink," the people used to call her) had travelled there from England for the opening of the National Parliament. And it was only a scarce 27 years before this event that the six Australian colonies, by Royal assent of Elizabeth's great-grandmother, Victoria, had federated as a Commonwealth.

So it was that the young Queen came to a place that is the fulfilment of the magnificent dream of far-sighted men who last century saw it as the symbol of nationhood.

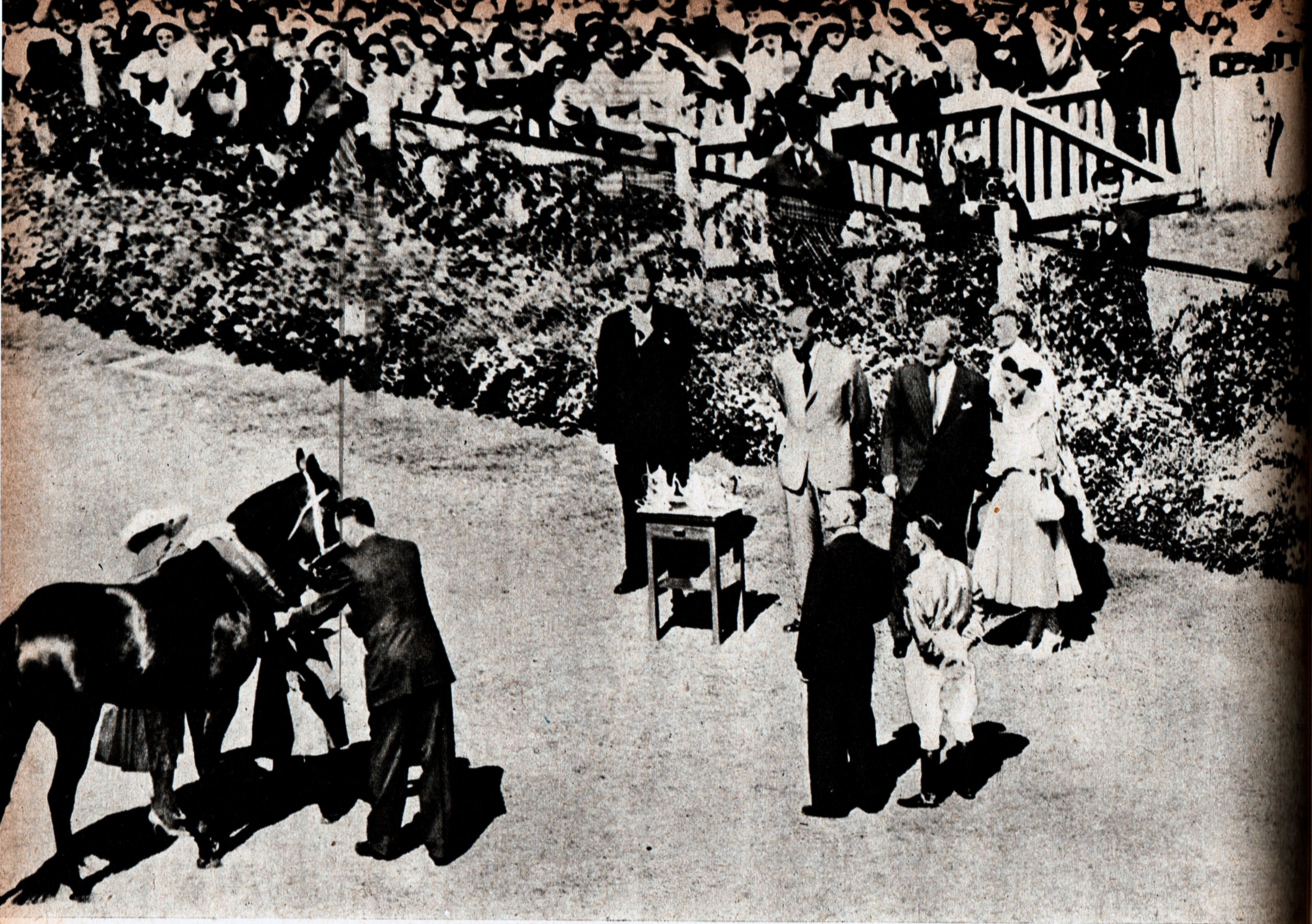
Although Canberra was to witness scenes of pomp and splendor to catch the imagination of the least Australian with the smallest spark of national pride, its huge expanses of green countryside and the wide, curving avenues inevitably absorbed some of the warmth of the popular welcome.

The next day being Sunday, Her Majesty and the Duke attended morning prayer in the historic, beautiful church of St. John, where the capacity congregation of only 200 was made up of regular worshippers who had been issued with tickets for the occasion. But outside was gathered a crowd of 5000. Of these 2000 were not there just to sightsee but to participate in the service relayed through loudspeakers. And, at the pro-cathedral of St. Christopher, Archbishop Eris O'Brien, of Canberra-Goulburn, one of the most learned authorities on Australian history, presided at a solemn High Mass to give thanks for the Queen's visit and to seek blessings on her and the Royal Family.

After lunch, the Queen, with the Duke at the wheel of an inconspicuous car, made a secret dash to Cuppacumbalong, a famous show station 13 miles south of Canberra, owned by Mr. F. N. Snow. On this pleasant Sunday afternoon Her Majesty was able to see some of the loveliest countryside in N.S.W.—the upper Murrumbidgee Valley—as well as gain first-hand knowledge of life on an Australian country property.

On the Monday morning at Yarralumla, the official residence of the Governor-General at Canberra, Her Majesty,

RIGHT: The Queen watches Legatees binding book covers during her visit with the Duke to Legacy House. Below: Her Majesty bestows the order of Knight Bachelor on leading constitutional lawyer Sir Garfield Barwick, Q.C.



WINNER (above) of the Queen Elizabeth Stakes is decorated, watched by the Royal couple. Blue Ocean, owned by the Kelly family, won at 33-1. Trainer Harry Darwon was so excited that he forgot to let go the Queen's hand when he was presented. Crowds who watched Her Majesty but did not stare contributed to her enjoyment.

THE QUEEN (right), always happy at the races, talks to Mr. Alan Potter, Chairman of the Australian Jockey Club, while the Duke turns to Mrs. Potter. Behind the Queen are Mr. and Mrs. Keith Mackay. Others in the picture include Lieut.-Comd. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Strath Playfair, and Mrs. Sam Hordern.

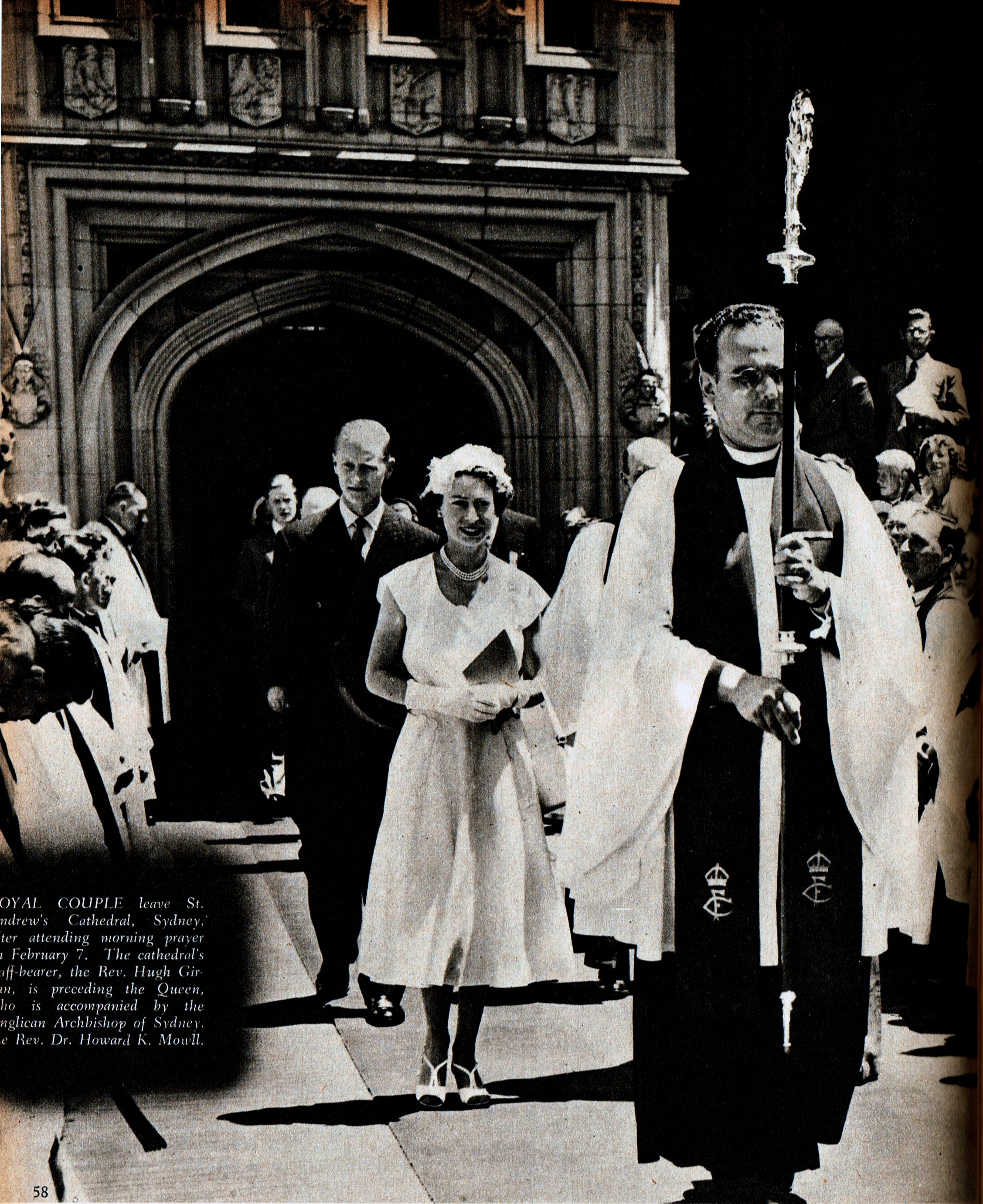
INFORMAL PICTURE of the Royal couple as they take their seats in the Royal Box at the Gala Performance at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney. The Queen wore lilac organza patterned with posies, a diamond tiara and sapphire-and-diamond necklace and earrings. Tommy Trinder, compere of the performance, amused the Royal pair by opening with: "I believe there are a number of Pommies here tonight."

wearing a simple steel-grey silk frock, held an investiture and watched a parade of native Papuan troops—the "Fuzzy-Wuzzy Angels" of the New Guinea campaign in World War II—then met Albert Namatjira, the Australian aboriginal artist. In the afternoon she drove in all the gorgeous panoply of State, adorned by and adorning her famous jewel-encrusted Coronation gown. The event, which grey skies and rain could not mar, was the opening of the third session of the 20th national Parliament. In the sombre, red-toned Senate the Queen of Australia looked tiny as she sat in the high-backed President's chair which her father had used in the same setting 27 years before.

The glory in the Senate lasted a bare 14 minutes. Outside, the storm clouds were banking up in earnest. When the Queen appeared on a covered dais to review the biggest combined Service parade ever held in Australia, the torrent of water started. It lasted throughout the ceremony.

Climatic changes in Australia can be violent. It was blazing sun, not rain, that drenched the capital next morning. On a slope dotted with gum trees and carpeted with yellow dandelions, officialdom in tophats and morning suits sweltered in the heat. Non-V.I.P.s were happy in open-necked shirts. Above them all towered a 220ft. aluminium shaft surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings—the Australian National Memorial to America, commemorating the part which the two nations had played together in World War II. Wearing a frock of her favorite yellow and a tiny head-hugger hat covered with sprays of wattle, Her Majesty came to unveil the memorial in a simple but spectacular ceremony. When it was over she and the Duke went to inspect the nearby Australian War Memorial, a magnificent building where are stored the treasures that tell the story of valor in two world conflicts.

In the evening was the Commonwealth banquet—which turned out to be a far more friendly and informal function than its title implied. "A family gathering, a family reunion" was how the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, described it in a speech in which he also said to the Queen amid



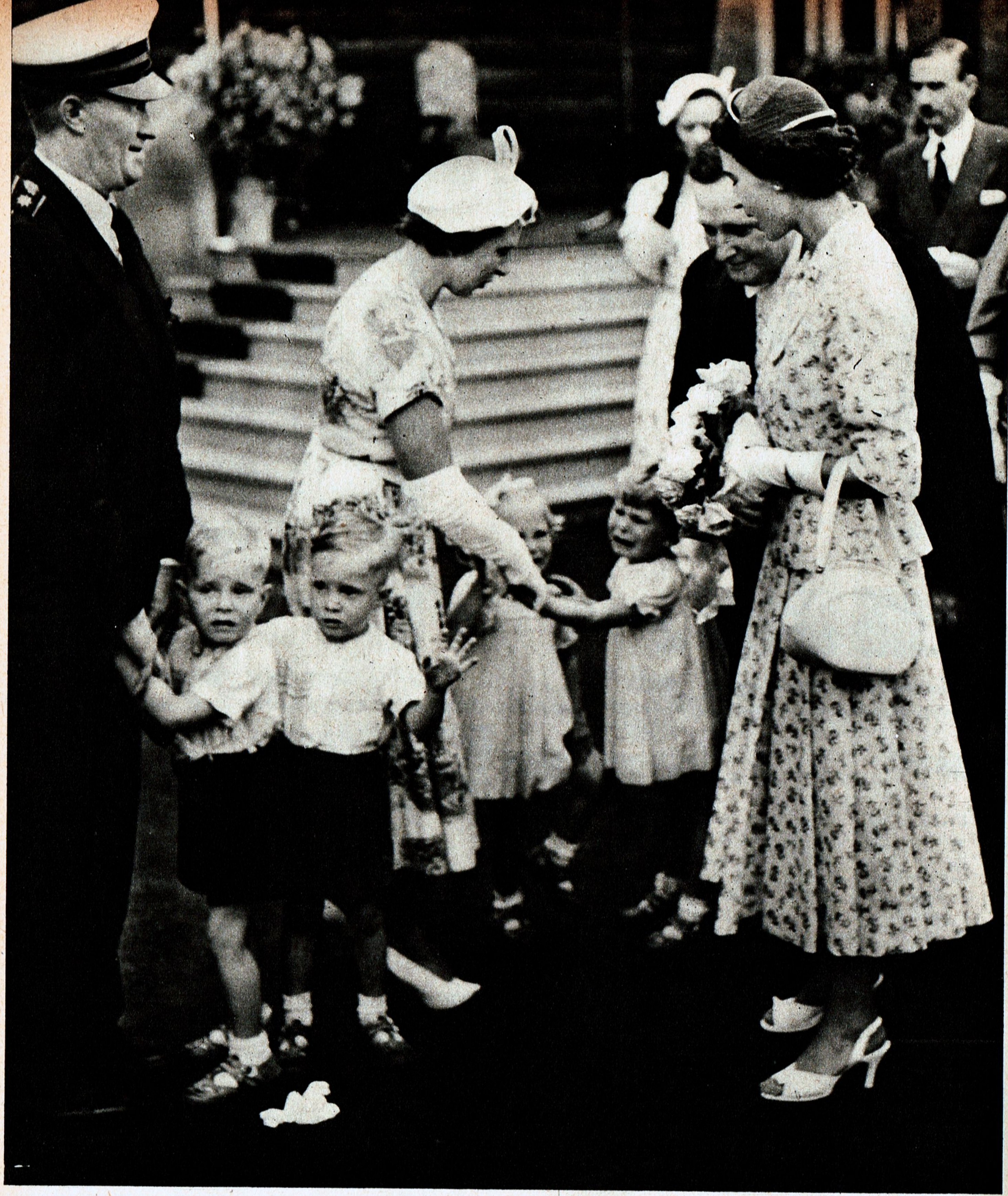
OYAL COUPLE leave St. ndrew's Cathedral, Sydney, ter attending morning prayer n February 7. The cathedral's aff-bearer, the Rev. Hugh Giran, is preceding the Queen, ho is accompanied by the nglican Archbishop of Sydney, e Rev. Dr. Howard K. Mowll.

IN HEAD-SCARF and sports clothes (above) the Queen walks with Mr. Alexis Albert and (right) Mrs. Albert along the private wharf at their Vaucluse Bay home, where she and the Duke spent most of their only wholly free day in Sydney. Typical crowds (right) who gathered at the railway stations along the track to Newcastle in order to see the Queen and the Duke as they began their tour of country districts by the Royal Train.

prolonged applause: "You may count on us. We are yours."

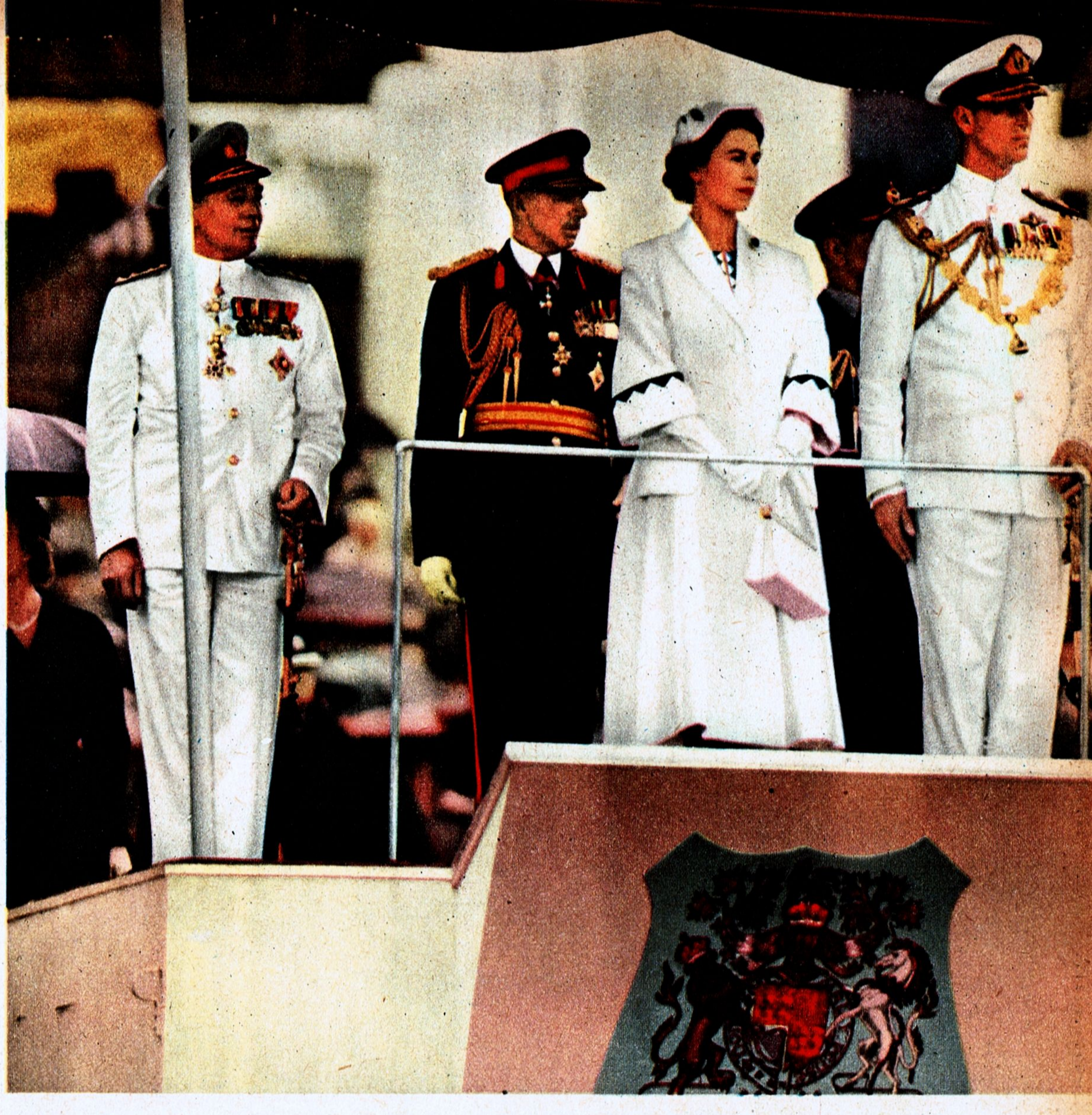
At the conclusion of the banquet he presented the Queen with a gift from Australia—a diamond brooch featuring a spray of tea-tree and wattle. For the gift Her Majesty could manage only a soft "thank you, thank you."

The highlights of Wednesday, February 17, were the presentation of Colors to the Corps of Staff Cadets at Duntroon Military College, a garden party for 3000 at Yarralumla, and in the evening a State ball. The ball was easily the most lavish Australia has ever seen, with a supper that was a Roman feast. For Her Majesty, however, the ball meant an hour and 40 minutes of presentations and formality; she and the Duke slipped away quietly after inspecting the supper tables but without tasting any of the food. "Some spread," said the Duke.

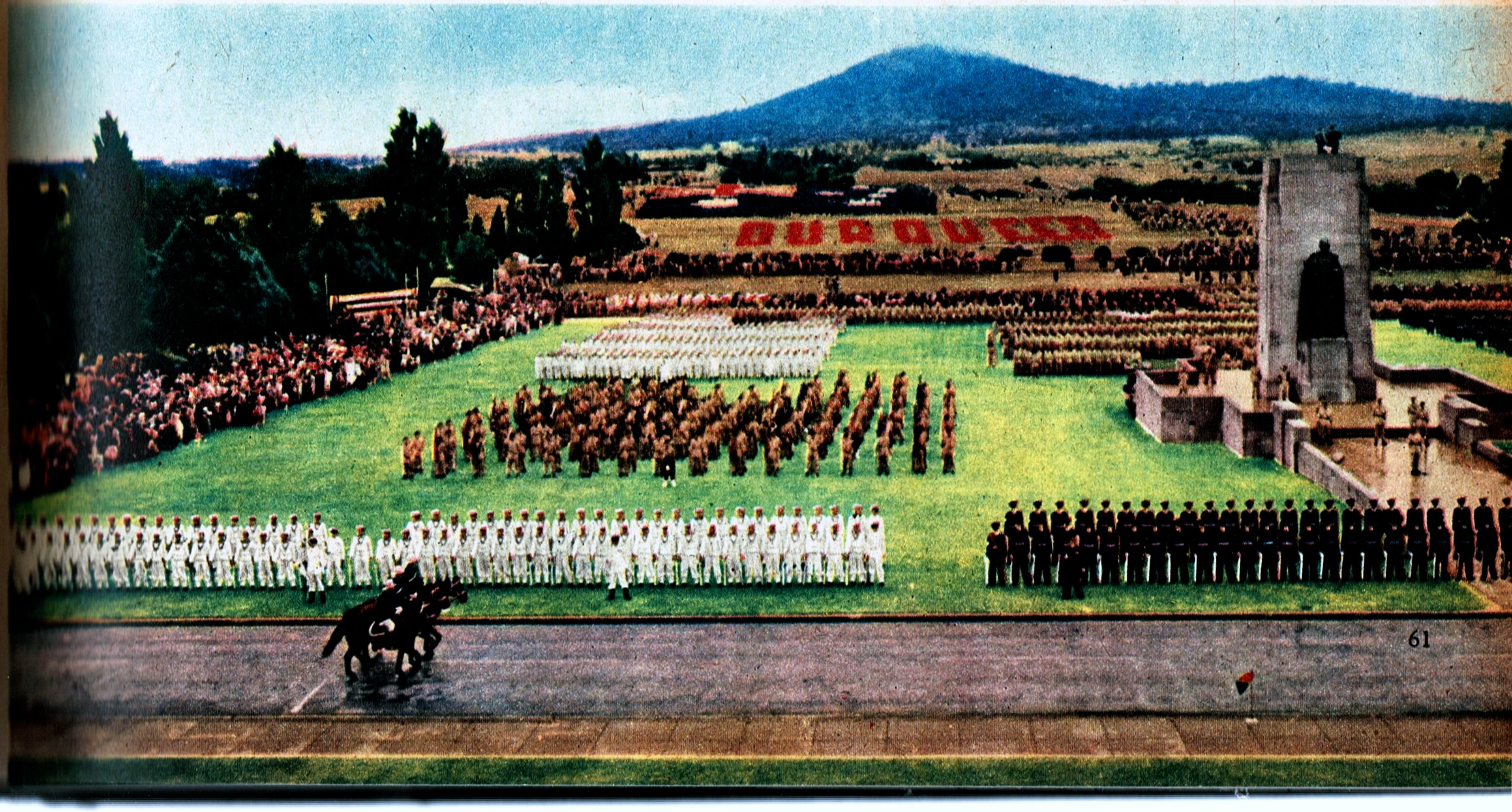


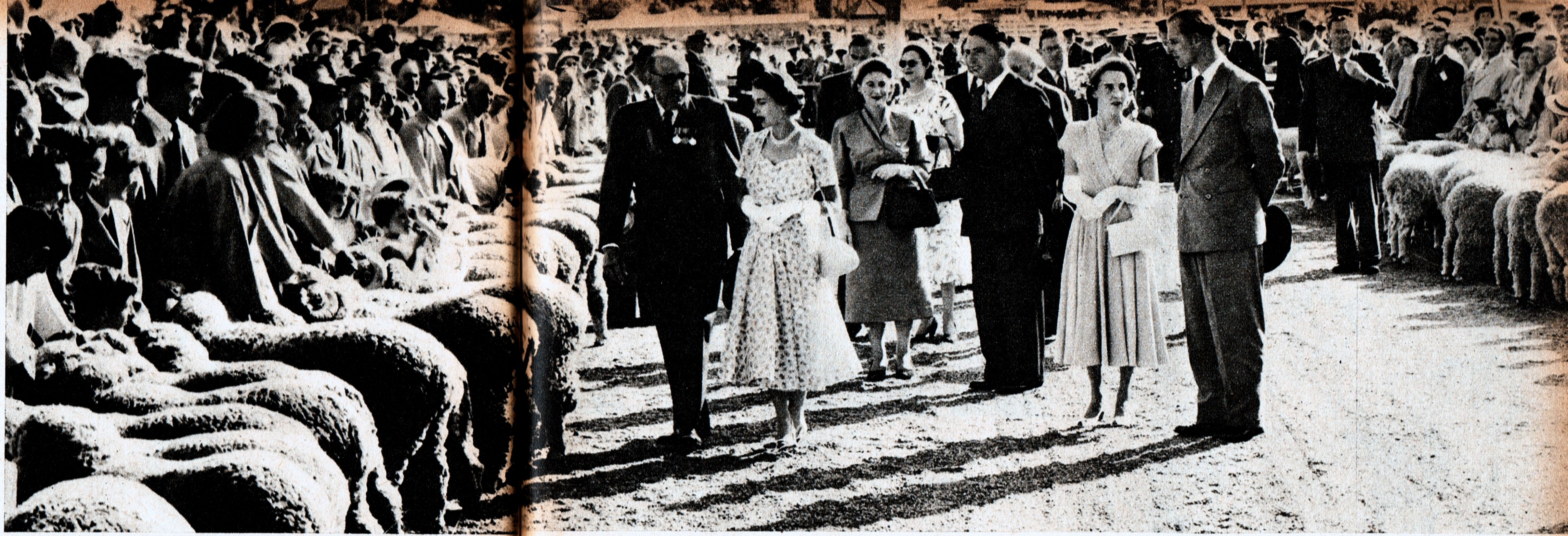
SARA QUADRUPLETS, of Bellingen, N.S.W., meet the Queen at Lismore. Standing close to their father, Percy Sara, an ambulance officer, Phillip (left) and Mark gaze round-eyed at the surrounding crowds. Mrs. Sara, with crying Judith (left) and Alison, answers one of Her Majesty's interested questions. When the Queen heard the Quads would be visiting Lismore to see her, she asked to meet them. The children took stage-fright at the cheering crowds at the moment of meeting Her Majesty. The boys merely fidgeted and looked unhappy, then ran to Poppa; but the girls howled their heads off.

THE QUEEN and the Duke, attended by Service Chiefs, stand on the dais outside Parliament House for the march past after the opening of Australia's Federal Parliament, Canberra.

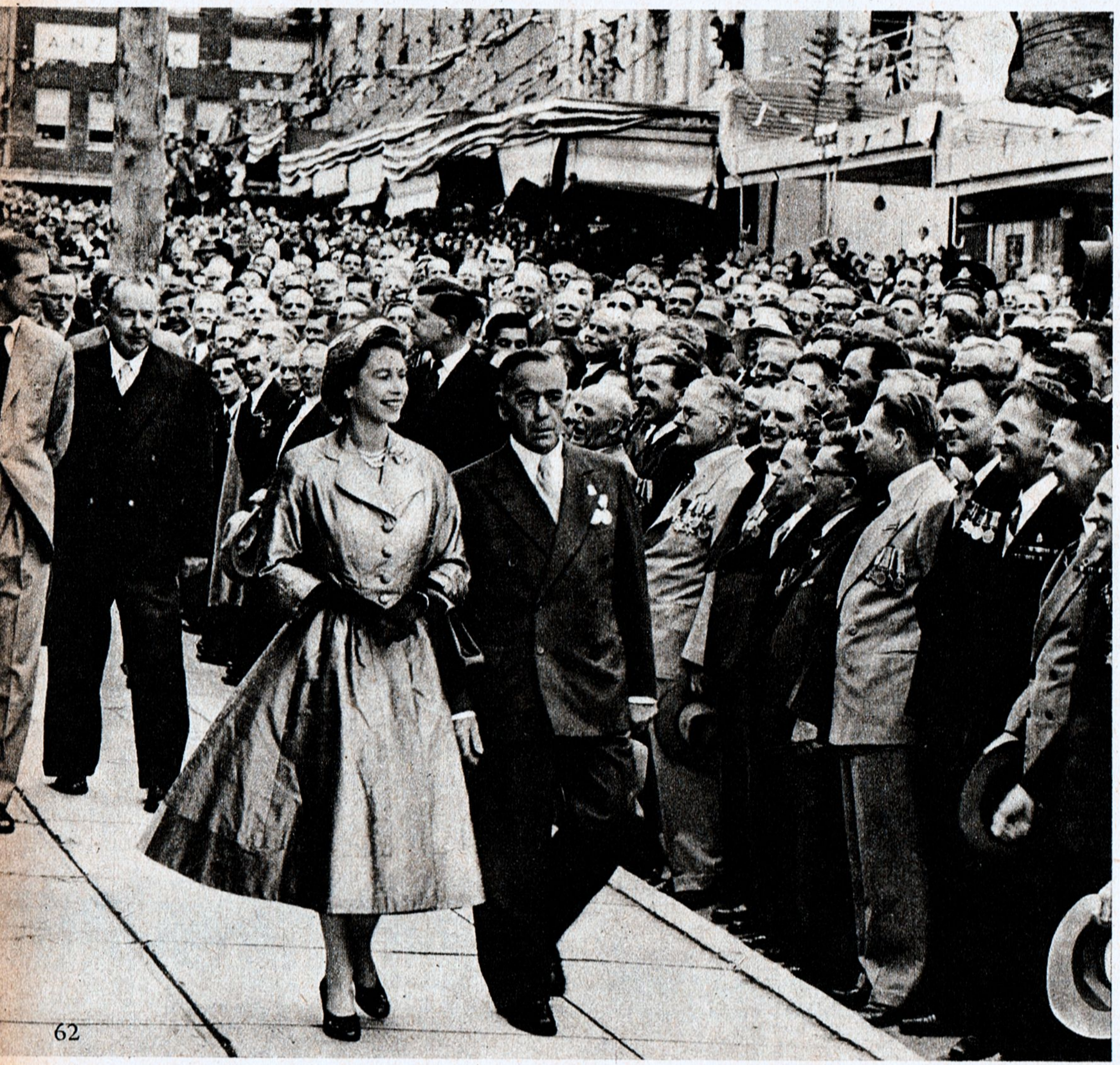


SERVICEMEN drawn up in the park outside Parliament House awaiting the Queen's arrival (below). There were 6000 troops, including Duntroon cadets in red-faced black dress uniform, sailors in white, and the Air Force in blue. It rained all morning, but at the moment the mounted police appeared heralding the Queen's car the weather began to clear.

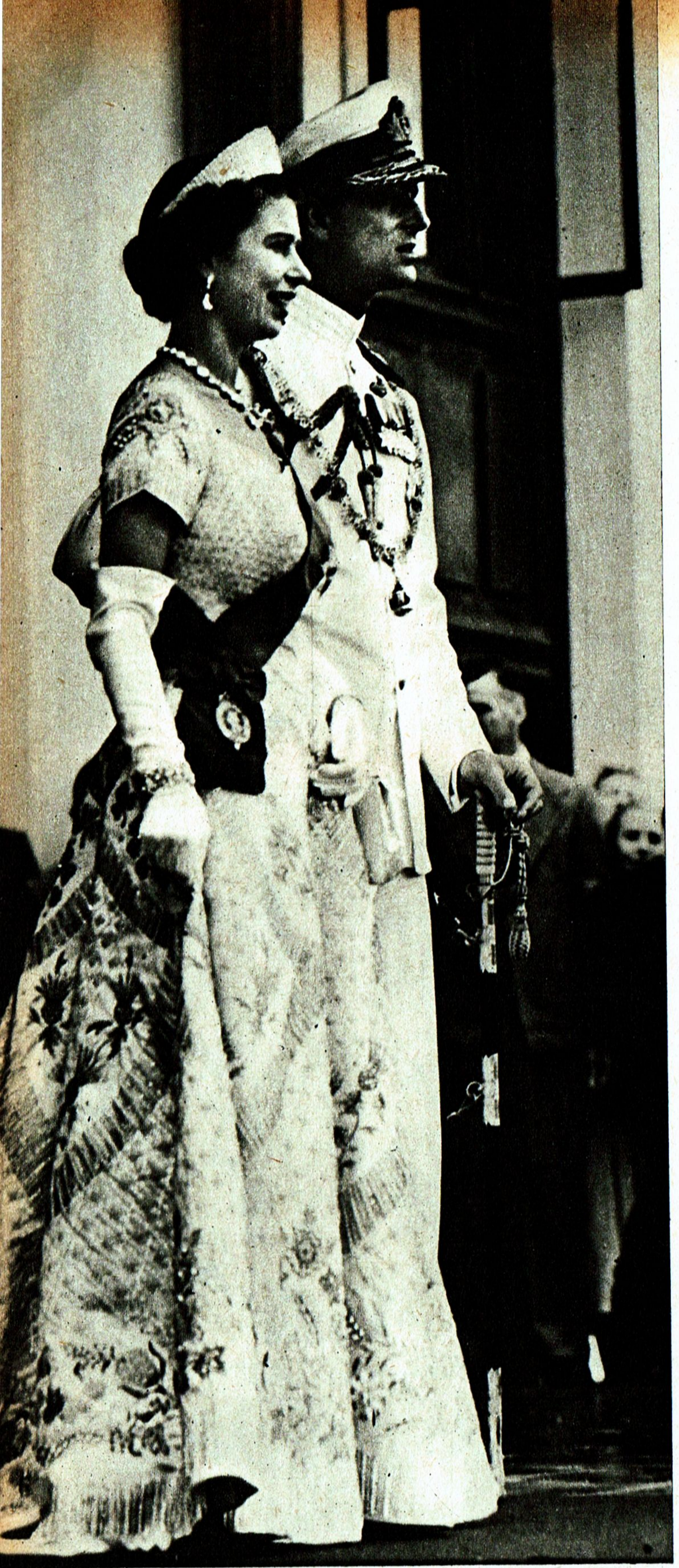




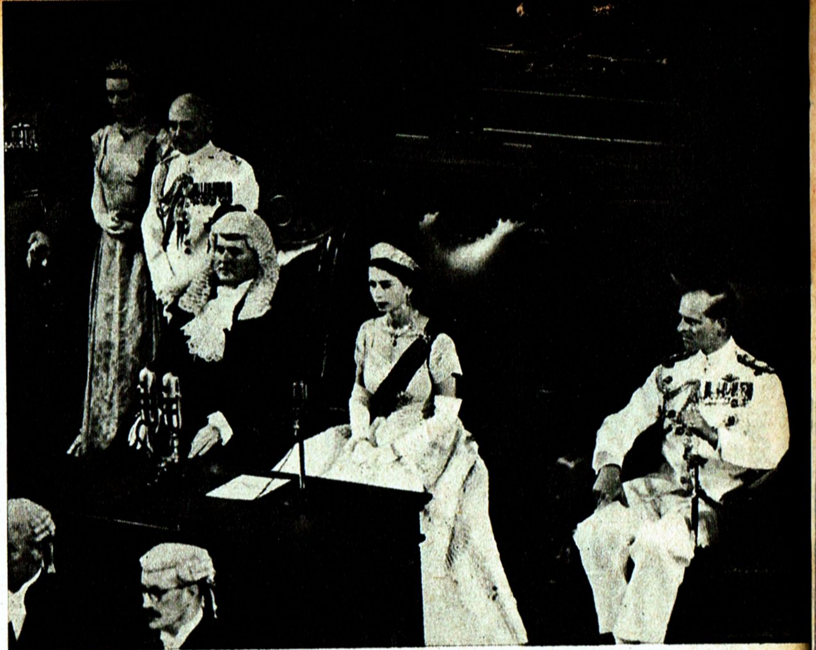
COUNTRY DISTRICTS. *Above left, the Queen smiles through the rain-swept window of the car during her drive at Oakes Oval, Lismore. The rain broke the area's drought, but afterwards disastrous floods occurred. Above: Unusual guard of honor, held backs-on in the customary way of sheep showing, was formed by prize rams at the Agricultural Show at Dubbo, specially staged for the Queen, who is escorted by the Show president, Mr. L. S. Clarke.*



LEFT: The Queen with local Returned Servicemen's League president, Mr. F. H. Marsh, as she enters the R.S.L. Hall for a civic luncheon at Wollongong. Ex-service men and women formed a guard of honor. On this overcast day the Queen wore a gunmetal shantung coat with black accessories. Right: The Queen and Duke wave to some of the men who line the streets in the coal-mining Lithgow district.



SMILING, the Queen and the Duke turn at the top of Parliament House steps to face the crowd of 20,000 people before entering the House for the historic opening of Parliament. The Queen is wearing the superb Coronation gown in which she opened the New Zealand Parliament.



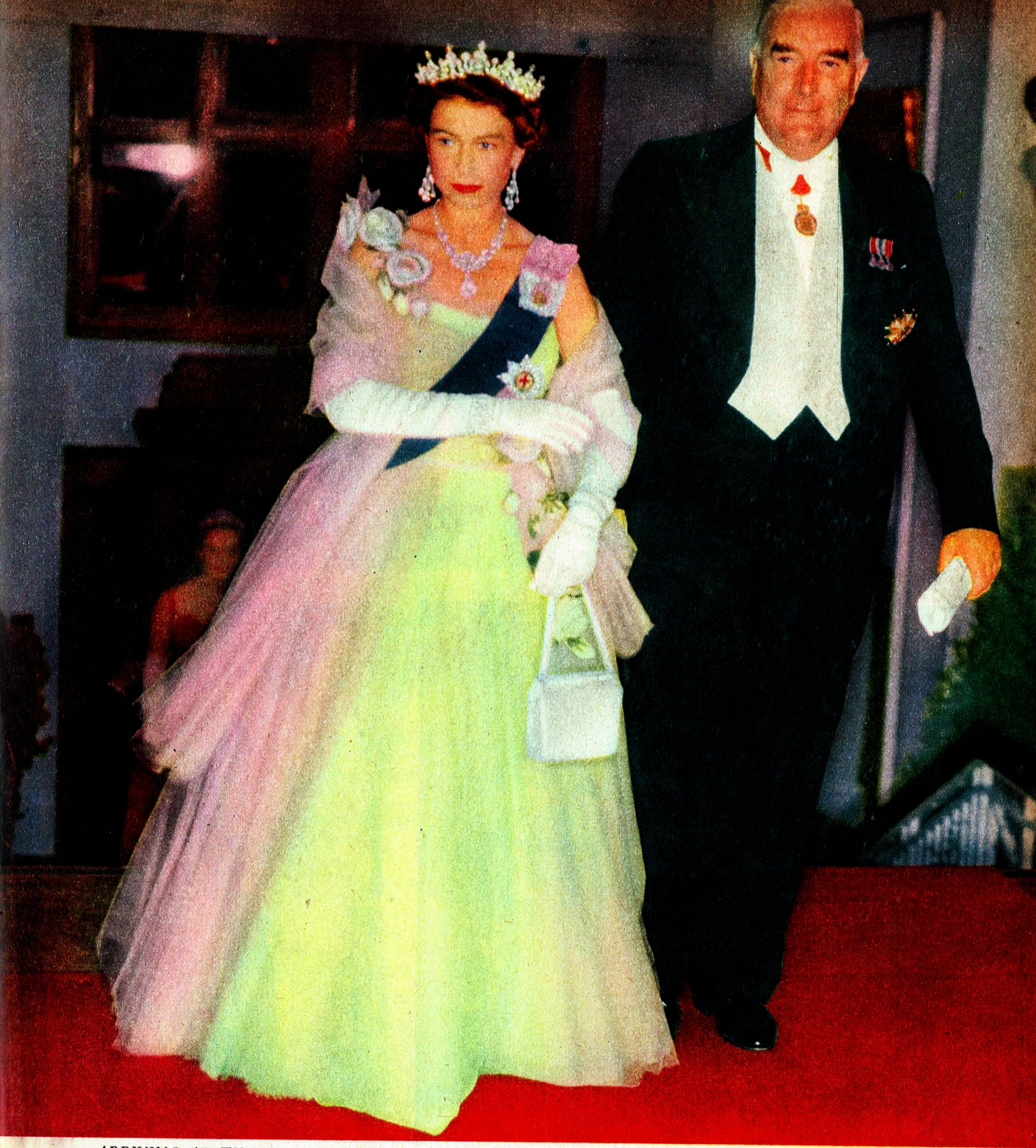
DWARFED by the massive chair which her father used when, as Duke of York, he opened the first Federal Parliament in Canberra in 1927, the Queen sits immobile just before making her speech to open the Federal Parliament.

In Sydney the people were making ready for one last glimpse of the Royal visitors. At mid-morning on February 18 Her Majesty and the Duke were farewelled from Canberra's airport; and an hour later they touched down on the outskirts of Sydney. Followed another long triumphal drive through the city, then across the Harbor Bridge to inspect the naval establishment at Balmoral, a northern harborside suburb. They returned to Government House, Sydney, by Royal Barge across the magnificent waterway they had entered two weeks and one day earlier.

From an early hour in the broiling hot afternoon the first of 8000 guests began to stream into the grounds of Government House for a garden party. Her Majesty moved among the guests in a lovely slim-fitting lace dress, a wide-brimmed hat of black nylon crinoline straw, trimmed with brilliant red and green ostrich feathers. The Duke was in morning dress.

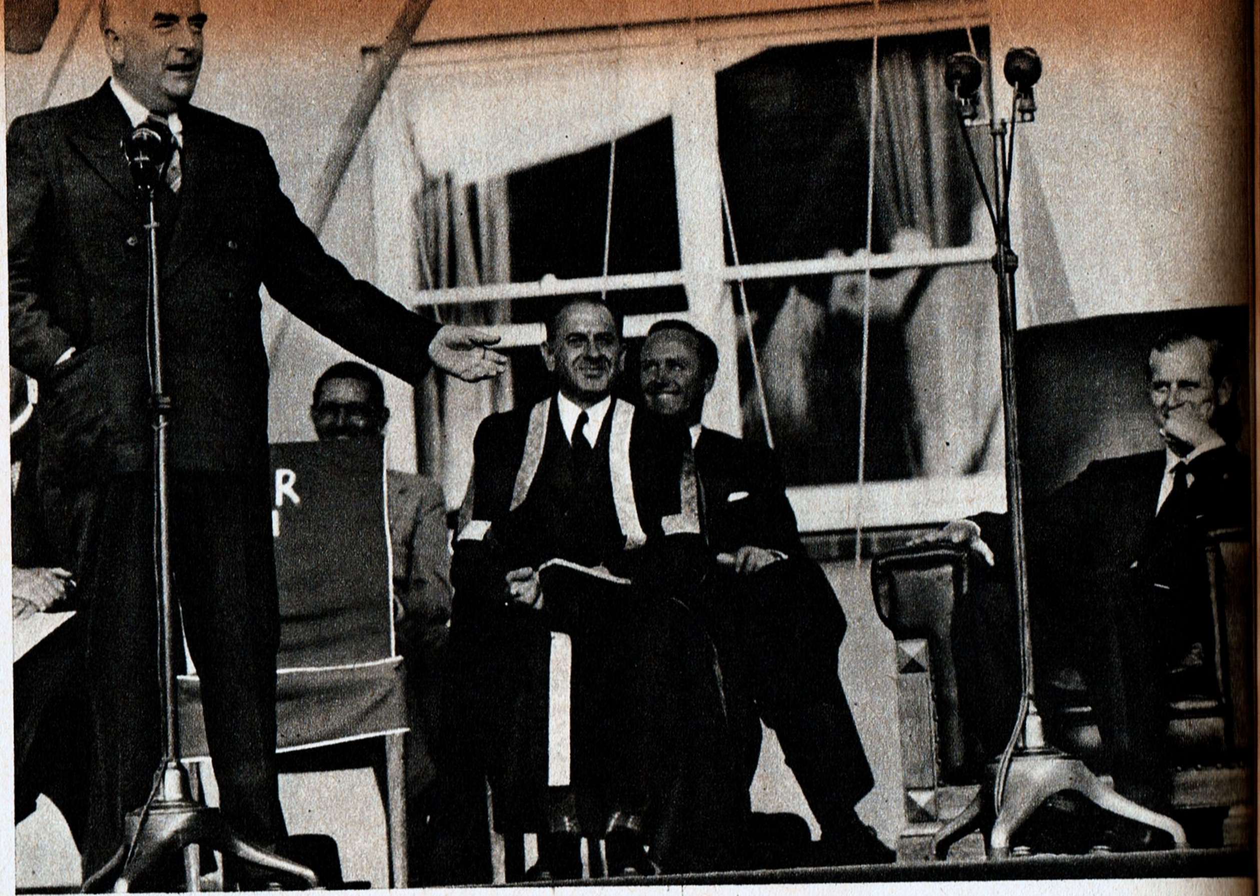
And it was thus that the thousands in the streets saw Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh, when at 5.30 p.m. they drove away from Government House along the short route to where Gothic was waiting at West Circular Quay. Sydney said farewell in one huge, prolonged burst of vociferous emotion. It was a dramatic sight. As Gothic pulled away from the wharf bound for Tasmania, women wept, the ferries and the ships tooted and wailed, and the sunset gilded the cloud fringe on the horizon.

Two ships of the Royal Australian Navy, H.M.A.S. Australia and H.M.A.S. Anzac, escorted Gothic on her journey south. Outside the Heads they swung out in front of her in a wide arc, then waited for her to take up position between them. By now it was almost dark, but as the shadows came the moon rose steeply out of the Pacific to dispel them. Gothic became a white, distant palace of shimmering lights. Alone on the bridge was Elizabeth, her eyes fixed on the fading coastline.

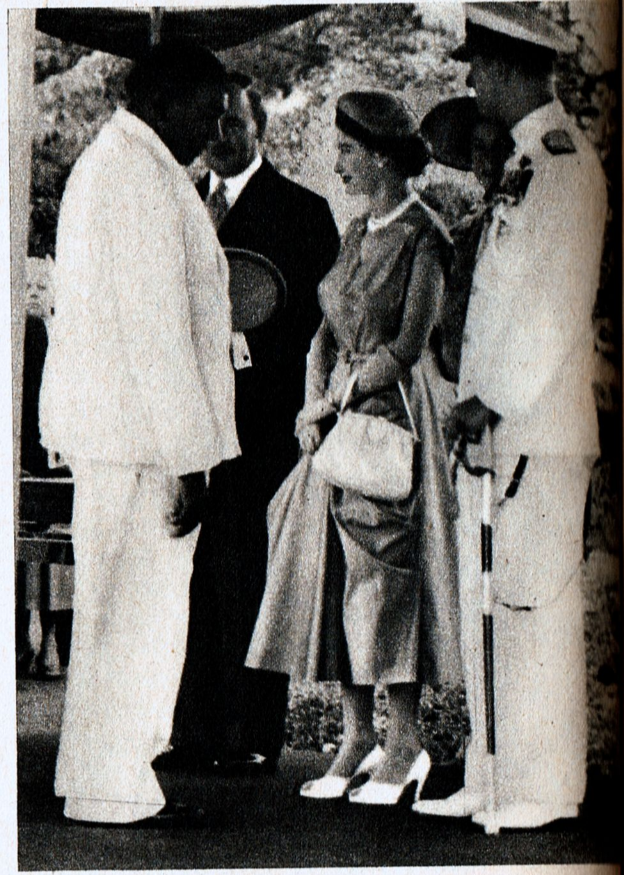


ARRIVING AT THE STATE BANQUET in Canberra, Her Majesty looked perhaps more beautiful than at any other occasion of the Australian tour. From a distance her tulle gown seemed white, but as she walked up the steps with the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, it showed clearly as palest peppermint-green and pink, and its trim of pink roses circled one shoulder and fell in garlands from the waist on the opposite side. Her jewels were her favorite fringed tiara, the superb diamond necklace given her by the Nizam of Hyderabad, diamond bracelet, and her longest chandelier earrings.

MR. R. G. MENZIES, *Prime Minister of Australia (above), drew a laugh from everybody at University House, Canberra, when he said he had overheard a girl say: "Isn't the Duke divine!" The Duke particularly enjoyed the joke. The occasion was the official opening of the newly completed University House at the Australian National University by the Duke of Edinburgh.*



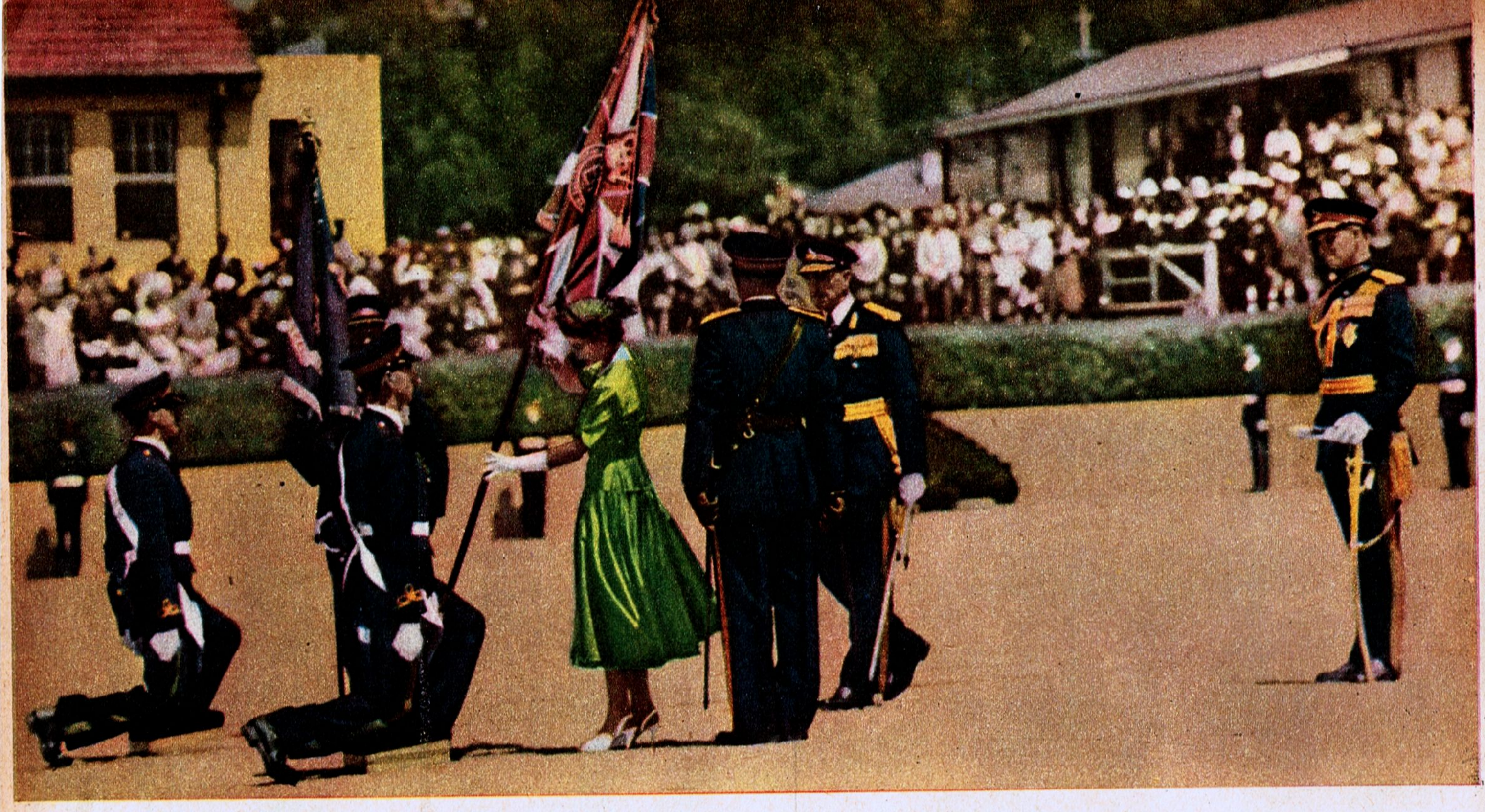
DELIGHTFUL PICTURE *of feminine grace and charm was presented by the Queen as she arrived in light rain at Parliament House, Canberra, for the State Banquet on the evening of February 16. Holding the umbrella is the Queen's Equerry, Wing-Commander M. Cowan, R.A.A.F.*



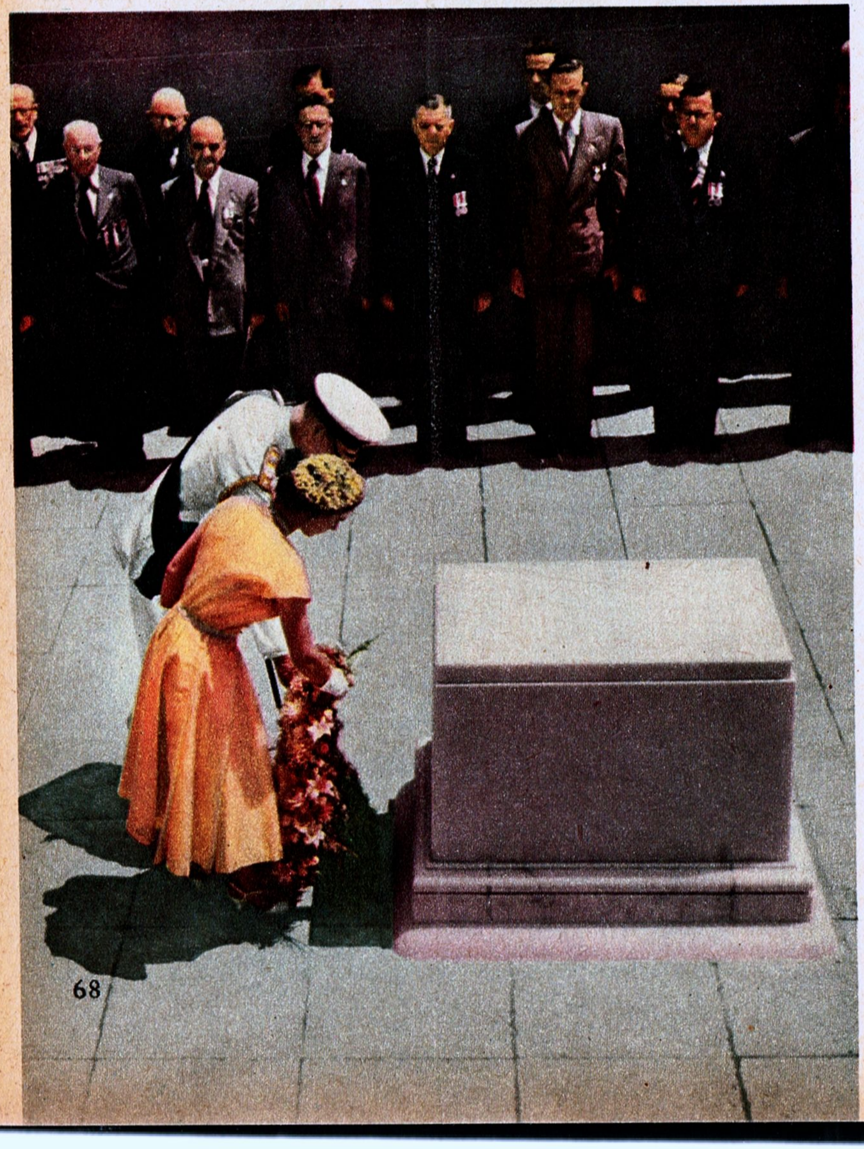
IN A WHITE SUIT *bought especially for the occasion, Australian aboriginal artist Albert Namatjira met the Queen and the Duke at Yarralumla, Canberra.*

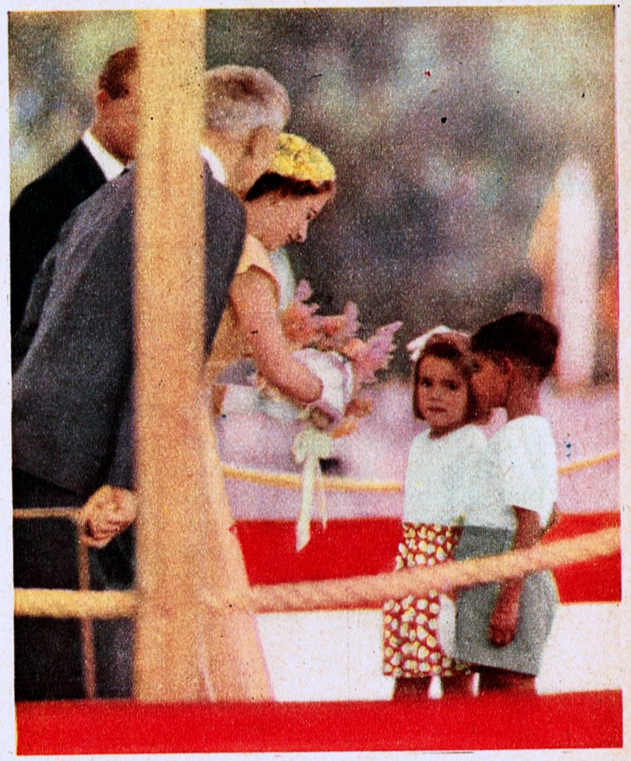
AT THE KING GEORGE V MEMORIAL *(above) in front of Parliament House, Canberra, the Royal couple pause with Mr. K. Joyce, president of the Returned Servicemen's League in the Australian Capital Territory, before descending the steps to inspect a large gathering of ex-service men and women assembled on the lawns.*

HER MAJESTY *(right) stops to talk to one of the ex-servicemen. This same day the Duke became a member of the Returned Servicemen's League, and R.S.L. president, Sir George Holland, presented him with the League badge at a private ceremony held at Government House.*

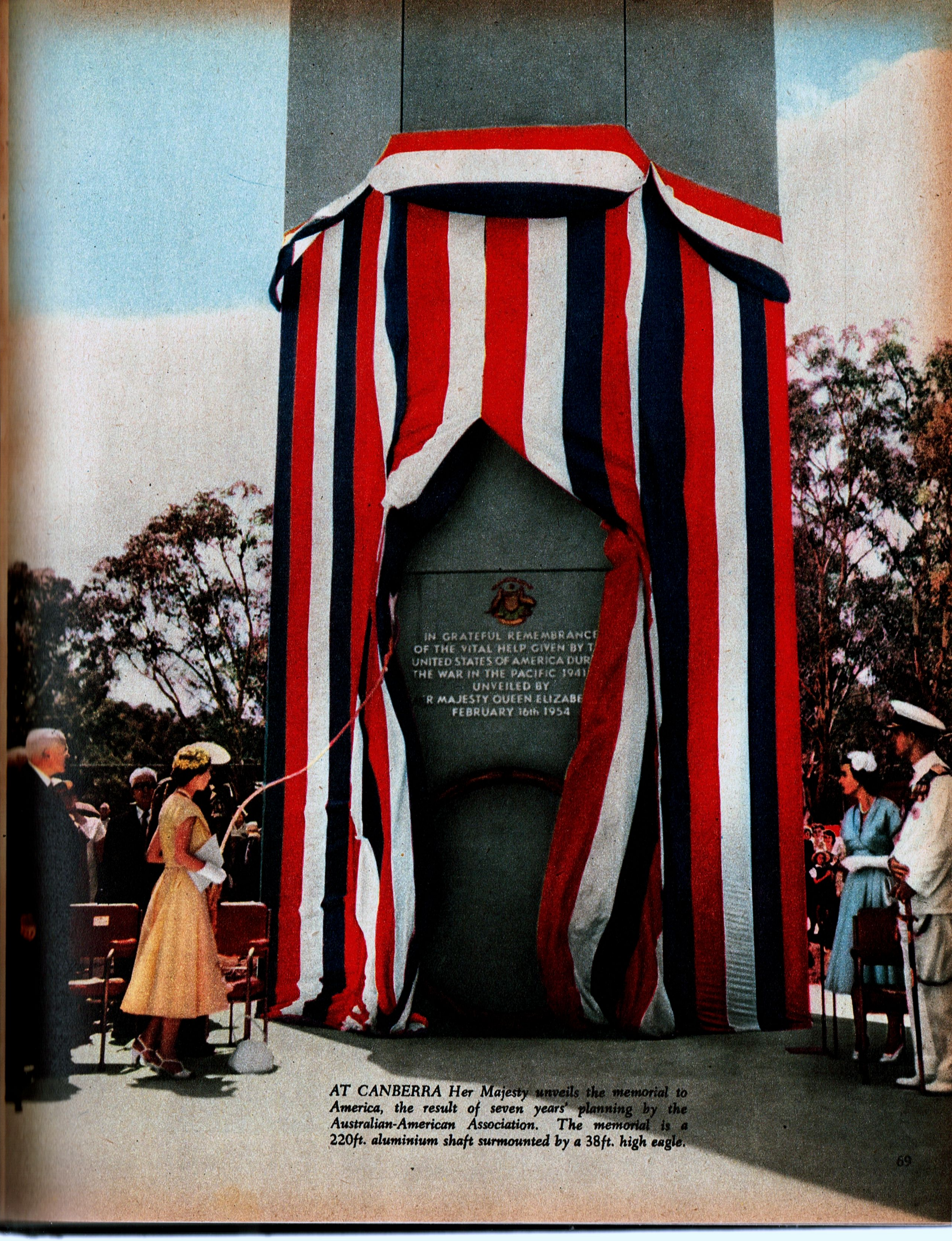


MILITARY CEREMONY. *The Queen presents the color bearing her cipher and crown to army cadets at a ceremony at Royal Military College, Duntroon, during her Canberra visit. Later the Queen, with the Duke wearing Field-Marshal's uniform, watched the cadets drill. In her address the Queen recalled that her father presented the college's first color.*

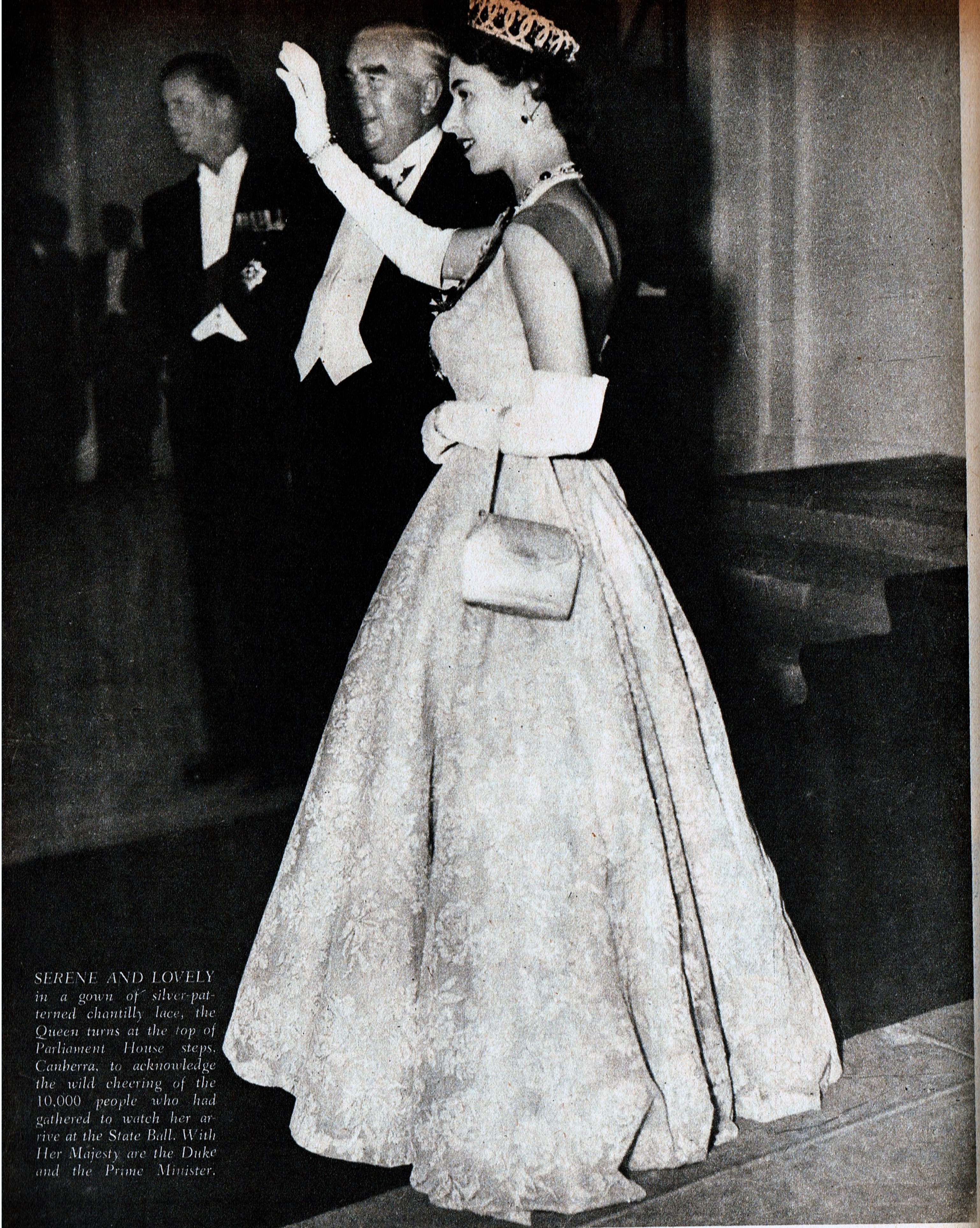




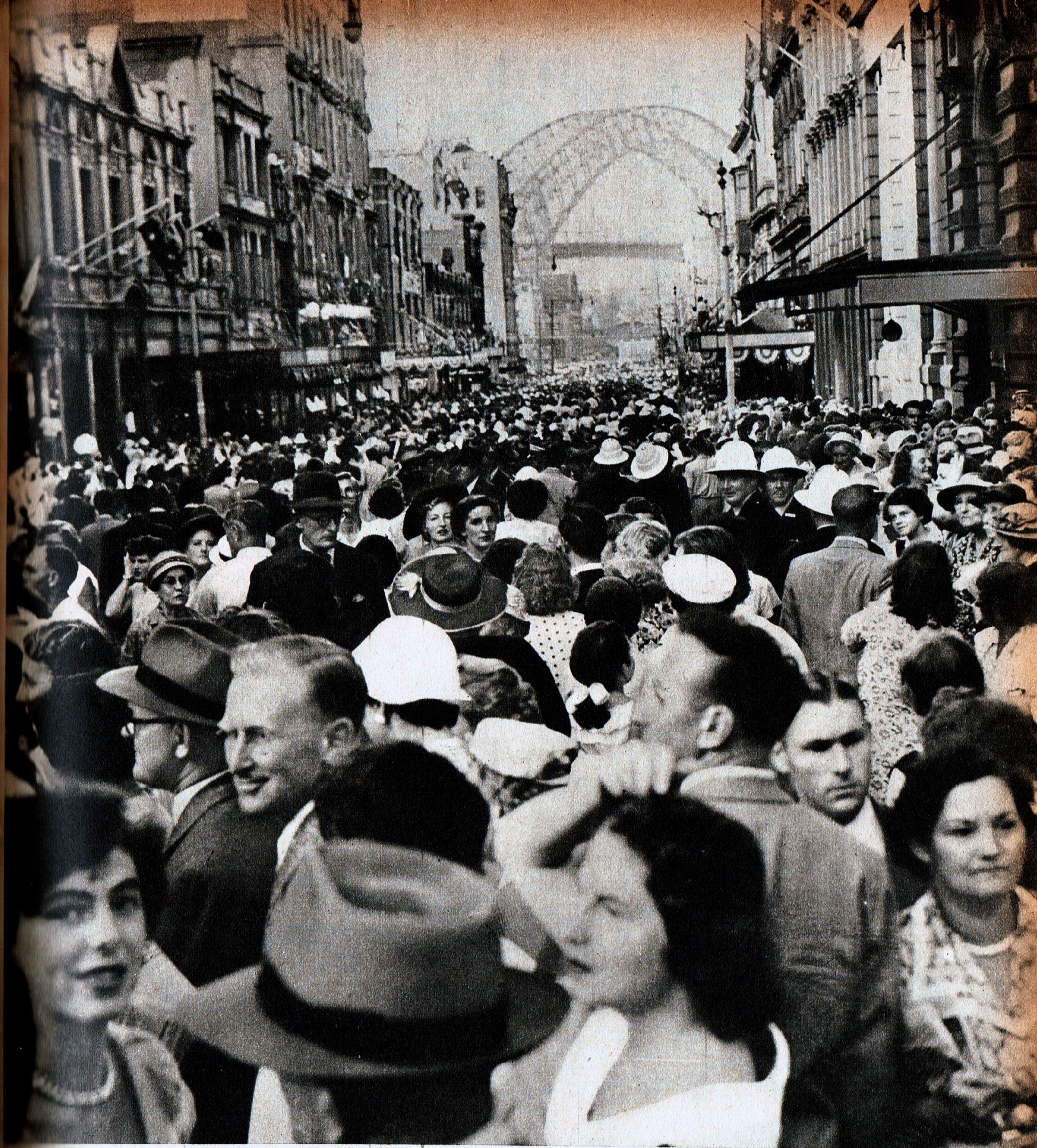
QUEEN ELIZABETH *receives a bouquet at a big children's gathering at Manuka Oval, Canberra. Left: The Queen, with the Duke, lays a magnificent wreath on the Commemorative Stone during their visit to the Australian National War Memorial in Canberra.*


IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANC
OF THE VITAL HELP GIVEN BY T
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA DUR
THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC 1941
UNVEILED BY
R MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABE
FEBRUARY 16th 1954

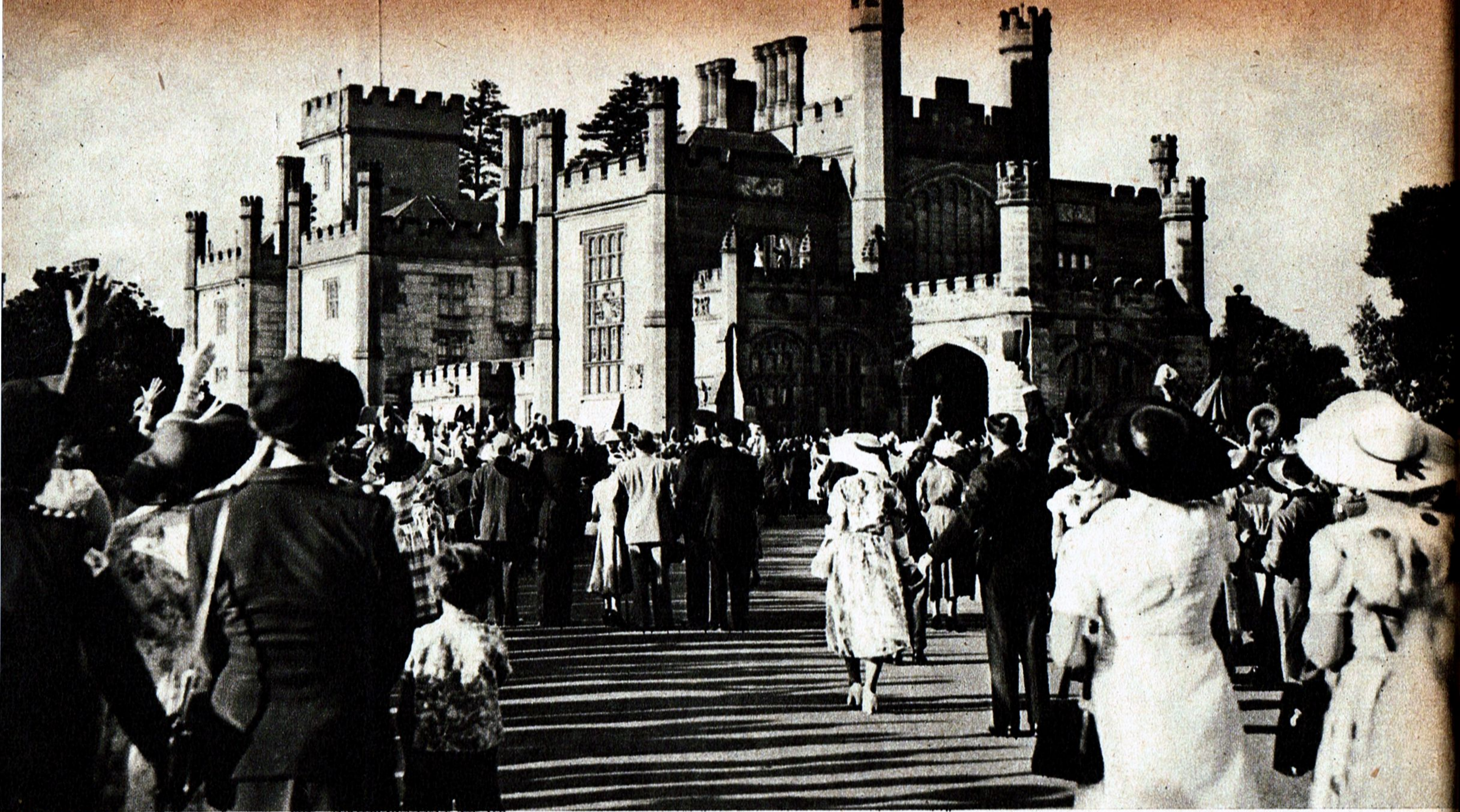
AT CANBERRA *Her Majesty unveils the memorial to America, the result of seven years' planning by the Australian-American Association. The memorial is a 220ft. aluminium shaft surmounted by a 38ft. high eagle.*



SERENE AND LOVELY in a gown of silver-patterned chantilly lace, the Queen turns at the top of Parliament House steps, Canberra, to acknowledge the wild cheering of the 10,000 people who had gathered to watch her arrive at the State Ball. With Her Majesty are the Duke and the Prime Minister.

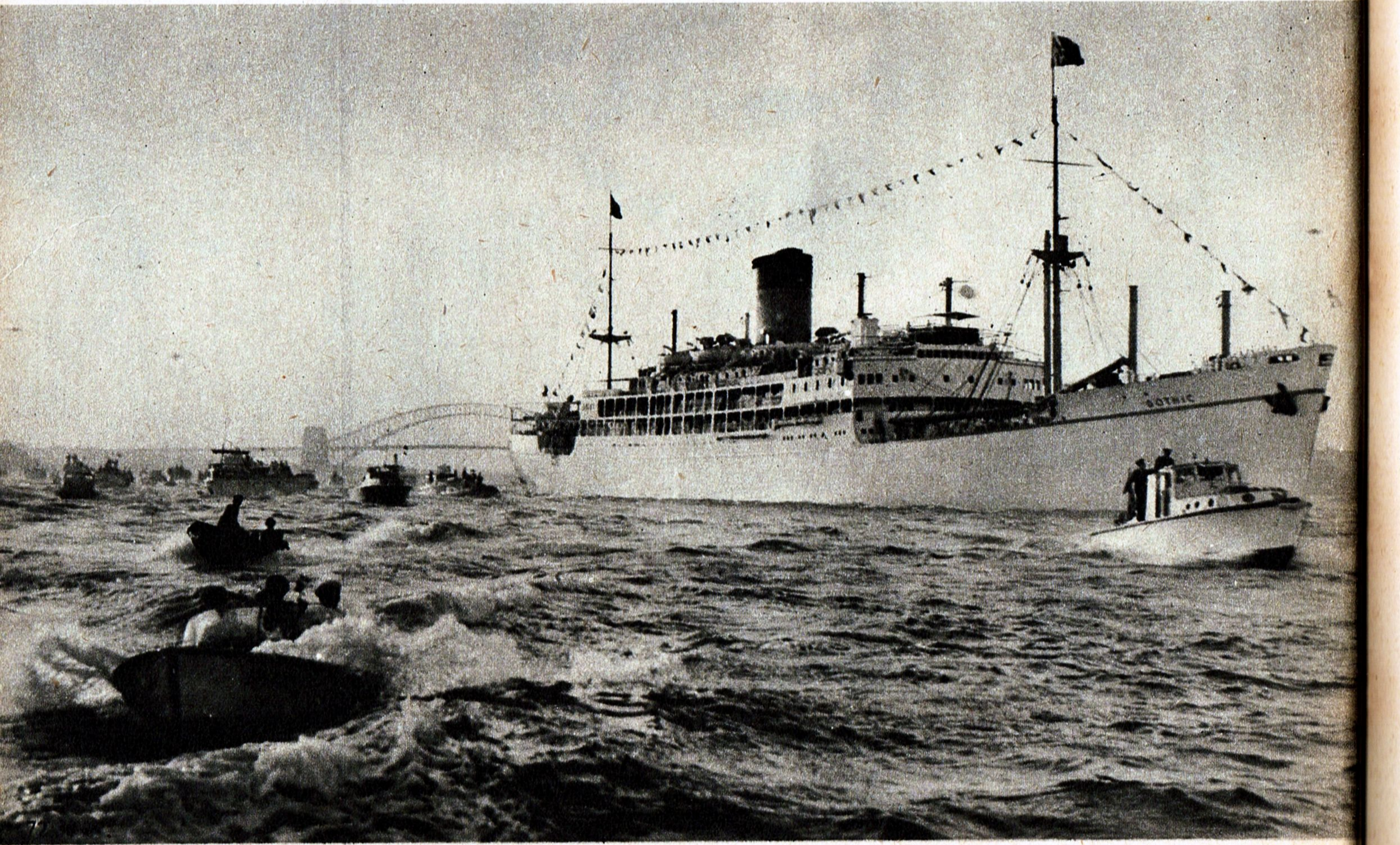


JOSTLING CROWDS which thronged Pitt Street, Sydney, leading to Circular Quay, from where the Royal yacht Gothic sailed for Hobart at 6 p.m. on February 18. More than 100,000 people lined the route of the Royal couple's last drive through Sydney from Government House to the Quay. Dozens fainted in the crush on the packed footpaths. The Army posted 2400 troops along the route a yard apart on both sides of the road ready to link hands if the crowd broke through.

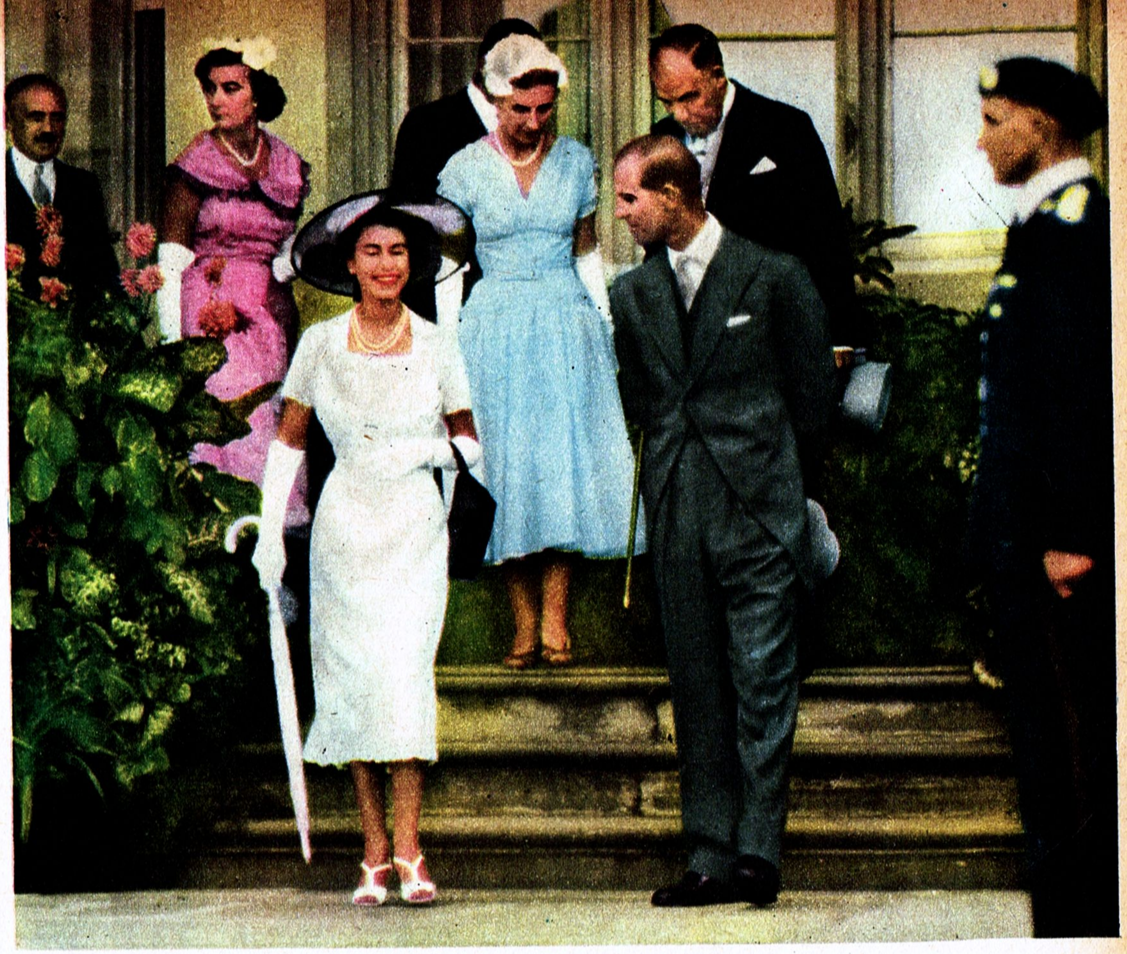


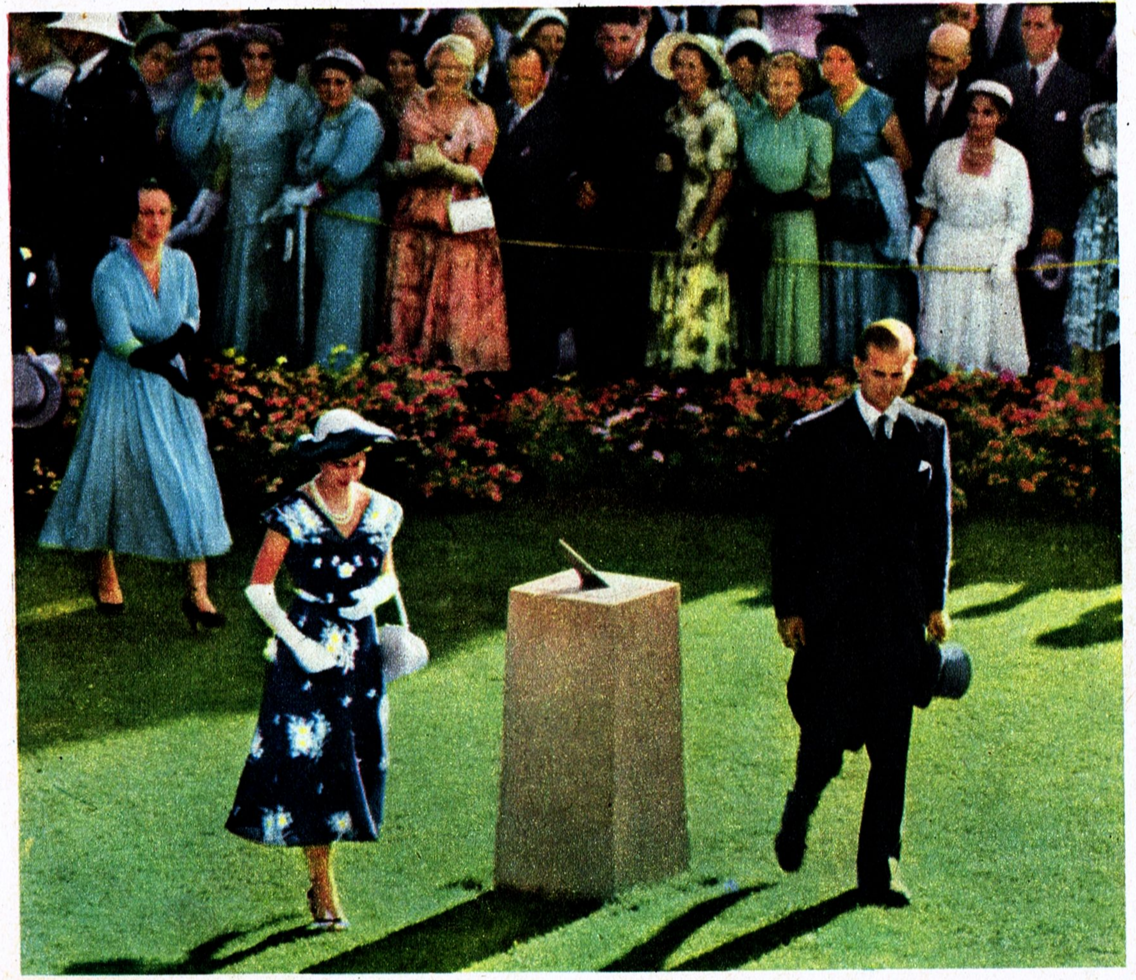
FROM THE LAWNS *(above) at Government House, Sydney, guests who attended the garden party wave to the Queen and the Duke, who are standing on the balcony.*

GOTHIC SAILS *from Sydney on her way to Hobart, the next stop on the tour. Small craft escorted her to sea. The Queen watched from the bridge till the last turned back.*



ROYAL PARTY *leaving Government House, Sydney, for the garden party in the grounds which ended the Queen's stay in New South Wales. The Governor, Sir John Northcott, and his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Northcott, are behind the Royal couple.*





GARDENS *of Yarralumla, home of the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, were ideal for the Royal garden party in Canberra. Behind the Queen and the Duke is Lady Slim. This was the first time in Australia that Her Majesty wore a wide-brimmed hat.*

Tasmania

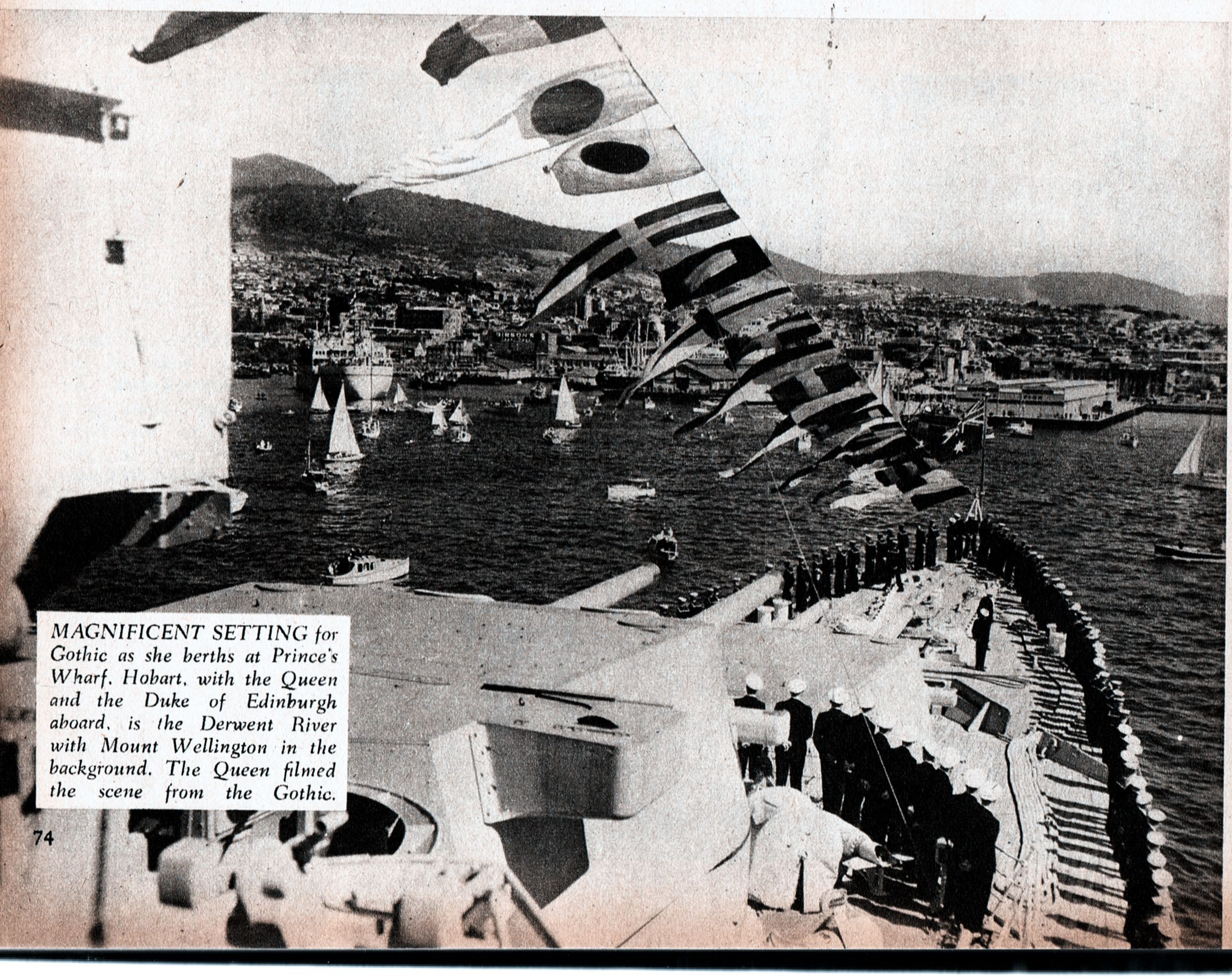
BY HAPPY but contrived coincidence, Gothic anchored in the placid, wind-rippled Derwent River at Hobart almost exactly 150 years after the city was founded. Gothic drew up to Prince's Wharf, right in the heart of the town, at 10.15 on the clear sunny morning of February 20. It was on February 21, 1804, that Lieutenant-Colonel David Collins had launched a settlement which he called Hobart Town, and which has since grown to a leisurely, gracious State capital of 93,000 inhabitants.

Though the 93,000 were swollen to 150,000 visitors packed in for the Royal visit, Hobart did not forget its manners in its enthusiasm. There was no pushing and shoving, and everybody saw Elizabeth and Philip in comfort.

The setting of the blue lagoon of the Derwent recalled Sydney Harbor, but there was at first polite clapping instead of the wild cheering that had rung out in N.S.W.

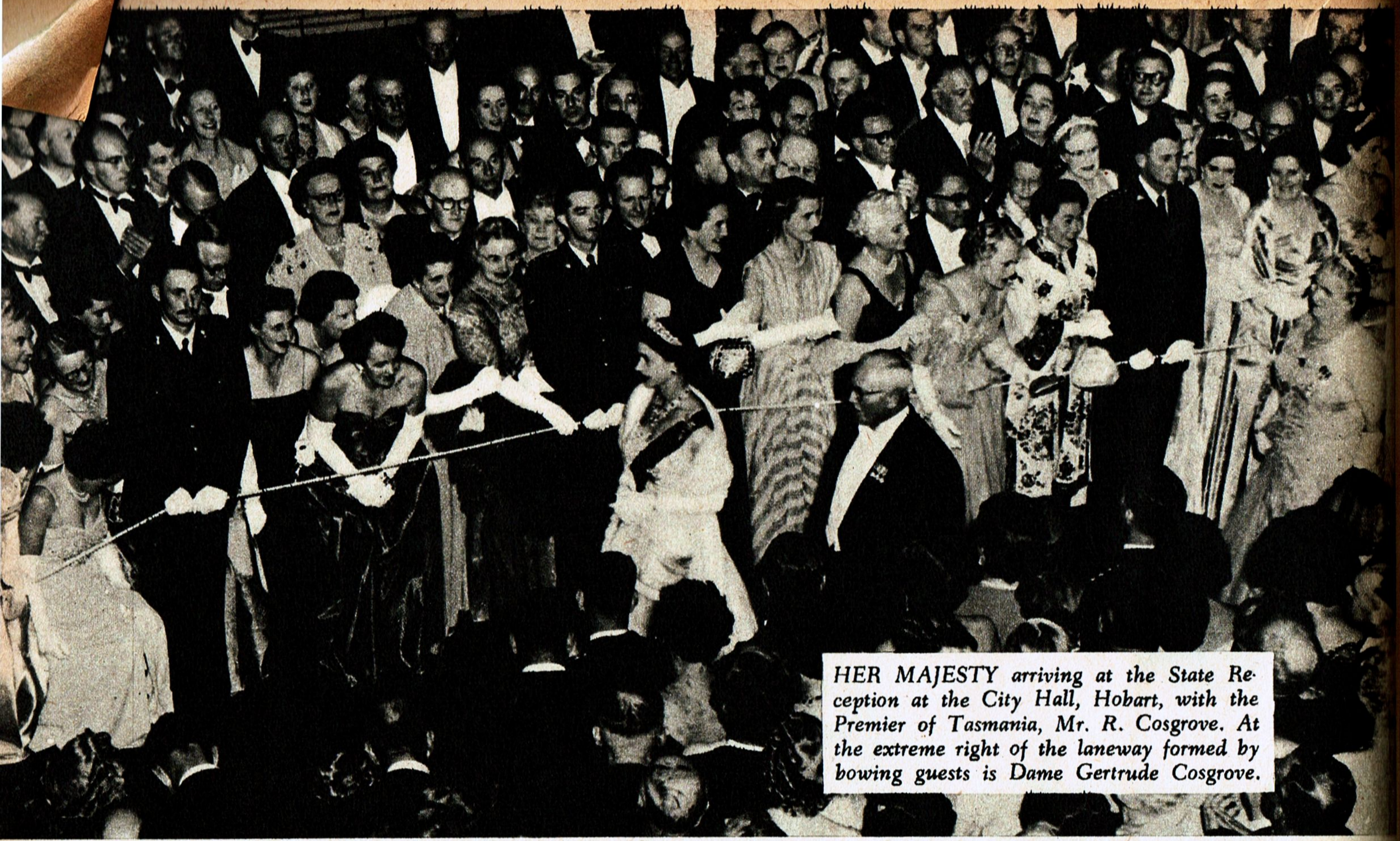
Hobart was a city decked with flowers. Some of the State's loveliest blooms were sent to the city from the most distant corners of the island. Everyone who had something to lend or give offered it for the occasion. Silver candelabra were borrowed from some of Tasmania's oldest families to set off the supper tables after the City Hall reception. Dame Gertrude Cosgrove, wife of the Premier, and a third generation Tasmanian, accepted the loan of a fine diamond pendant, an heirloom belonging to Miss Doris Fitzpatrick, descendant of the pioneers, and wore it proudly.

This happy atmosphere suffused all the celebrations in Tasmania. The Premier didn't make a single speech—because he wanted the Queen to be as free as possible of anything savoring of officialdom. Her Majesty and the Duke matched every simple gesture of friendliness by a friendly Royal gesture. Spying a little Dutch girl standing at a corner with a bouquet of golden roses, Elizabeth halted her car to accept the flowers. The child had been on the verge of tears because she thought she was going to be passed by. But in an instant she was all smiles and shining-eyed adoration.



MAGNIFICENT SETTING for Gothic as she berths at Prince's Wharf, Hobart, with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh aboard, is the Derwent River with Mount Wellington in the background. The Queen filmed the scene from the Gothic.

EXUBERANT schoolchildren throw their hats in the air and cheer deliriously as the Royal couple drive among them at North Hobart Oval.



HER MAJESTY arriving at the State Reception at the City Hall, Hobart, with the Premier of Tasmania, Mr. R. Cosgrove. At the extreme right of the laneway formed by bowing guests is Dame Gertrude Cosgrove.

Shortly before the Royal party arrived at the City Hall, Dame Gertrude Cosgrove tripped and fell on the red-carpeted steps. When the Queen heard about the accident, she requested Dame Gertrude to remain seated in her presence; later they had a long conversation, mostly about their families.

The leisurely pace of the Tasmanian tour also gave the Queen time to discuss her family in private with the Duke. It was at Government House, Hobart, that they made plans for a reunion with Prince Charles and Princess Anne at Tobruk, on the trip back to England. No doubt reminded of home by Tasmania's soft greenness and cool climate, Elizabeth forgot about her crown as she sat at the desk in her private sitting-room and listed wardrobes of summer frocks and suits for her children, ordered play suits and sun hats and planned details of a holiday all together in Malta.

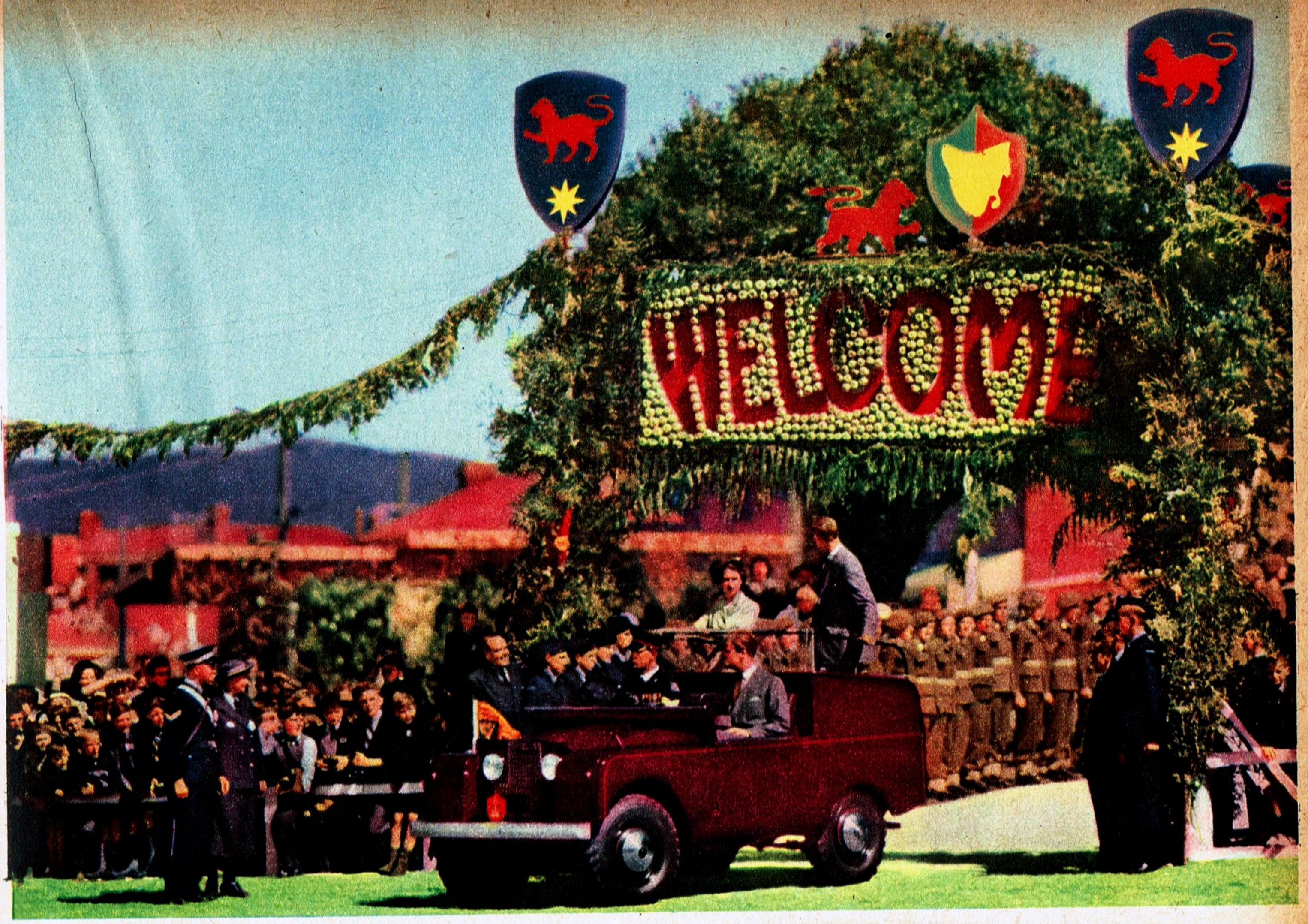
But she did not discard the panoply of State altogether. In one busy day she opened Parliament in the tiny Legislative Council Chamber that normally seats 20, but on this occasion somehow accommodated 200; held an investiture, attended a garden party, and at night the Civic Ball.

The garden party was most happy and informal. The Duke was in one of his chattiest moods, and became so absorbed talking to the guests that he "lost" the Queen for 25 minutes. The Duke's private secretary, Lieutenant-Commander Michael Parker, who had it whispered to him that the Queen was in the official marquee receiving guests, said to him: "We had better crack the whip, sir." But the Duke dallied, and by the time he had caught up with Elizabeth the presentations were over. There was much good-humored banter when he did arrive.

Next morning the Queen and the Duke crossed the island diagonally by air for Wynyard, in northern Tasmania. By road from Wynyard through to Launceston it was again flowers, flowers all the way. Children and flowers, that is. In this lovely countryside the main impression was of excited youngsters excitedly waving flags, singing, and shrilly cheering. The flowers were formed in arches, in bouquets, or arranged in vases, tins and jam jars to decorate the rural gateposts.

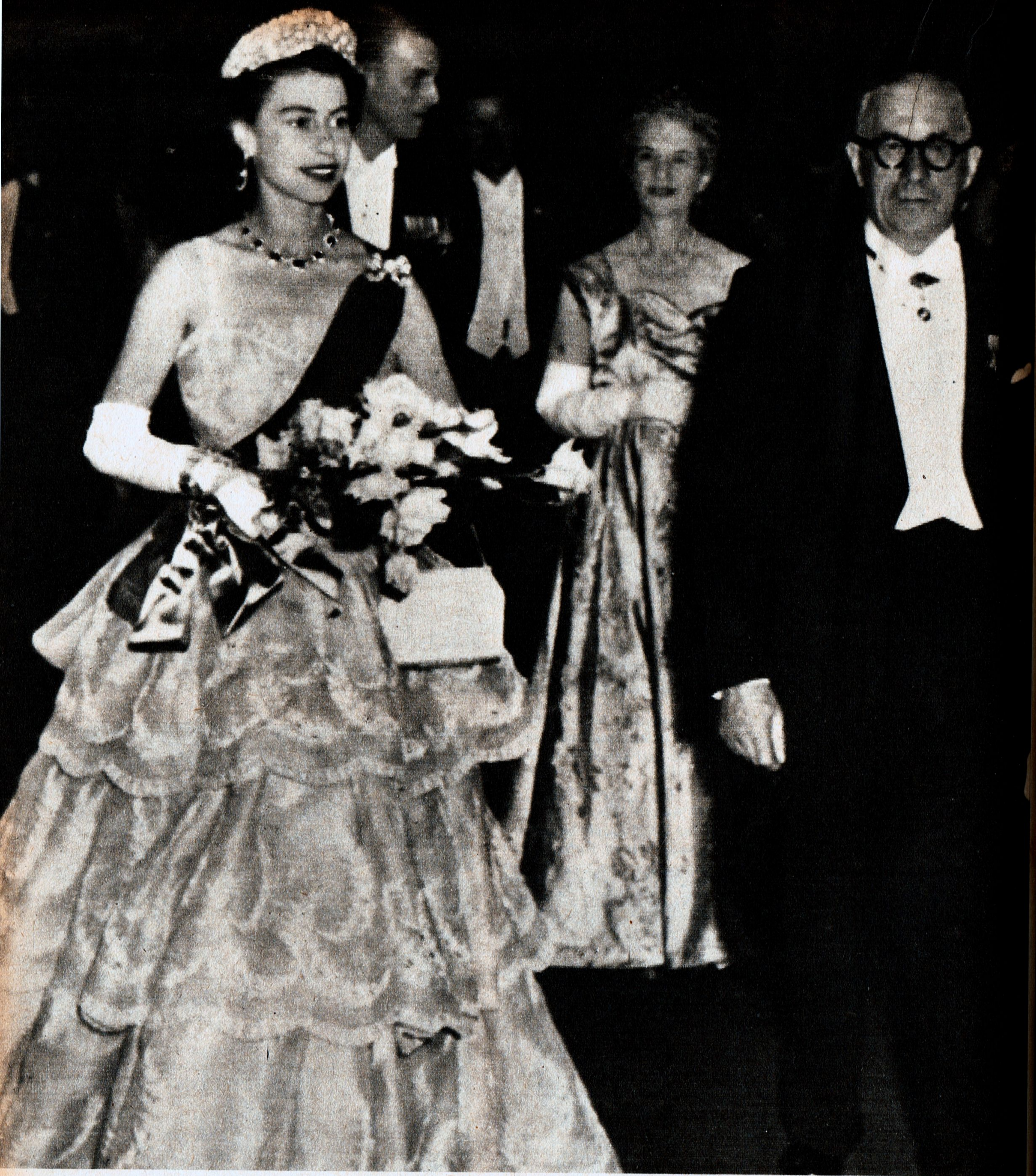
Before reaching Launceston, the Royal pair stayed overnight at Connorville, the 130-year-old sheep property of 28,000 acres at Cressy. Their hosts were Mrs. Roy O'Connor and her son Roderic. The Duke had stayed with the O'Connors when he was in Australia with the Royal Navy during the war, and he was able to point out many items of interest to the Queen.

When Elizabeth and Philip reached Launceston on February 24 for a brief reception before taking off by air for Melbourne, it was evident from the healthy glow on their faces that their stay in Tasmania had really done them good. In Hobart, Her Majesty had said to Dame Gertrude Cosgrove: "I feel very much at home here." No remark could have pleased the hospitable people of Tasmania more. To make the Queen feel at home was exactly what they had wanted.



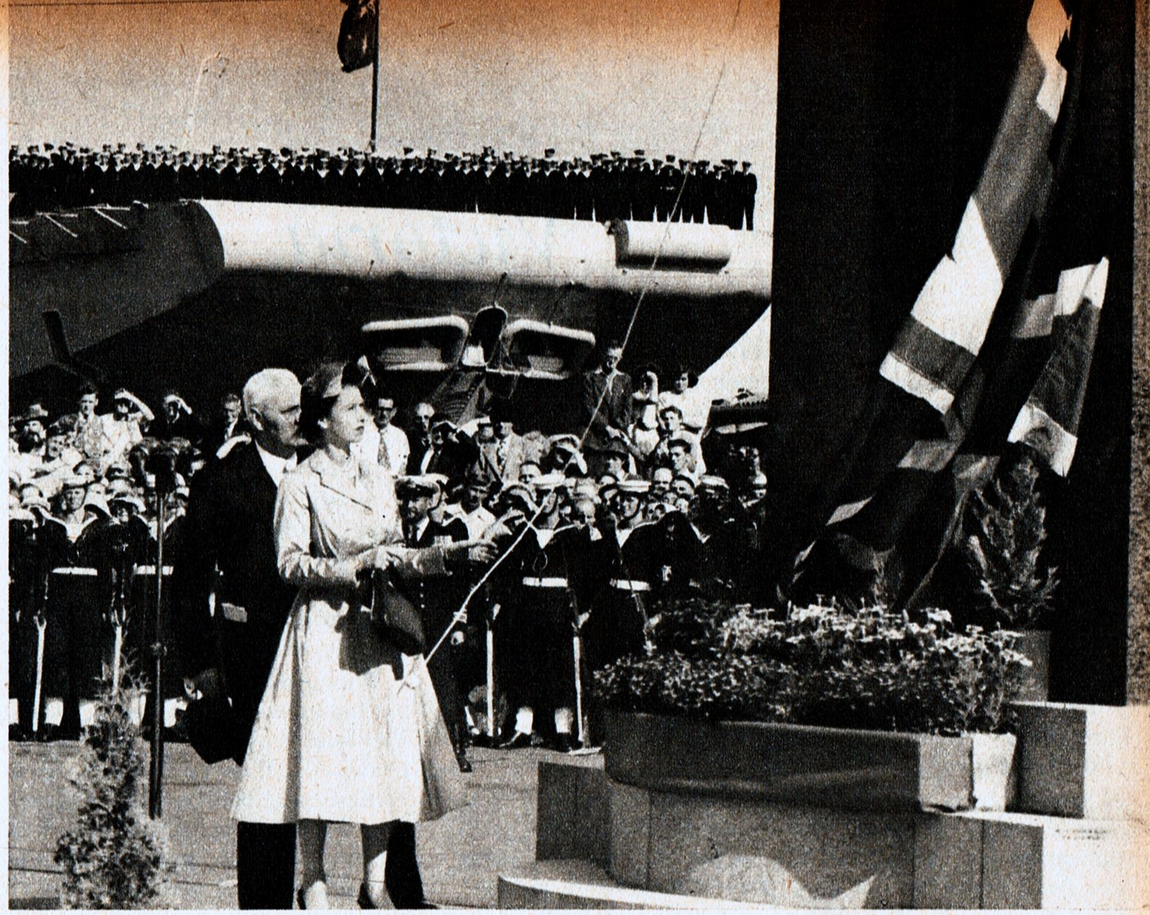
"THE APPLE ISLE," Tasmania's sub-title, inspired this decorative arch (above), in which Hobart said welcome to the Queen and the Duke with its best-known produce.

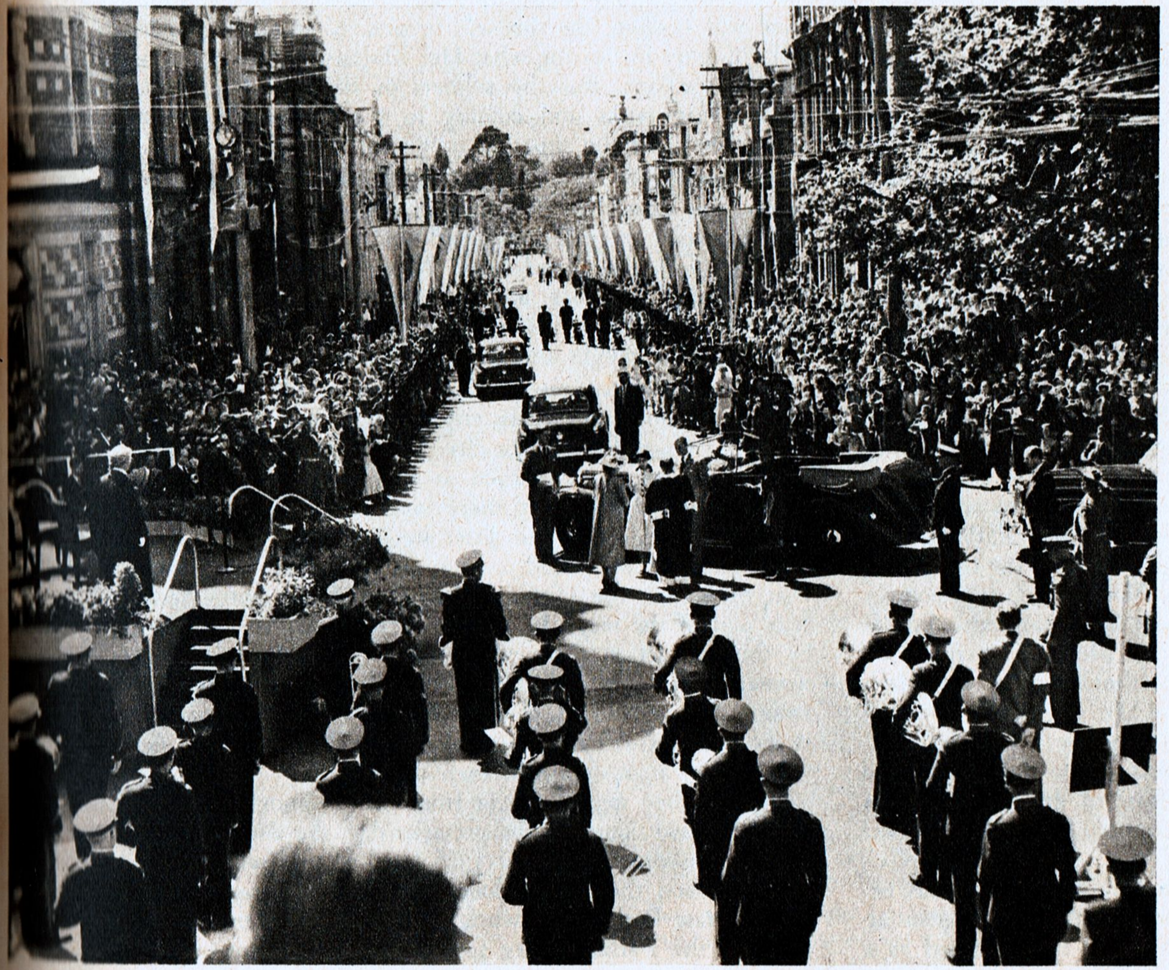
HOBART ENGAGEMENTS. The Queen (below), accompanied by the Tasmanian Premier, Mr. Cosgrove, at the State Reception. Right: The Royal couple arrive at Parliament House, where the Queen opened Parliament.



THE ROYAL COUPLE *attend the Civic Ball, Hobart, escorted by the Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Harris, and Lady Harris. The Queen's gown was pale lilac sheer made in crinoline style and lavishly embroidered with white. Guests danced before the Royal couple arrived, but 20 minutes before they were due the Town Clerk, Mr. H. J. R. Cole, lectured them on etiquette from the bandstand while Scouts laid red carpet. "If you've brought binoculars, don't use them," said Mr. Cole.*

HER MAJESTY *unveils the memorial on Hobart's waterfront which commemorates the 150th anniversary of the city's foundation. In the background, sailors line the flight-deck of escorting aircraft-carrier Vengeance.*





OFFICIAL HALT *on the Royal drive through Launceston. The visit here lasted about two hours on the journey through Tasmania by car and plane which took in Wynyard, Burnie, Penguin, Ulverstone, Devonport, Latrobe, Deloraine, Westbury, Longford, and Western Junction.*

Victoria

JUST as Sydney is a city always associated with water – with deep, green harbor anchorages, and the steady roll of Pacific breakers on yellow beaches – so Melbourne, its traditional rival, is a city of land; dignified, proud and handsome. There was some fitness then in the manner of the Queen's arrival at the Victorian capital on February 24. The Royal plane carrying Her Majesty and the Duke flew from Launceston and circled the city, giving the occupants a preview of the scene awaiting them. It touched down at 2.32 p.m. at Essendon Airport. Between there and Government House was a 12-mile route that took in as stopping places Essendon Town Hall, the fine, columned building of the State Parliament, and Melbourne Town Hall. And at each of these points a speech of welcome was made.

Despite sharp rain overnight, thousands of spectators spent the dark hours in the streets holding on to good vantage points. They and the other citizens who came later (to a grand total of about three-quarters of a million) were rewarded by the sight of a Royal procession lit by pleasant sunshine.

To greet the Queen on the tarmac were the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and the State Premier, Mr. J. Cain. Her Majesty wore the same outfit as she did in Launceston—a fitted coat of champagne tie silk covered with black spatter spots over a dress of the same fabric, and a bonnet-shaped hat of fine ballibuntal straw. The Duke had put on admiral's winter uniform.

At Essendon Town Hall, where the first stop was made for a civic welcome, a little orphan girl named Anne Leonard was there to present Her Majesty with a bouquet. With all the assurance and grace that some seven-year-olds have, Anne made one of the prettiest and daintiest curtsies that the Royal couple had witnessed on the tour. The Duke of Edinburgh was so impressed by it that he asked her to repeat it for him. Ten minutes later Anne was still shaking with excitement.

But the Duke and the Queen seemed not at all pleased when they were escorted into the vestibule of Parliament House by the Sergeant-at-Arms who was carrying the gleaming gold, five feet long Mace. The Mace, which traditionally represents the Sovereign in British Commonwealth Parliaments, is usually put aside when the Monarch attends.

In the vestibule of the House, the Usher of the Black Rod introduced the President of the Legislative Council to the Queen and the Duke. But before the Sergeant-at-Arms could introduce the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, the Queen stepped forward and shook hands with the Speaker, who seemed surprised at her unrehearsed action.

Observers said that the Queen may have acted thus because she preferred not to be introduced by a Sergeant-at-Arms carrying the Mace, which could be construed as a slight to her. Later, during an informal visit to the suite of the President of the Legislative Council, the Duke questioned Parliamentary officers about the carrying of the Mace.

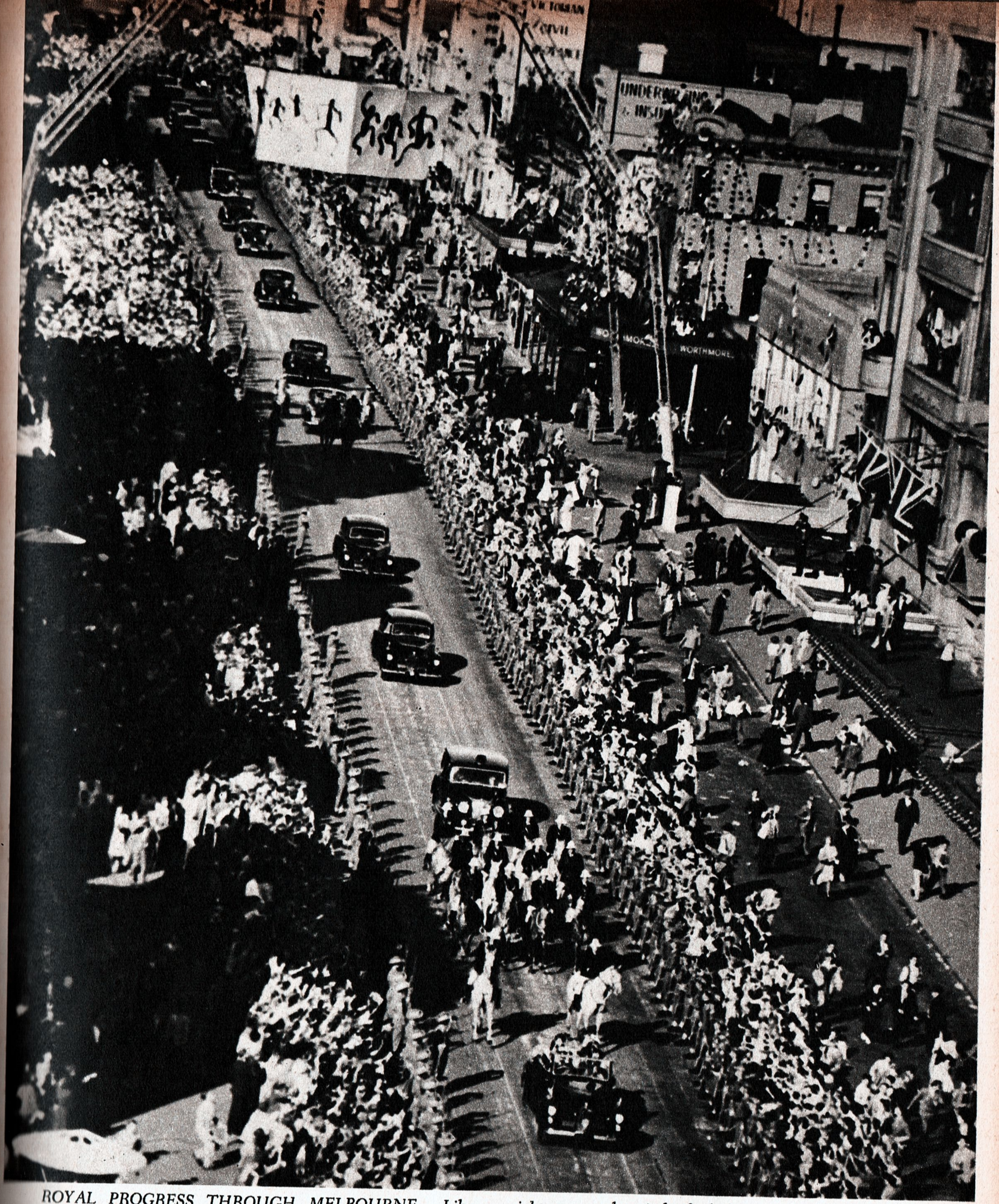
However, the incident closed agreeably. In an official statement the Speaker explained that years ago the Victorian Parliament passed a Constitution Act which made the Mace the symbol of the authority of the Speaker and the House, not the authority of the Sovereign. "This in no way affects our feeling of loyalty to Her Majesty and His Royal Highness," he said.

There was certainly no question about the loyalty of the excited crowds in the streets. Outside the Town Hall, where the next stop was made, they went more than a little haywire in their enthusiasm. As showers of torn-up paper, confetti, and balloons floated down from nearby high buildings, hundreds of youths surged through the barriers. They seemed intent on strong-arming their way through to where the Queen was making a speech. They knocked over dozens of adults and children who had been standing on boxes watching the Lord Mayoral welcome. For a time there was bedlam; the din was so great that many people had difficulty in hearing what Her Majesty was saying over the loudspeakers. But the soldiers of the guard-of-honor, by breaking ranks and coming to the assistance of the police, soon had the situation in hand.

The teen-agers also behaved badly outside Government House. For more than half an hour after the Royal car had passed beyond the gates, mounted police on fractious horses tried to press the crowd back. Many youths evaded the police, scaled the fence, and raced off through the gardens with uniformed and plain-clothes men in pursuit. Eventually they were caught and frog-marched out.

The antics of the few did not represent the attitude of the many, nor spoil their enjoyment. That night more than 50,000 people made the city their Mecca. They jammed the streets, staring wide-eyed at the decorations and the illuminations. Wherever there was room they joined in mass square dancing and jitterbugging. Melbourne, to a man, woman, and child, was quite sure that the Royal visit there was the glittering highspot of the entire tour. It is part of the magic of Elizabeth that wherever she may be this conviction takes possession of the populace. One woman, a native of Auckland, New Zealand, who was among the gay throng, gave testimony of this. "Melbourne is the third city I have visited to see the Royal couple," she said. "I get a greater thrill each time."

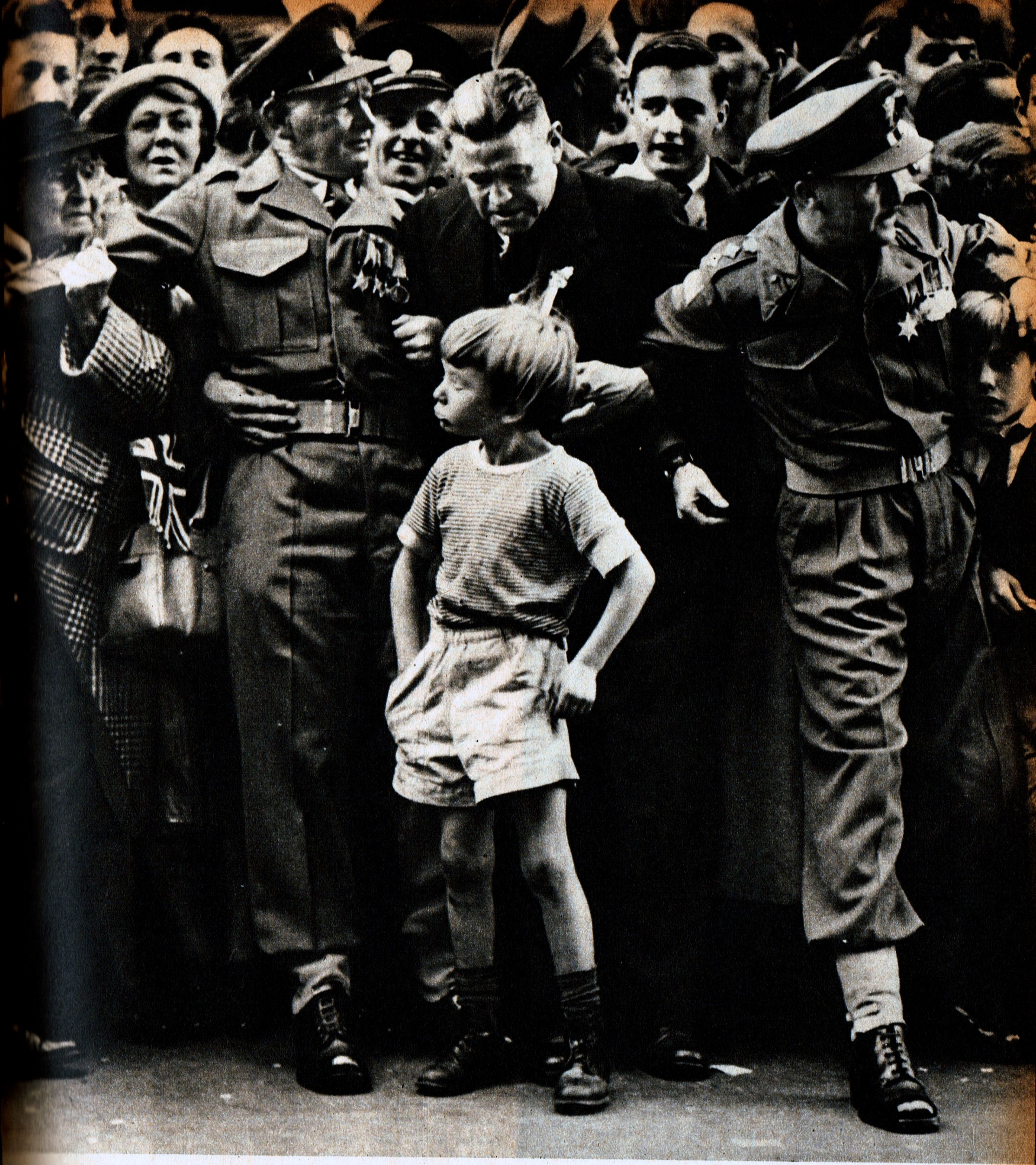
So that they might recover from the strenuous round of events in two States on the previous day, the Royal visitors had the morning of February 25 free. At precisely 2.15 in the afternoon the double doors leading into Queen's Hall in the State Parliament swung wide to admit Her Majesty to open the Parliamentary session. Bright sunshine again



ROYAL PROGRESS THROUGH MELBOURNE. Like every city and town visited during the tour, Melbourne went carnival in its welcome. Householders on the route worked all night to complete individual decorations. These gaily supported the overall scheme of huge arches, many with aboriginal motifs, bunting and flags in the large-scale inner city decorations.

LAUGHING, obviously enjoying the tremendous reception Melbourne gave them, the Royal couple drive through the city during the Progress.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS Mr. L. G. McDonald, carrying the Mace, precedes the Queen and the Duke into Parliament House, Melbourne. The Mace is usually put aside when the Sovereign attends, and the Queen and the Duke were puzzled at its use here.



BOY WHO BROKE THE BARRIERS. *An unexpected sight in conservative Melbourne was this small boy who broke the police barriers, impudently ignoring soldiers who struggled to keep the crowd off the road before the Queen passed during the Royal Progress. Teenage youths who tried to strong-arm through the barriers marred the Royal couple's reception.*

HER MAJESTY *farewells Sir Clifden Eager, President of the Legislative Council, outside Parliament House, Melbourne, after opening the Victorian Parliament.*

blessed the occasion; but the crowds, black as ants as far as the eye could see in the streets outside, broke the barriers in their anxiety to see the Monarch close-up.

Mounted police, however, soon restored order. Before entering the House, Her Majesty, wearing a gown of magnolia poult woven with golden wheat ears, and a white mink stole over her shoulders (now becomingly tanned by the Australian sun), stood on the steps to listen to massed voices singing the National Anthem. She exchanged a look of warm appreciation with the Duke.

This, though a solemn State occasion, saw Elizabeth in bright mood. She looked animatedly about her, missing nothing of the scene in the lofty Legislative Council Chamber with its huge chandeliers. The ceremony over, the Royal pair drove back in triumph to Government House.

After a brief respite the Queen and the Duke drove to the Melbourne Cricket Ground, where 70,000 ex-service men and women and the war bereaved of Victoria gave them a welcome unlike anything they had experienced in Australia. The crowd stood and sang the chorus of "Waltzing Matilda" and sent cheers for the visitors booming across the ground. On the ground were heroes of every war dating back to the Sudan conflict of 1896-98. From a wheelchair, Sergeant Noel Owen, a gravely ill veteran of the New Guinea campaign, held up a camera and asked the Duke: "Do you mind if I take your photograph?" Philip replied with a grin: "No, I don't mind, but if it doesn't crack the lens of your camera nothing else will."

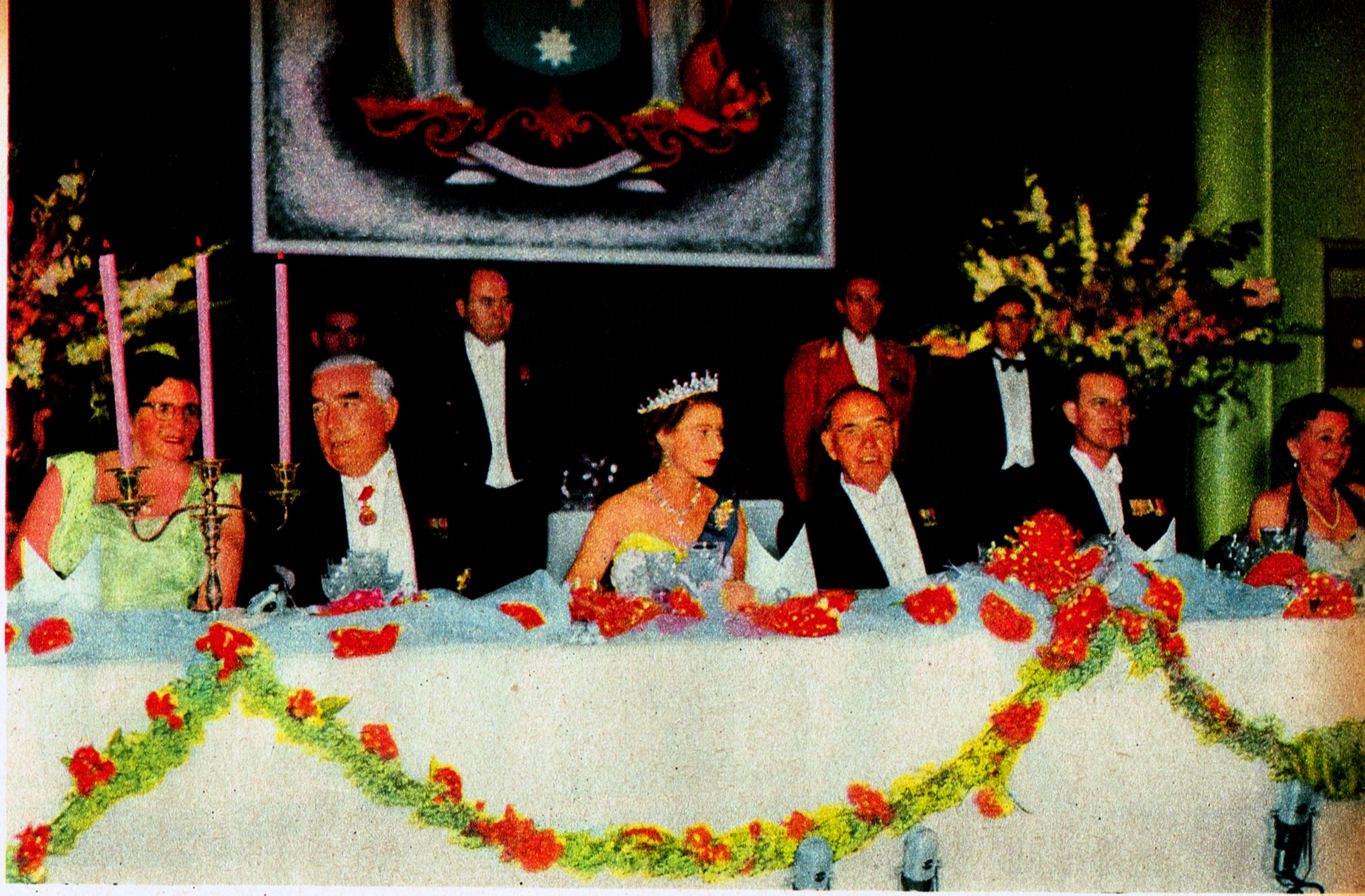
That night, at Government House, the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks gave a splendid ball to which they made a special point of asking mainly young guests. They wanted the Queen and the Duke to meet people of their own age rather than the older guests usually invited to Royal balls. Many young people whose parents were left out were invited. As a result of this over-to-youth plan, there was great speculation on whether the Queen and the Duke would dance. Except for the slightly rambunctious affair at Panama, Her Majesty had not danced at any ball since she had left London; the reason being, it was explained by a member of the Royal Household, that the Queen desired to meet and be seen by as many people as possible. If she danced, it would deprive a lot of people of the opportunity of being presented to her.

This policy of Royal and gracious consideration for the majority prevailed at the Government House ball. To prevent gate-crashing, there were three checks on all tickets of admission. This, added to big crowds in the streets, made hundreds of guests late, and the Queen and the Duke made their entrance into the ballroom (which is 10 feet longer than the Buckingham Palace ballroom) just a minute or two after the last of the delayed guests had arrived.

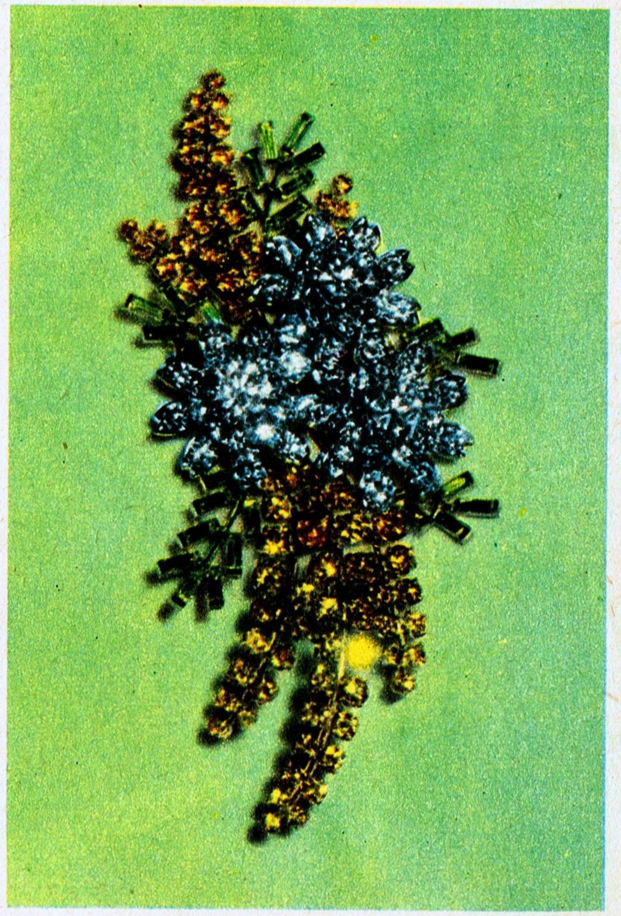
The floodlit Vice-Regal mansion changed color every few seconds from white to blue and glowing red. Flower-beds were so skilfully illuminated that they blazed in natural color under the moon. The Queen was excited by the scene. When she came out on to the lawn during the evening she waved her hand, pointing out features that caught her fancy. The Duke, who knows Melbourne well from the days when he was there as a Naval officer during the war, greeted guests like a native of the city. When, for instance, one couple prominent in Melbourne society were presented, he immediately remembered their link with a store, whose decorations depicting a bush scene had been the talk of the town.

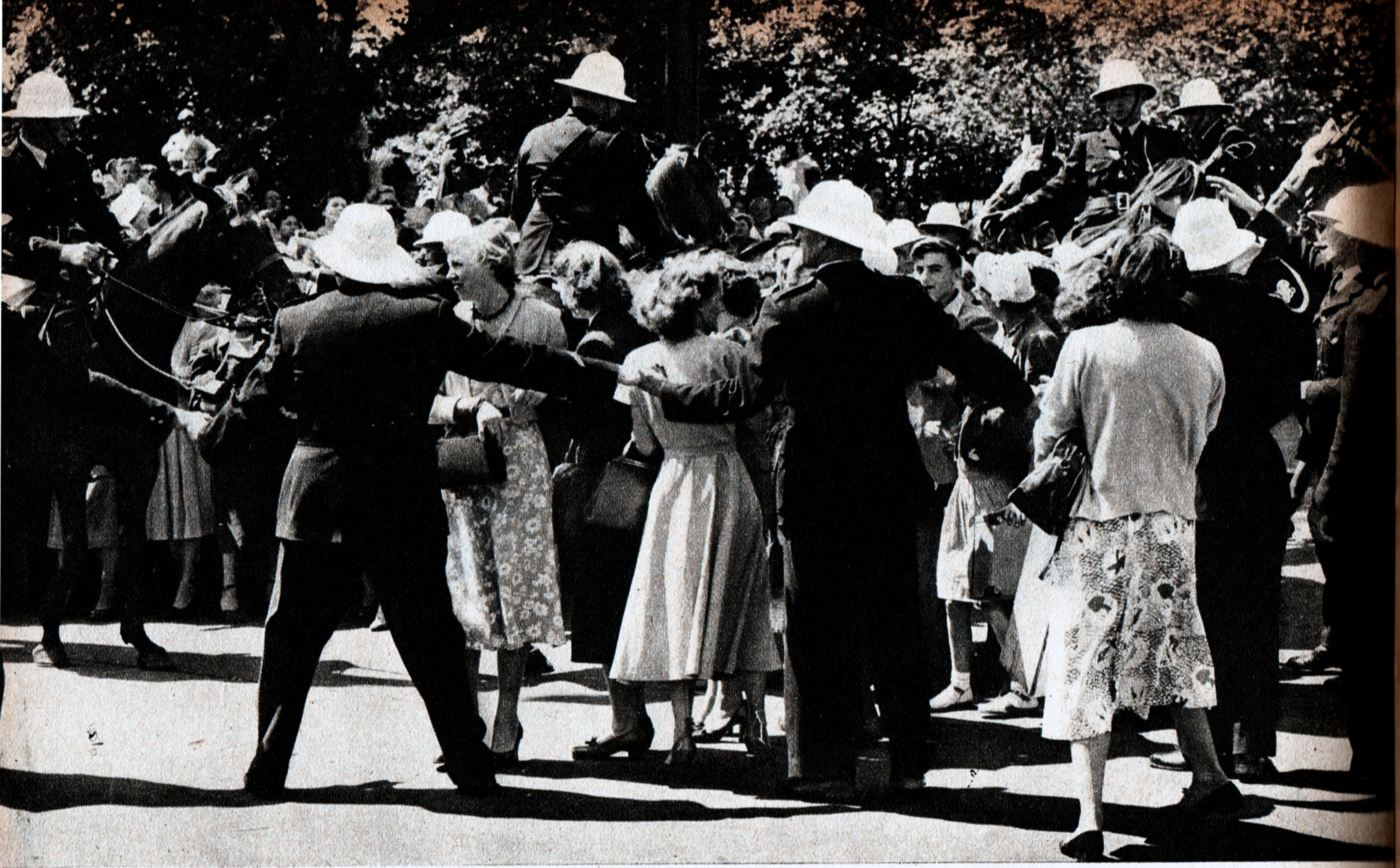
"Have the rabbits multiplied? And did you get hold of a koala?" he asked.

Friday, February 26, was a "wonderful day in the country" for the Queen and the Duke. The trip, by air, took them over the State border to Mount Gambier, in South Australia. On the way to sightsee at the district's beauty spot—the famous Blue Lake formed in the crater of a long extinct volcano—was a spectacle that made the Duke wheel around in his seat in astonishment. Miss Shirley Weston, aged 18, who is known in the world of sideshows and carnivals as "the Australian snake girl," was waving a greeting with a 12-foot carpet snake and an 8-foot python, which

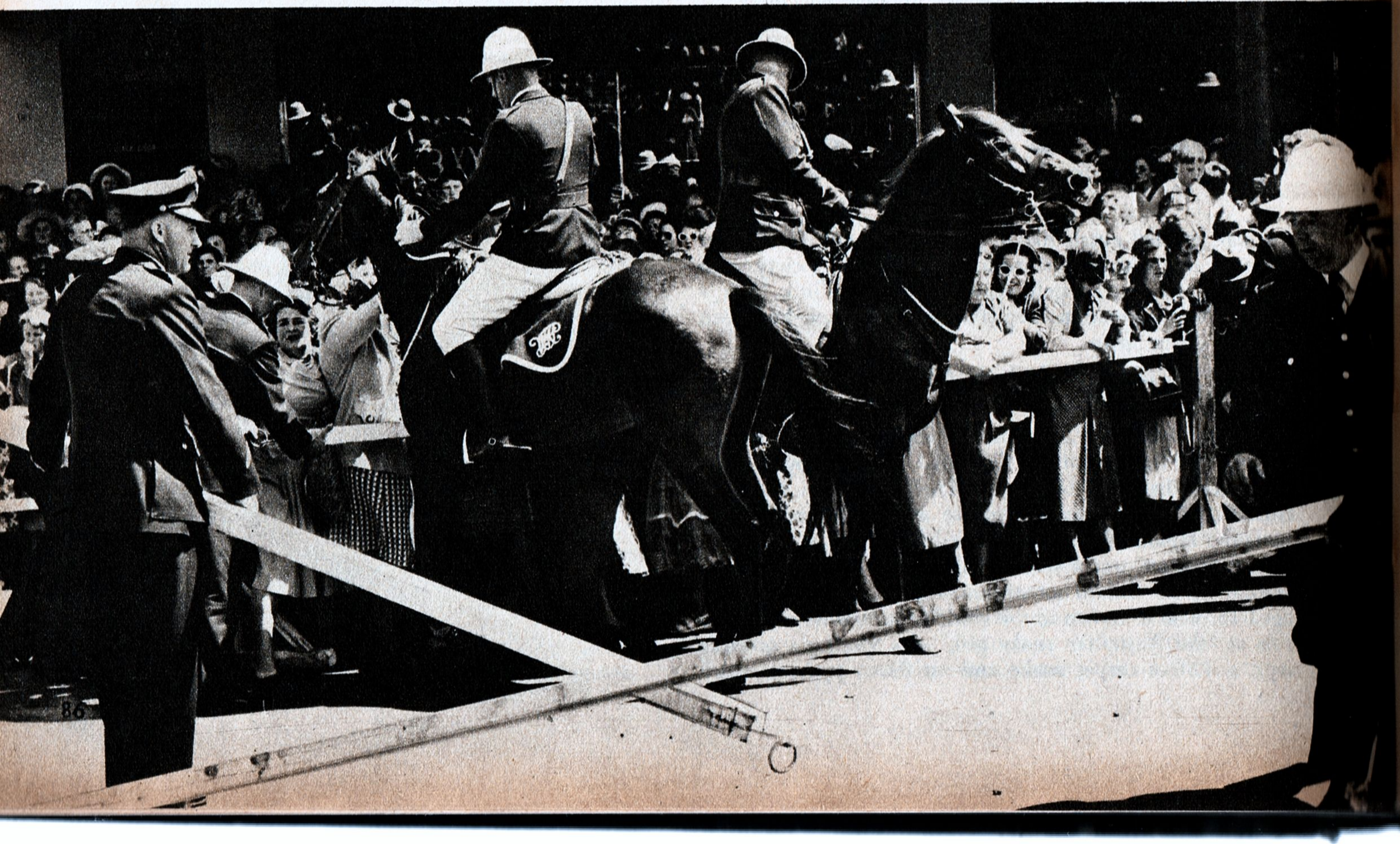


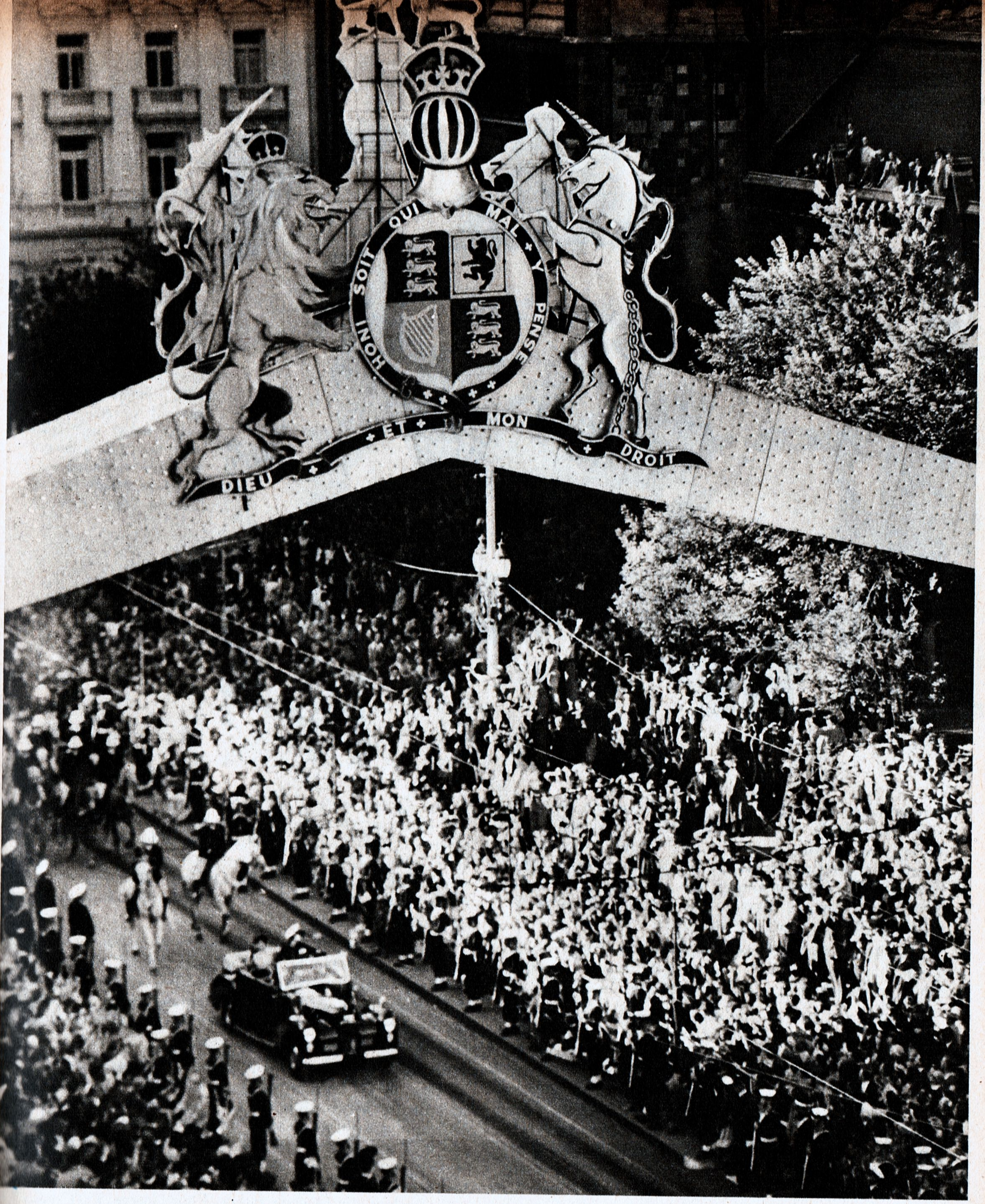
PRETTY SETTING *(above) for the Queen at the Melbourne State Banquet was this table garlanded with red-gum blossom and blue tulle. With Her Majesty are (from left) Mrs. Galvin, wife of the Deputy Premier of Victoria, the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, the Queen, the Victorian Premier, Mr. Cain, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Mrs. Cain. On this occasion the Queen wore the brooch presented to her by the Commonwealth Government. At right is the brooch shown in actual size. It represents a spray of wattle with three tea-tree blossoms in the centre and is made of 150 diamonds. The tea-tree flowers, stylised in design, are five-carat diamonds.*





UNRULY MOB SCENES, *unprecedented in the story of the Royal tour, which occurred in Melbourne during the Queen's first day in the city. After the Royal car had passed, hundreds surged through the barriers trying to follow it. At several places mounted police had to ride into the crowd to keep order as (above) in Treasury Gardens and (below) opposite Parliament House, in the thickest concentration of people; police had to fight to re-erect barriers knocked over by the crowd.*





CLOSE-UP *showing the detail of the magnificent arch put up in Swanston Street, one of Melbourne's main thoroughfares, as part of the city's Royal tour decorations. The arch is almost an exact replica of the Royal coat-of-arms. People crowded in thousands along the city streets to acclaim the Queen on every occasion she and the Duke drove to fulfil engagements.*

AT THE EX-SERVICEMEN'S RALLY at Melbourne Cricket Ground, the Queen is presented with a bouquet by eight-year-old Trevor Rees, whose father was killed with the A.I.F. in Borneo, and Beverley Emsby, aged 9, whose father lost his life in the R.A.A.F.

were entwined about her neck. (The python was decorated with a red, white and blue ribbon tied near its head.) Shirley was so overcome by "nerves" at the sensation she caused that, after the Royal car had passed, bearing a still-astonished Duke and an amused Queen, she ran back to her parents' sideshow and burst into tears. When she recovered she named her python "The Duke."

After Mount Gambier came the return into Victoria, with a visit that lasted nearly two hours to the city of Hamilton, before arriving back at Melbourne the same evening.

Saturday afternoon in any Australian city means, chiefly, the races, but for Melbourne of this last week-end of the month of February, 1954, it meant a very special meeting indeed at the glamor course of Flemington. (It is at Flemington that the famous Melbourne Cup is run each year on a gazetted public holiday.) The Victoria Racing Club, proud of Flemington's reputation for flower displays and velvet lawns (to say nothing of the splendor of the dressing in the members' enclosure), determined to make the occasion truly memorable. The course had been closed for nearly two months so that it could be brought to the peak of perfection. When the day of the Royal meeting came the vegetation was brilliant and arresting and the dressing impeccable.

The Queen wore a smoky-blue princess-line wool coat and the same crownless hat that she had chosen for her departure from London on that foggy night three months earlier. Pinned to her coat was the Commonwealth's gift wattle and tea-tree brooch. The Duke of Edinburgh set the men's fashion with black coat, striped trousers, and grey topper.

The Royal pair drove on to the course a quarter of an hour late. They had been 12 minutes behind schedule in leaving Government House, and crowds along the way had delayed their car a further three minutes. As they turned up the six-furlong straight, escorted by police greys, there was a roar of applause from the crowd.

Because of the late arrival of the Royal party, the first race was delayed nearly half an hour. The Queen had eyes only for the horses while the races were being run, but the Duke did not show the same interest; he preferred conversation. When Cromis won the big event—the Queen Elizabeth Stakes—Her Majesty became more excited than the horse's owner. Cromis' sire was Helios, which was bred and raced by the Queen's father, King George VI. Cromis won the race for Mr. E. A. Underwood, vice-chairman of the Victoria Racing Club, who was sitting beside the Queen during the race. As the horses passed the Royal box—which

THE DUKE good-naturedly halts to pose for a candid snapshot for Sergeant Owen at the ex-servicemen's rally at the Cricket Ground.

was bordered by a magnificent display of flowers—she lowered her binoculars and smiled at Mr. Underwood.

Later, after she had presented Mr. Underwood with his trophy, she talked for nearly three minutes to him and jockey J. Purtell, who had ridden Cromis to victory. "Her Majesty astounded me with her knowledge of racing, particularly her knowledge of the Australian turf," said Purtell afterwards. "It is easy to see that she has a very genuine and sincere interest in the turf."

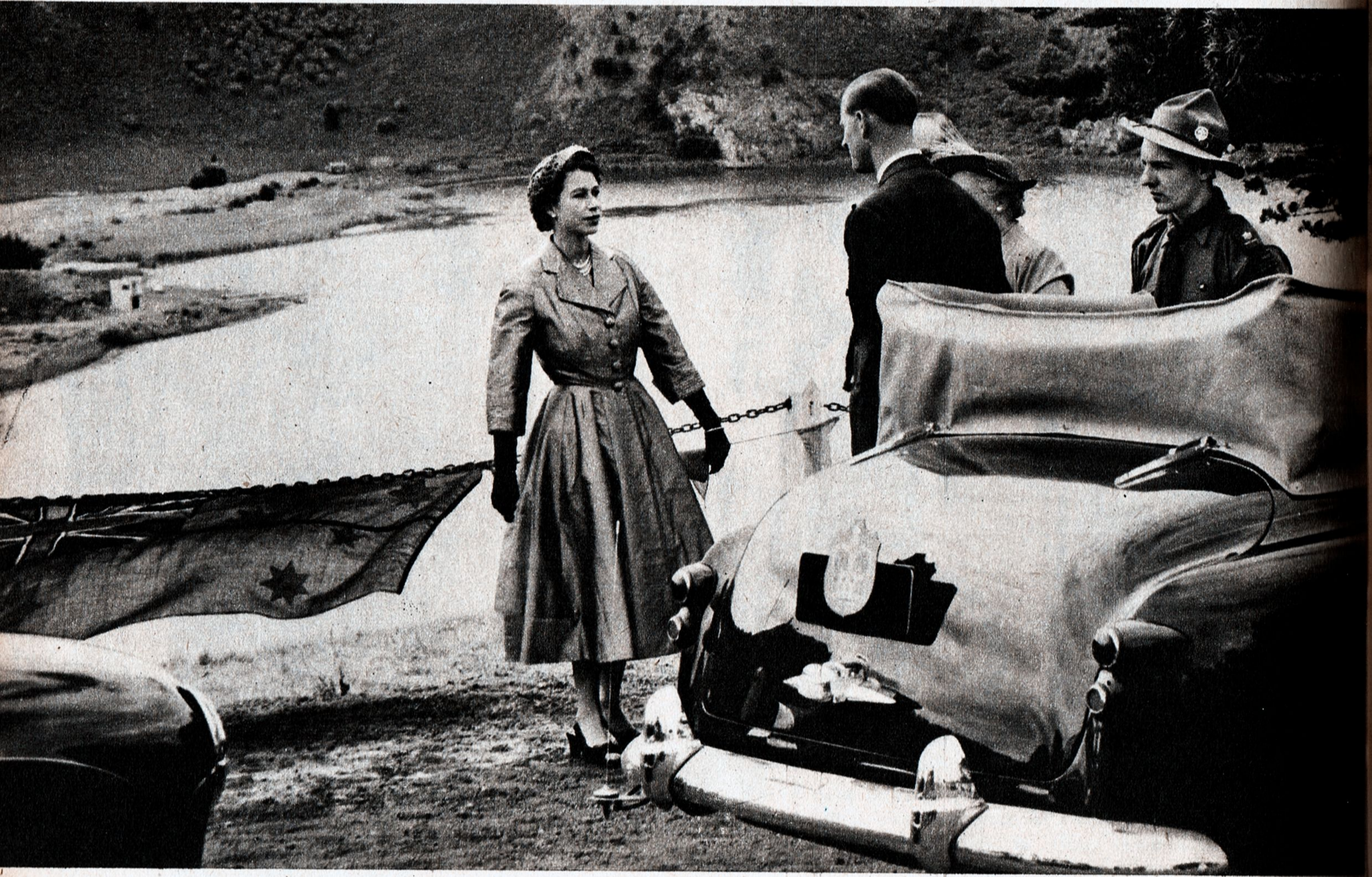
The Duke did not remain at Flemington for the full scheduled time. He changed into a dark suit, and, accompanied by Lieutenant-Commander Michael Parker, slipped unnoticed through the crowd and drove to Kooyong, scene of Australia's sensational Davis Cup win over America not many weeks earlier. Her Majesty arrived there in time to see the famous tennis "twins" Hoad and Rosewall begin a doubles match against Williams and Segal, of South Africa. (The Duke had also been able to see Rosewall play Vermaak, of South Africa, in the South Africa v. Australia Test match.)

The afternoon closed on a note of excitement and triumph for the tennis giants. Her Majesty and the Duke came down on to the court, where they were presented with replicas of the Davis Cup; then the players, both Australian and South African, were lined up and Her Majesty presented each with a silver salver.

Along the route leading from Government House to the Exhibition Building—a huge old-fashioned barn of a place that had been swathed in magnificence for its Royal occasions—the crowds were already lining up to catch a glimpse of the Queen drive there for the State Banquet in the evening. It is on Her Majesty's night appearances that her glory is properly evident, and for the banquet she looked superb. She wore a gown of embroidered ivory satin with deep bands of lime-gold satin at the hem and bodice-top. The Premier, Mr. Cain, presented her with a rose-bowl made of Victorian gold, and the Duke with a cigar-box and a walking-stick. When Mr. Cain referred to the Duke as "Her Majesty's Prince Charming," Philip managed the nearest thing to a blush.

Many of the enthusiasts among the public slept outside St. Paul's Cathedral that night to make sure of seeing the Queen when she arrived to attend morning prayer the following day at 10.45. The Duke read the Lesson—the Sermon on the Mount, from Matthew 5.

The service was followed by the dedication of additions to Melbourne's towering Shrine of Remembrance, which commemorate Victoria's dead in World War II. The addi-



IN THE LAKES AREA of Mount Gambier, the Queen and the Duke exchange comments beside the Royal car. This brief visit to a South Australian district was included in the Royal couple's Victorian programme because Mount Gambier is so far from Adelaide, South Australia.

EXOTIC WELCOME. Shirley Weston, 18-year-old sideshow performer, waves a beribboned 8ft. python and a 12ft. carpet snake at the startled Royal couple near Mount Gambier, S.A. Shirley immediately afterwards named the python "The Duke."

HIGH WIND at Hamilton, Victoria, troubled even the Queen. On Kanawalla airfield, the Deputy Premier, Mr. L. W. Galvin, presented local officials to the Queen and the Duke.

CLOSE-UP *of Her Majesty at the welcome by the ex-service men and women and the war bereaved of Victoria at the Melbourne Cricket Ground. With the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen talked and joked with Australian heroes and heroines, including 11 V.C. winners.*

tions include a flagged and grass forecourt in the shape of a cross, a cenotaph, and a brazier in which burns an eternal flame. The ceremonies, which lasted half an hour, were impressively simple. After speaking from the steps of the Shrine, Her Majesty pressed a button and ignited the flame in the brazier . . . and a puff of smoke shot up to tell the watching populace that the act of Royal homage to the fallen had been completed.

The Queen and the Duke had no official engagements until the next evening. Sightseers hung about Government House, hoping for a glimpse of the visitors. But there are occasions when Edinburgh seems able to be to "incognito" what Houdini was to "escape." Philip went out twice without being harassed—for a game of squash and for a brief visit to the Royal St. Kilda Yacht Club.

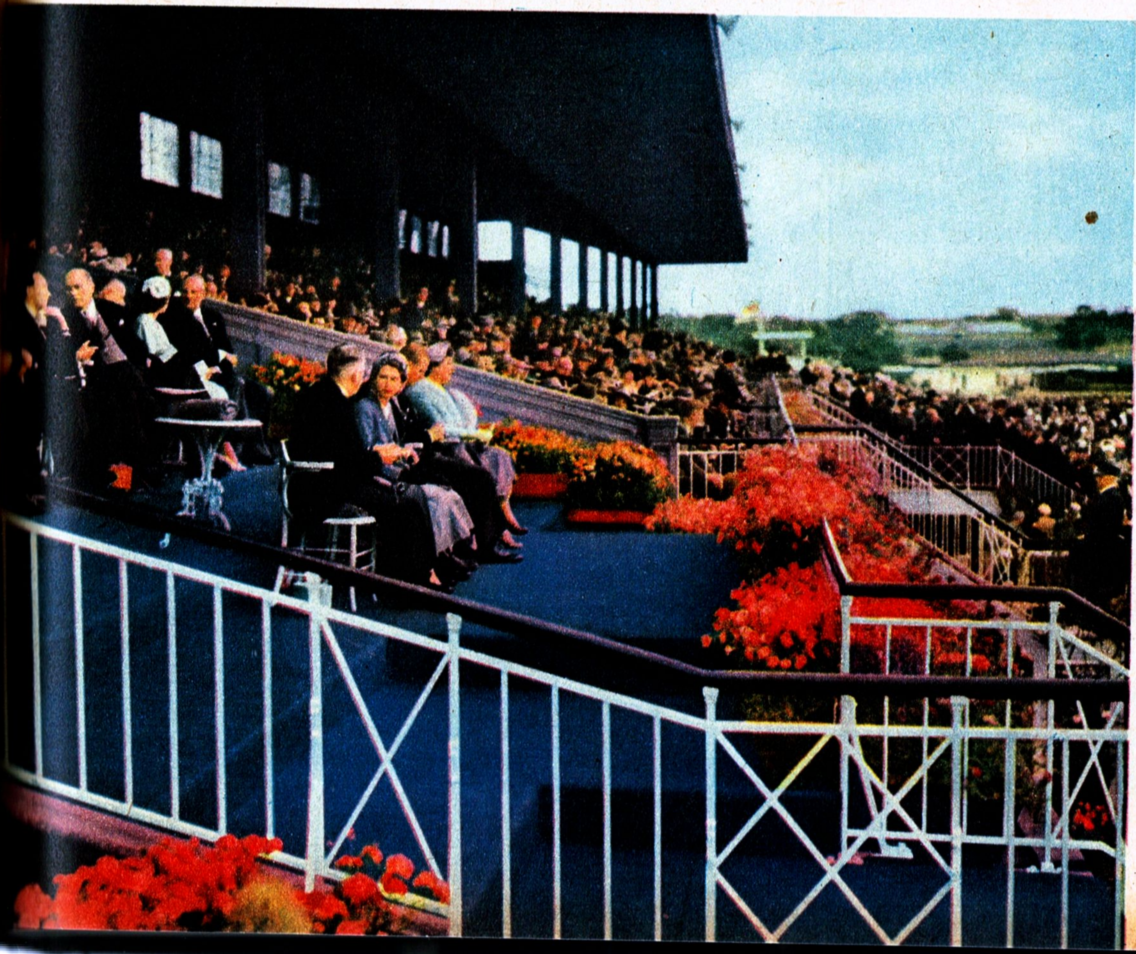
The night engagement was a visit to the Princess Theatre to see a performance by the National Theatre Movement of the opera "Tales of Hoffmann." On social occasions Melbourne can "go it proper" (as his Royal Highness might well put it, with his liking for the vernacular phrase). That night Melbourne went it proper, no end. The spectators were treated not only to the sight of the Queen in finery of white organza embroidered with silver, but to a fashion parade by the guests, many of them the very brown on the city's upper crust. The frocking was lavish and beautiful. Mink, diamonds, and tiaras were everywhere. There was a slight contretemps when the mounted police lined up and blocked the view of people who had been waiting for hours behind the barricades. But the booing and angry screaming changed to huzzas when the Royal car arrived.

Although the newspaper music and drama critics had earlier attacked the production of the opera, the gala performance was a huge success. Her Majesty led the applause spontaneously and heartily.

On Tuesday morning the Duke took a train trip to inspect the Flinders Naval Base, where he met 11 of his former shipmates. Before joining the train at South Yarra railway station he had a joke with one of the women porters. "Sorry, I haven't got a ticket," he said. At this, on her own testimony, the porter "just went wobbly at the knees."

Around midday Her Majesty drove to the St. Kilda Town Hall to lunch with representatives of Victorian women's organisations. The Royal visitors returned to Government House in time to attend an afternoon garden party, at which they mingled with 6000 guests. And 6000 was also the number invited to the Exhibition Building that night for the City of Melbourne Royal Ball, which reputedly cost £40,000 to stage. In a word, this ball was spectacular. Around the floor were bowers of flowers to a depth of 15 feet. The official dais, which was 60 feet long and 30 feet wide, was furnished as an 18th century drawing-room, with elegant Chippendale and Hebblewhite. In some quarters this elaborate civic festivity was referred to as "the Seidlitz-powder Ball," because some of the tickets were blue and others white. The blue tickets, for the 1000 top guests, gave admittance to a special supper-room where the order of the night was Scotch and champagne and the choicest of foods, ranging from chicken, squab, and snipe to saddles of lamb and boars' heads. The lesser 5000 guests (the Whites) went in by relays to a feast not quite so lavish.

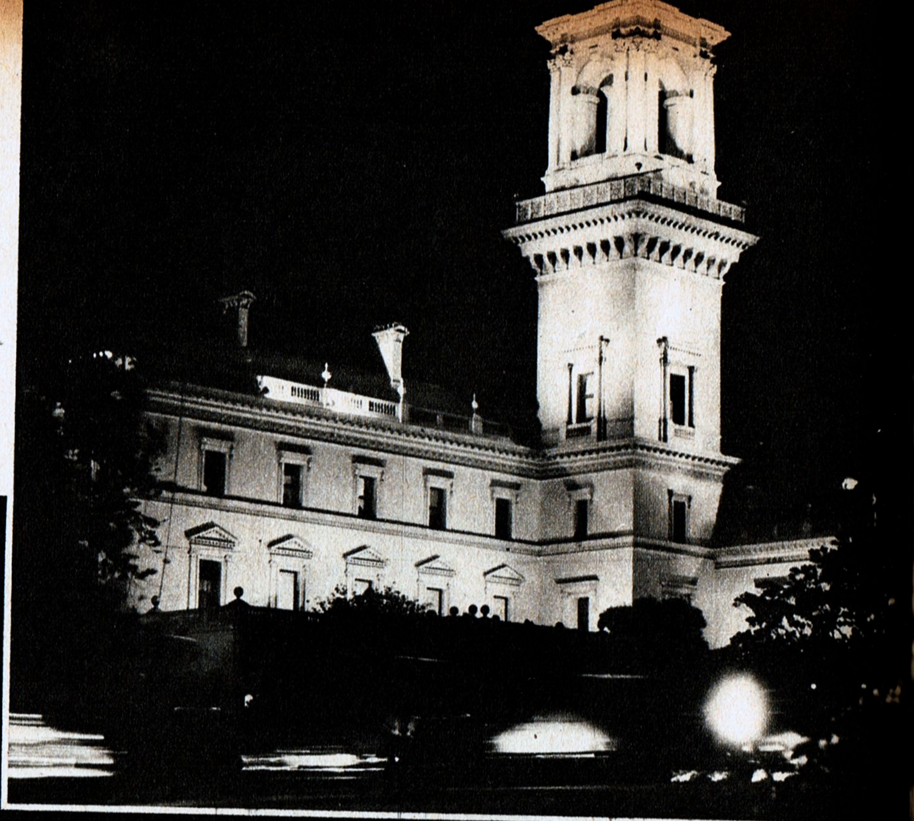
The Queen wore a gown of snow-white tulle and a tiara

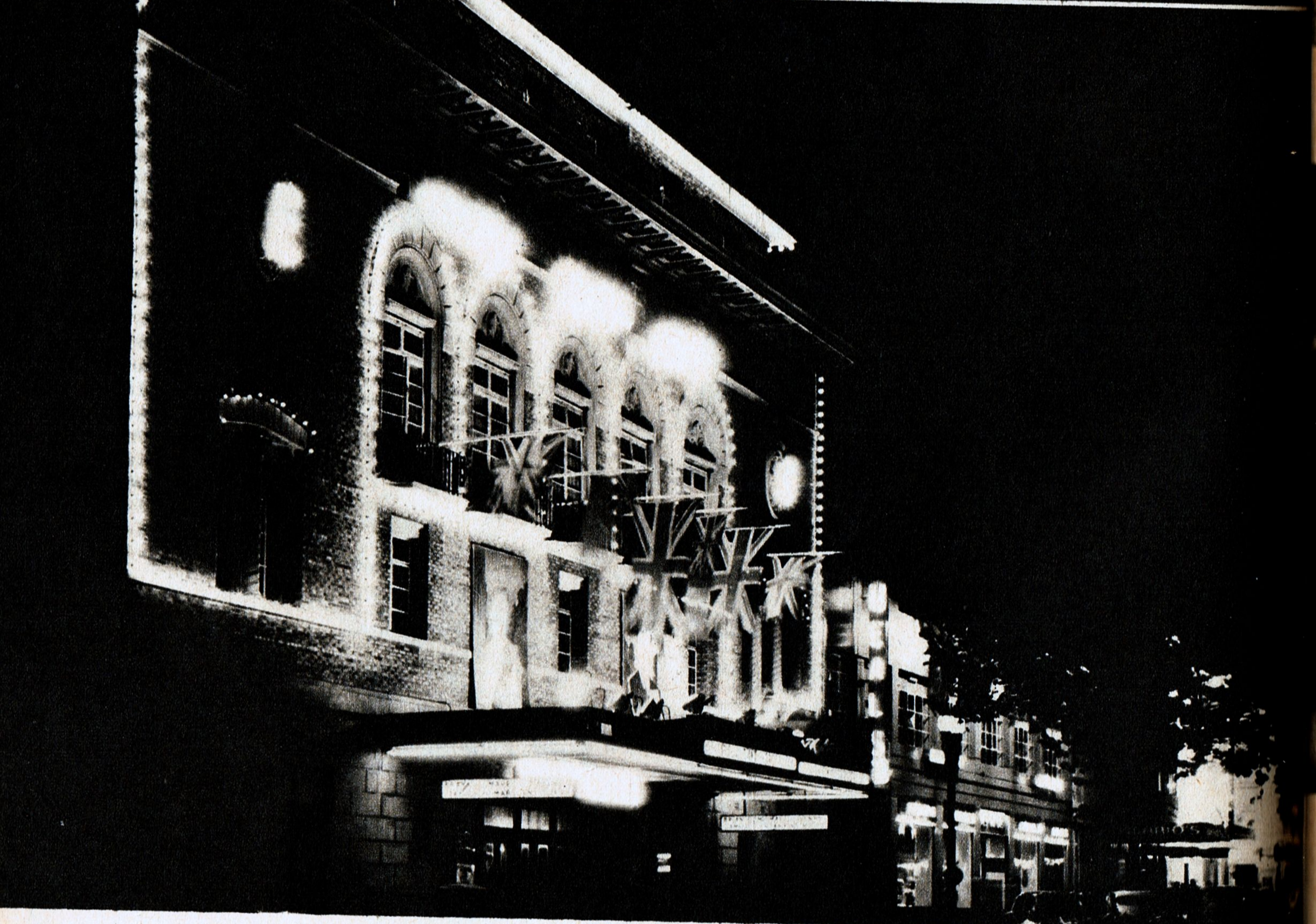


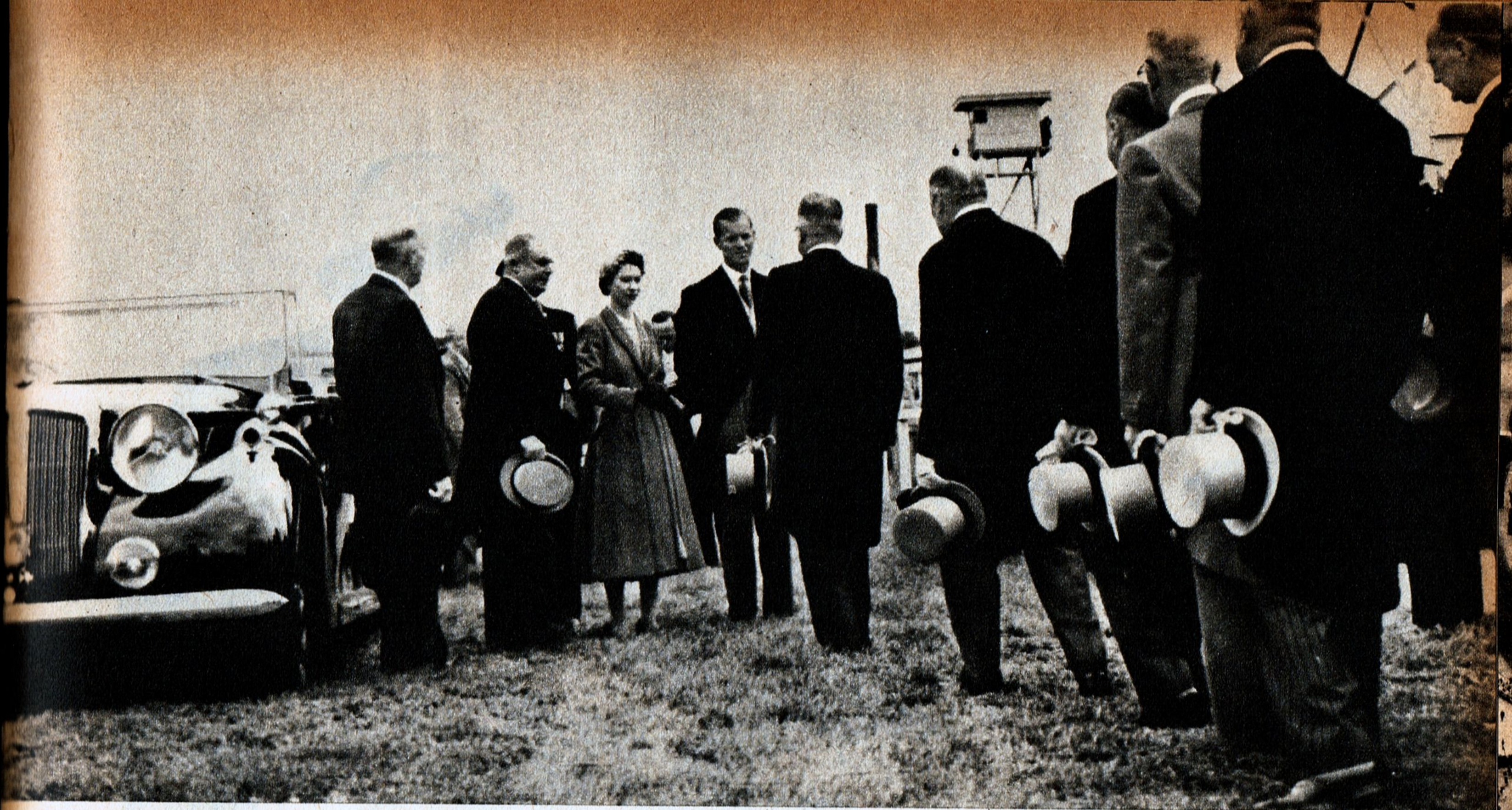
HER MAJESTY *(above) presents Australian tennis star Lewis Hoad with a silver salver on the centre court at Kooyong, Melbourne, after she and the Duke had watched international matches between South Africa and Australia. Introducing Lewis Hoad is Sir Norman Brookes, president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia.*

ROYAL BOX *(left) at the races at Flemington was bright with petunias and marigolds. The Queen is talking to Mr. E. A. Underwood, part-owner of Cromis, which won the Queen Elizabeth Stakes. Beside the Duke of Edinburgh is Lady Manifold, wife of the chairman of the Victoria Racing Club.*

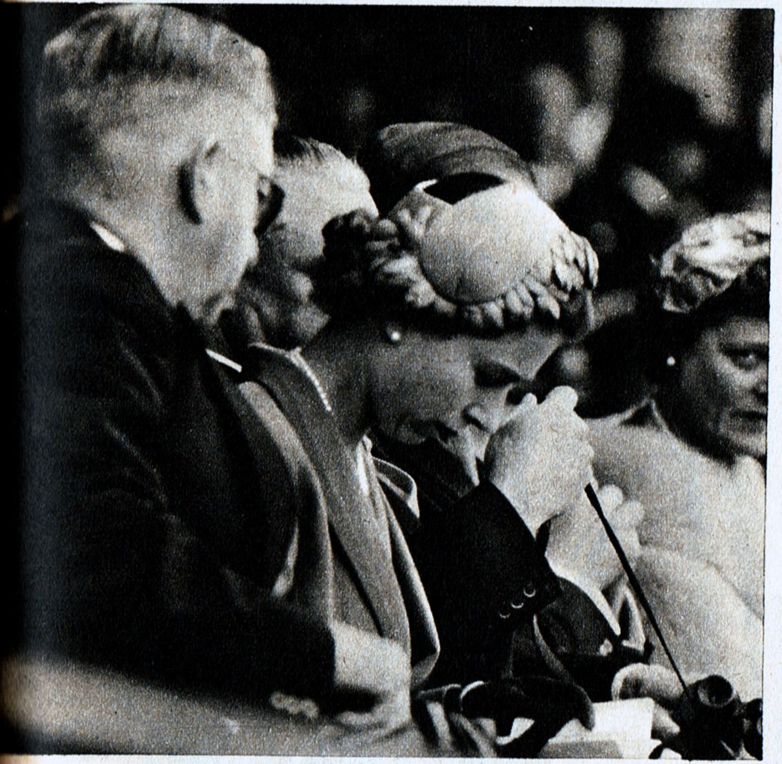
TOWER AND OUTLINE of Government House, Melbourne (right), which, to the delight of city dwellers and visitors, was nightly floodlit during the Royal visit with lights changing from red, to white, to blue. Below: Brightly illuminated buildings added to the carnival atmosphere of the visit. Typical of the night decorations was this illuminated facade.



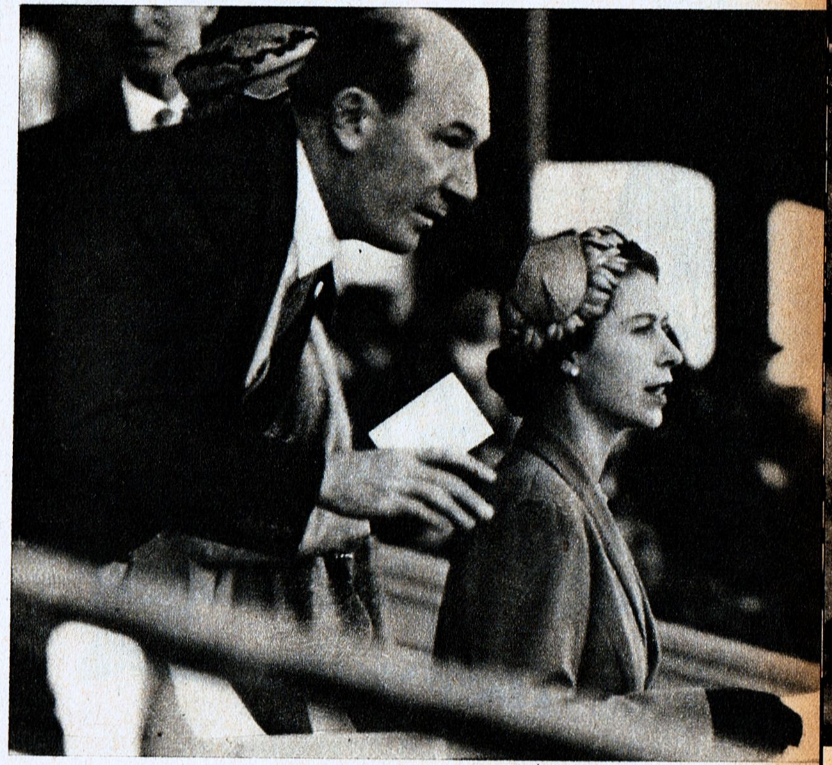




MEMBERS of the Victoria Racing Club committee line up for presentation to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Although at Randwick, Sydney, the men wore sac suits, Flemington decided to make morning coats and toppers de rigueur in the Queen's honor. The Queen wore the diamond brooch given her by the Australian Government on her lapel.



A KEEN RACEGOER, the Queen earnestly studies her book in the Royal box at Flemington. The book, given her by Sir Chester Manifold, V.R.C. chairman, was bound in kid.

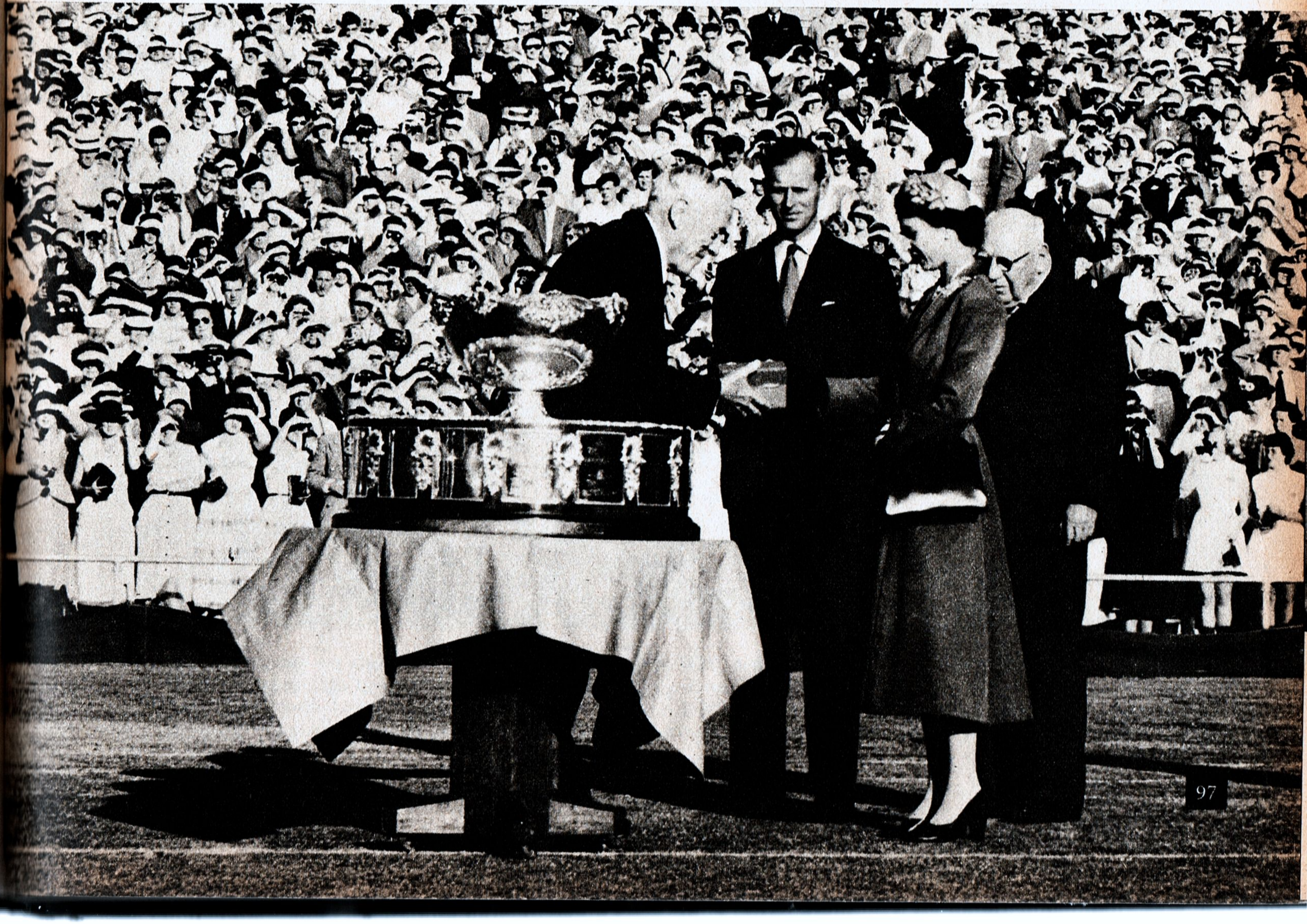


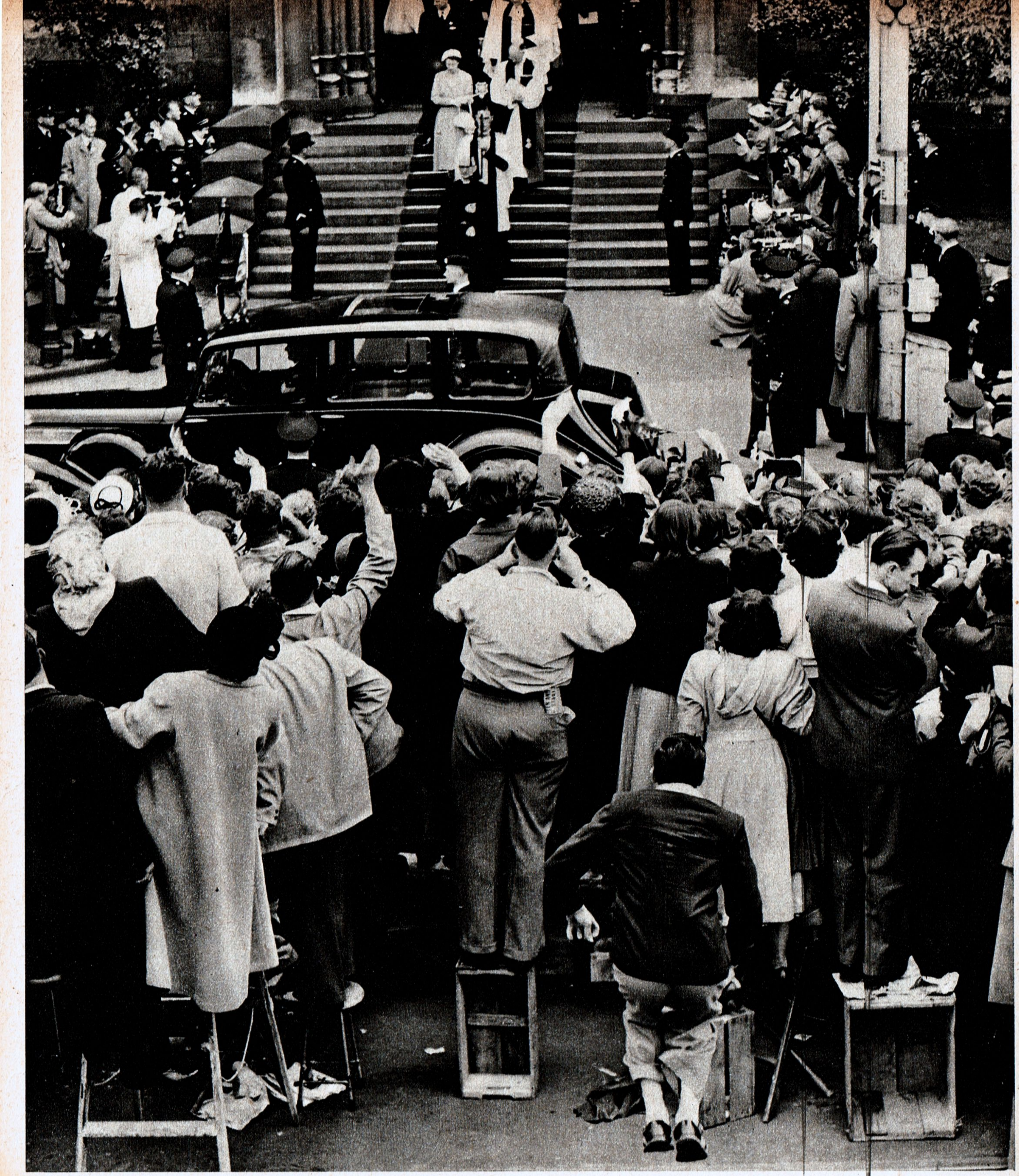
V.R.C. COMMITTEEMAN Mr. Sam Wood bends over to explain local form to Her Majesty in the Royal box at the races. Her very real interest in the meeting was obvious.

JOCKEY BILL WILLIAMSON, *who rode Sunish, winner of the Australian Cup at Flemington on Saturday, February 27, is presented to Her Majesty.*

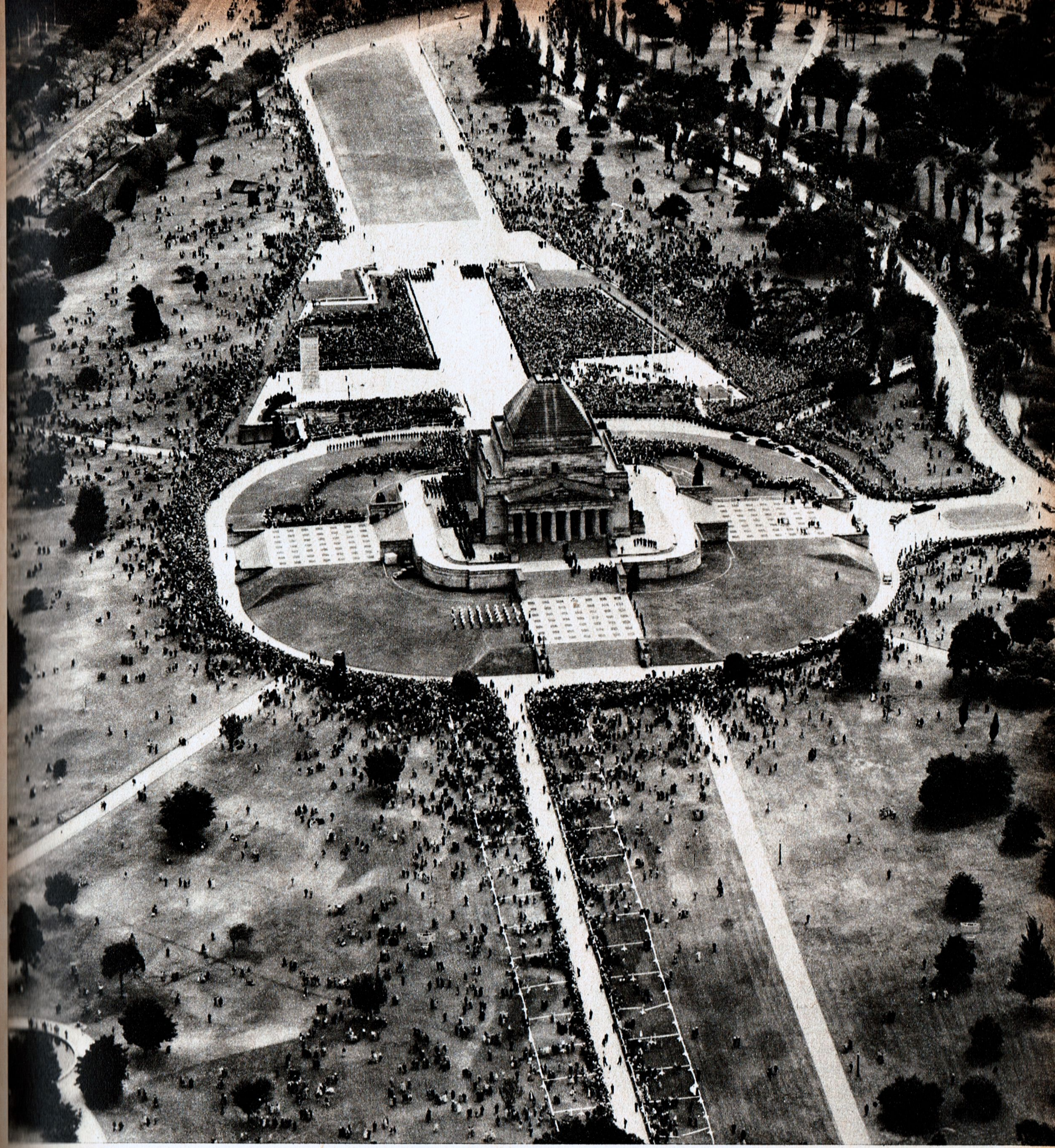
THE DUKE, *with his private secretary, Lieut.-Commander Parker, leaves Flemington racecourse to watch the international tennis at Kooyong. While the Queen was thoroughly enjoying the racing, the Duke changed in the Members' Stand to grey lounge suit and brown felt hat and drove away, virtually unnoticed, in a plain dark car.*

BESIDE THE DAVIS CUP *at Kooyong (below) Her Majesty is presented by Sir Norman Brookes, president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, with a miniature replica of the cup. Also in the picture are the Duke and (right) L.T.A.A. vice-president Mr. Pitt.*

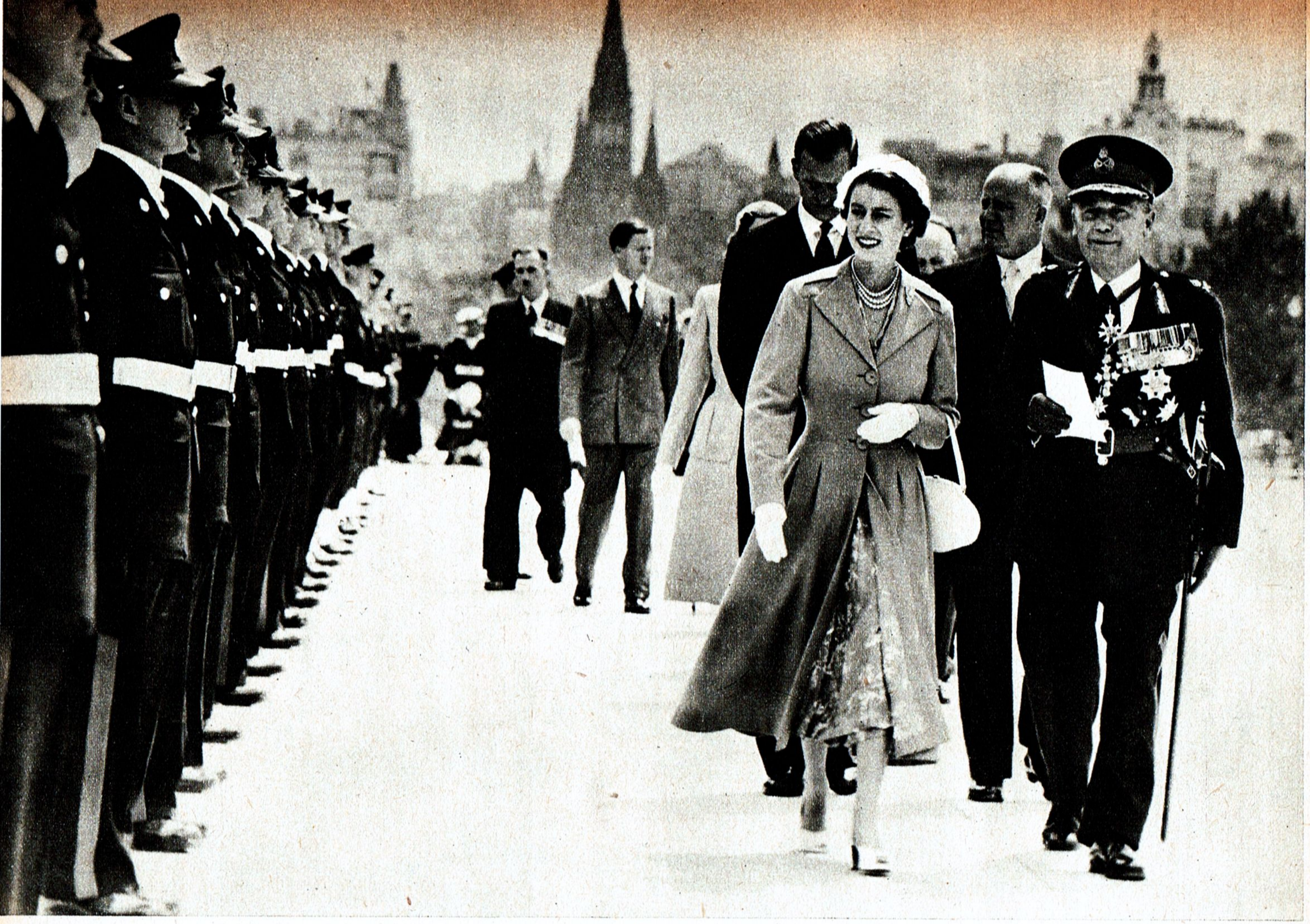




THE ROYAL COUPLE *leave St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, after Divine Service on February 28. Many people slept outside the Cathedral in Flinders Street the night before to ensure seeing the Queen arrive and leave. The crowd stood on boxes, chairs, and stools for the occasion. However, the man in the right foreground did not provide for this contingency and had to jump up and down in order to see the Queen. Here he is crouched ready for another spring.*



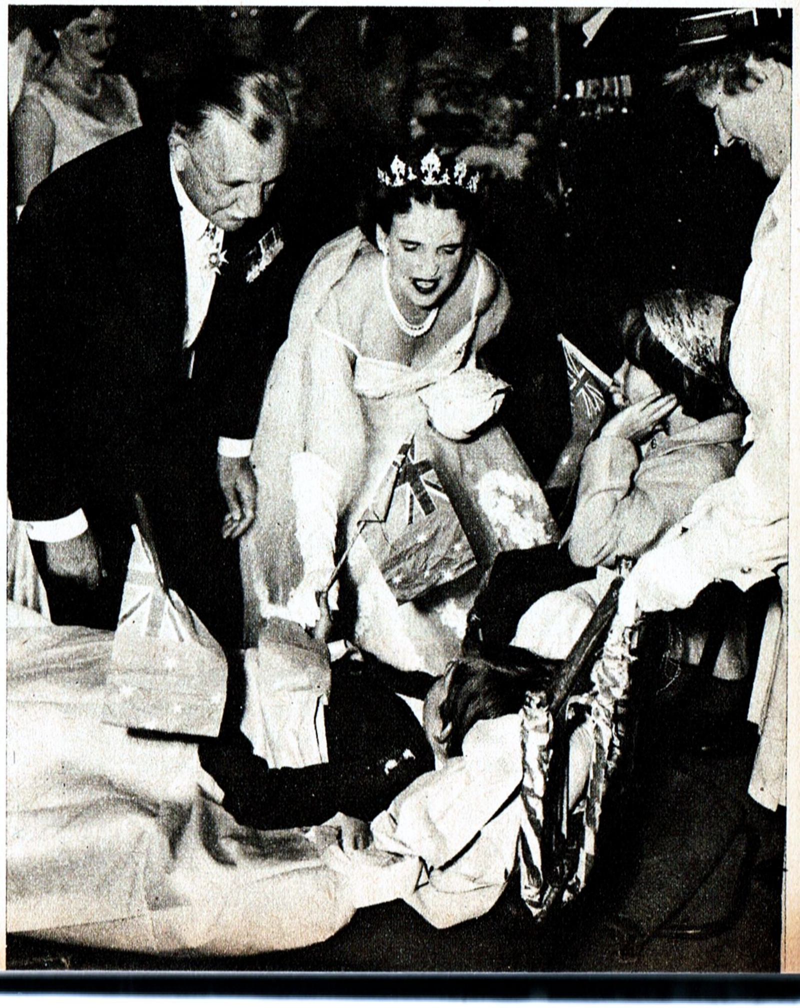
AERIAL VIEW *of the scene at the Shrine of Remembrance when the Queen dedicated additions to the Shrine, including a huge flagged and grassed forecourt in the shape of a cross leading to the northern facade, as a memorial to Victoria's dead in World War II. At the Shrine the Queen and the Duke were met by the Premier, Mr. Cain, and the chairman of the Shrine trustees, Lieutenant-General Sir Edmund Herring. The Queen later laid a wreath on the Stone of Remembrance.*

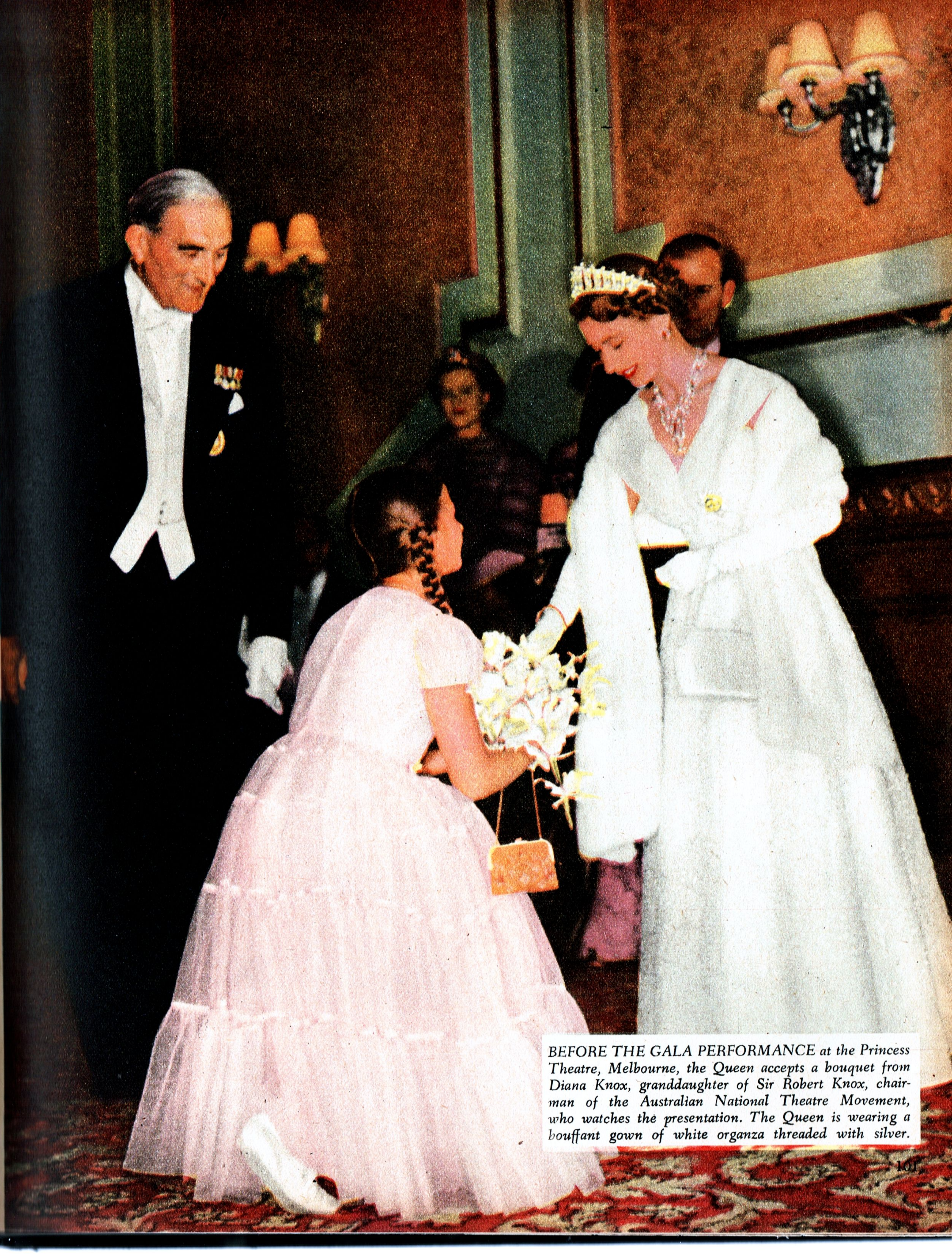


THE QUEEN and the Duke (above) at the dedication of the Forecourt of the Shrine of Remembrance. Escorting Her Majesty is Lieut.-General Sir Edmund Herring. Below: The Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks stop to speak to two crippled children who waited outside the Princess Theatre to see the Queen and Duke arriving.

made of hoops or circles of diamonds. She and the Duke did not eat supper, but they stayed at the ball for an hour and 50 minutes and received 70 distinguished guests.

In perfect weather next morning the Royal plane took off from Essendon airport for the Gippsland district of Victoria. The Royal couple flew to the town of Sale, then made their way back to Melbourne by rail, with stops at Traralgon, Yallourn, and Warragul. The pleasant morning developed into a hot Australian summer day, with attendant bush flies and dust; but the Queen did not wilt. As a matter of fact, observers commented on how much better she stood up to the hot and trying conditions than to the usual city round of garden parties, balls, and luncheon engagements. Her Majesty herself gave a pointer in this direction at Traralgon. "My husband and I always enjoy the country," she said.





BEFORE THE GALA PERFORMANCE at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, the Queen accepts a bouquet from Diana Knox, granddaughter of Sir Robert Knox, chairman of the Australian National Theatre Movement, who watches the presentation. The Queen is wearing a bouffant gown of white organza threaded with silver.

ESCORTED BY MRS. J. CAIN, wife of the Victorian Premier, the Queen arrives at the St. Kilda Town Hall for luncheon with 630 women representing 175 organisations. Her Majesty ate only sparingly of the cold light lunch.

While Her Majesty held an investiture at Government House the next morning, the Duke went to the University of Melbourne, where he spent 35 uproarious minutes. The students had secretly arranged a traditional, old-fashioned, and very funny university "rag"—and His Royal Highness loved every bit of it. Deliberately and systematically they made fun of most of the solemnities usually associated with official welcomes to Royalty. As the president of the Students' Representative Council told the Duke, after the high-spirited nonsense was over: "Traditionally the students' welcome is informal. With this informality we hope to convey our heartfelt pleasure at welcoming you."

Instead of the usual rich red carpet, swept and swept again until the last minute before Royal arrivals, the Duke had a tattered bit of old carpet runner unrolled beneath his feet, then rolled up behind him as he walked along. He was handed a ticket to get in to the University and a huge silver key to open the door. To satirise the many presentations of walking-sticks that had been made to the Duke on the tour (His Royal Highness does not use a walking-stick), he was presented with a whole bundle of crutches. And a hand of the famous clock which stands in Martin Place, Sydney, was presented on behalf of the "faculty of oxometrical science—the science of unscrewing the inscrutable."

There were two guards of honor. One was composed of architectural students dressed in a wide variety of costumes, from diving suits to pyjama coats. They all carried T-squares at the slope. The second honor guard, of medical students dressed in equally outlandish garb, was drawn up in front of a placard which read: "In defence of Mr. Edinburgh." The Duke roared with laughter when a 6ft. 4in. student, dressed in a blouse, short skirt, and wig of long black curls, simpered up, made an ungainly attempt at a curtsy, and presented a bouquet of lolly walking-sticks. The Duke also keenly appreciated the joke when a camera, about 10ft. square and 15ft. high, equipped with eyes and a huge lens, stalked along the roadway to take his picture. Like a stage horse, it was motivated by human-power: the eight sweating architectural students who had built it.

Inevitably a tilt was made at speechmaking and at the convention of presenting illuminated addresses of welcome. One youth, who said he was the oldest undergraduate in Melbourne, told the Duke that he had a speech of 16 pages to read; but to cut it short he had prepared a precis that would take only one and a half hours. He then tossed the pages in the air, and they came down in a white shower on the Duke. Edinburgh grinned and commented: "That was a good speech."

That afternoon the Queen and the Duke went to a schoolchildren's display at the Cricket Ground, where there was a novel guard of honor formed by the 54 members of the Welsh Corgi Club of Victoria, each with an impatient, snapping, and barking Welsh Corgi on a leash. The dogs delighted Her Majesty, who is a keen Corgi fancier. As she drove past she leaned out of the car, smiling and waving. Then the Royal visitors went to the Heidelberg Repatriation Hospital to meet sick and disabled war veterans.

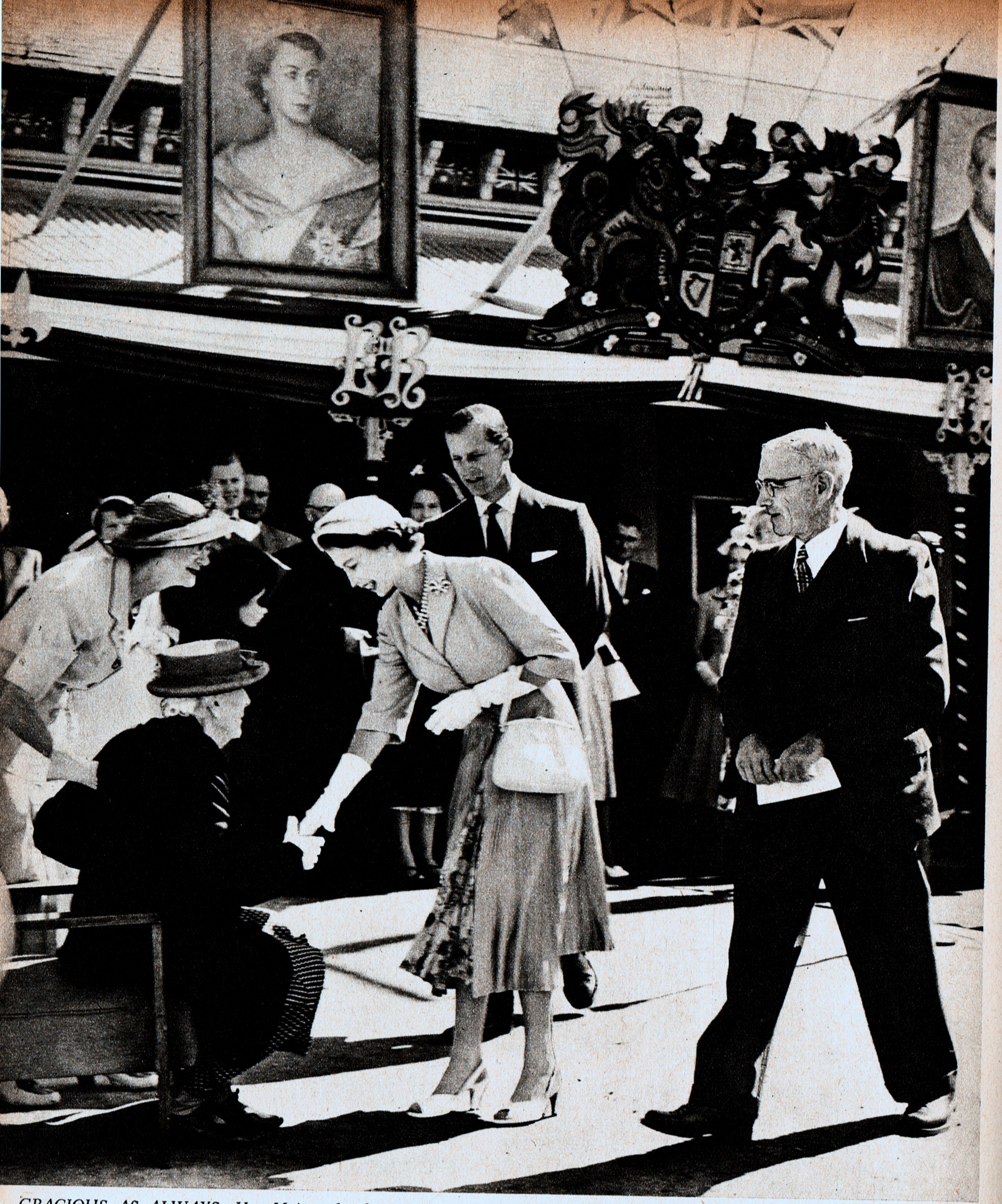
That night and the following night the Queen and the Duke slept on the beautifully appointed, streamlined Royal train, which took them on a two-day tour of Victorian country districts, up north towards the N.S.W. border via Benalla, Shepparton, Tatura, and Echuca, and then on the gradual return journey to Melbourne, via Rochester, Bendigo, Castlemaine, Maryborough, Ballarat, and Geelong. A polio scare caused some hurried rearrangements of the rail tour programme. While the Queen was in Canberra she had been given a blood preparation injection as a precaution against polio; but Victorian Health Department officials did not consider this sufficient protection. The Royal tour authorities had a hard time dissuading Her Majesty from alighting from the train at two places where polio had broken out. Eventually she consented to remain on the glassed-in observation platform.

AT FLINDERS NAVAL DEPOT, which the Duke of Edinburgh visited to consecrate the Queen's new colors while Her Majesty lunched with members of women's organisations, His Royal Highness met many members of the Service. Here a W.R.A.N.S. officer makes her curtsy.

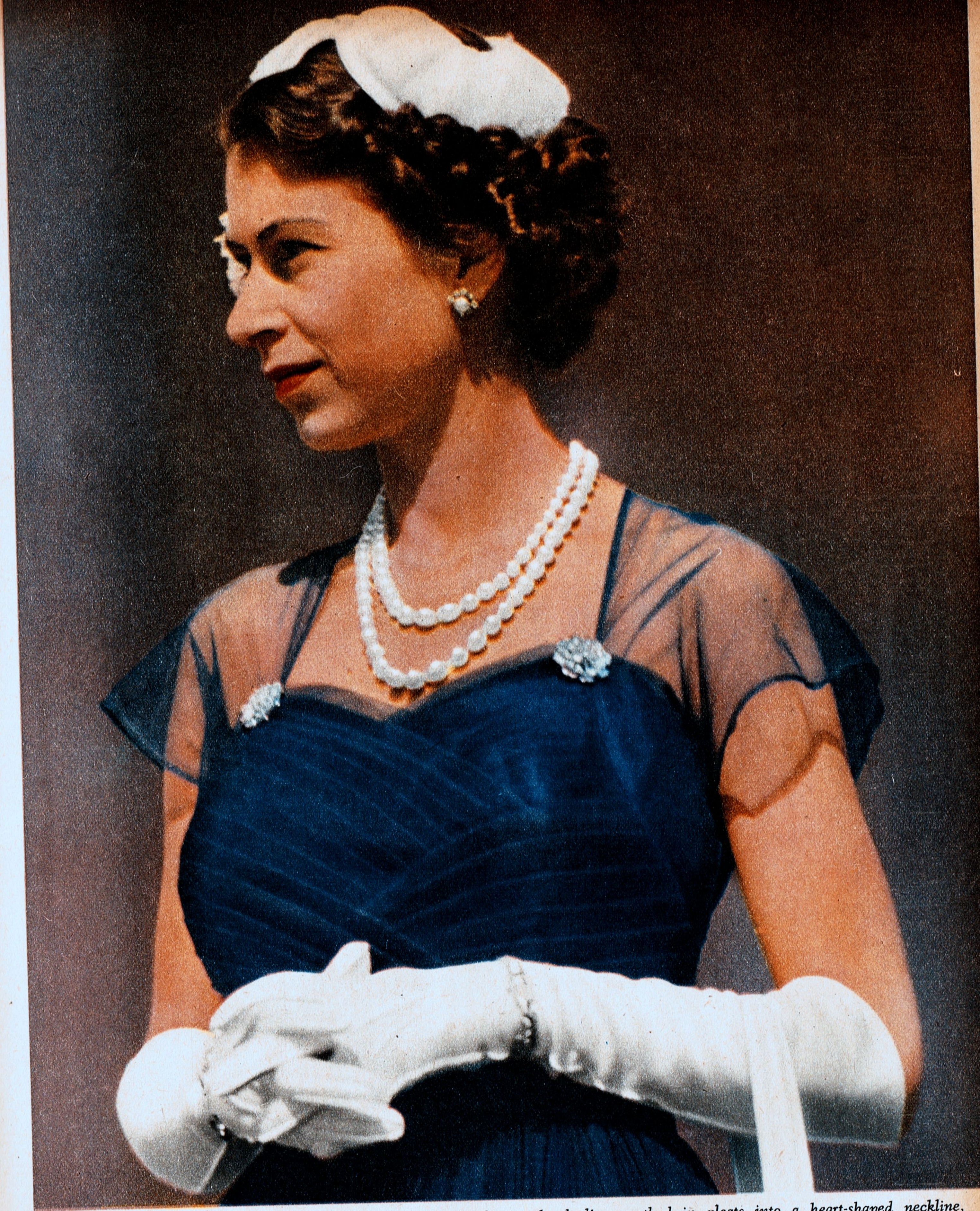
The Royal pair paid a visit to the R.A.A.F. training college at Point Cook before passing through Melbourne on their way to the O'Shannassy Chalet, a secluded mountain holiday place 10 miles from the peaceful little town of Warburton. Here they stayed from the Saturday evening of March 6 until midday on the following Monday.

On the Monday night they drove from Government House to the Exhibition Building for a State reception. With 8000 guests, a chorus made up of representatives from 22 choirs, a symphony orchestra, a dance band, fanfare trumpeters from the R.A.A.F. Central Band, and buffets and bars from which was served a spectacularly wide choice of food and drink, the reception would have satisfied even Cecil B. DeMille. There was so much chatter and shuffling from the assemblage that it was difficult to hear the musical numbers. Beautifully gowned women clambered on to chairs—some even on to a decorative plaster lion—to see the Royal visitors. Supper was served and the bars were opened amid noisy acclaim.

Her Majesty and the Duke left the State reception 25 minutes ahead of schedule. Next morning, sad but cheering thousands lined the long route through the city to Essendon Airport, from where the Royal plane took off for Brisbane. The Royal Standard fluttered down from Government House as the Queen and the Duke passed through the gates, and the noise of guns fired in farewell salute boomed out. Above the clapping and the hoorays could be heard shouts of "Goodbye—come back," "God bless you." And on the huge decorative arch which had dominated Swanston Street for 14 happy days was hung a sign: "God-speed. Please return to us."



GRACIOUS AS ALWAYS, *Her Majesty bends to talk to Miss Elizabeth Eustace, who is 101 years old and was born at Albury, New South Wales. The Queen spoke affectionately to the old lady, who was presented on March 5 during the country tour through Benalla, Shepparton, Tatura, Echuca, Rochester, Bendigo, Castlemaine and Maryborough. The Queen and the Duke spent the night in the Royal train, continuing the tour at Ballarat early the following morning.*

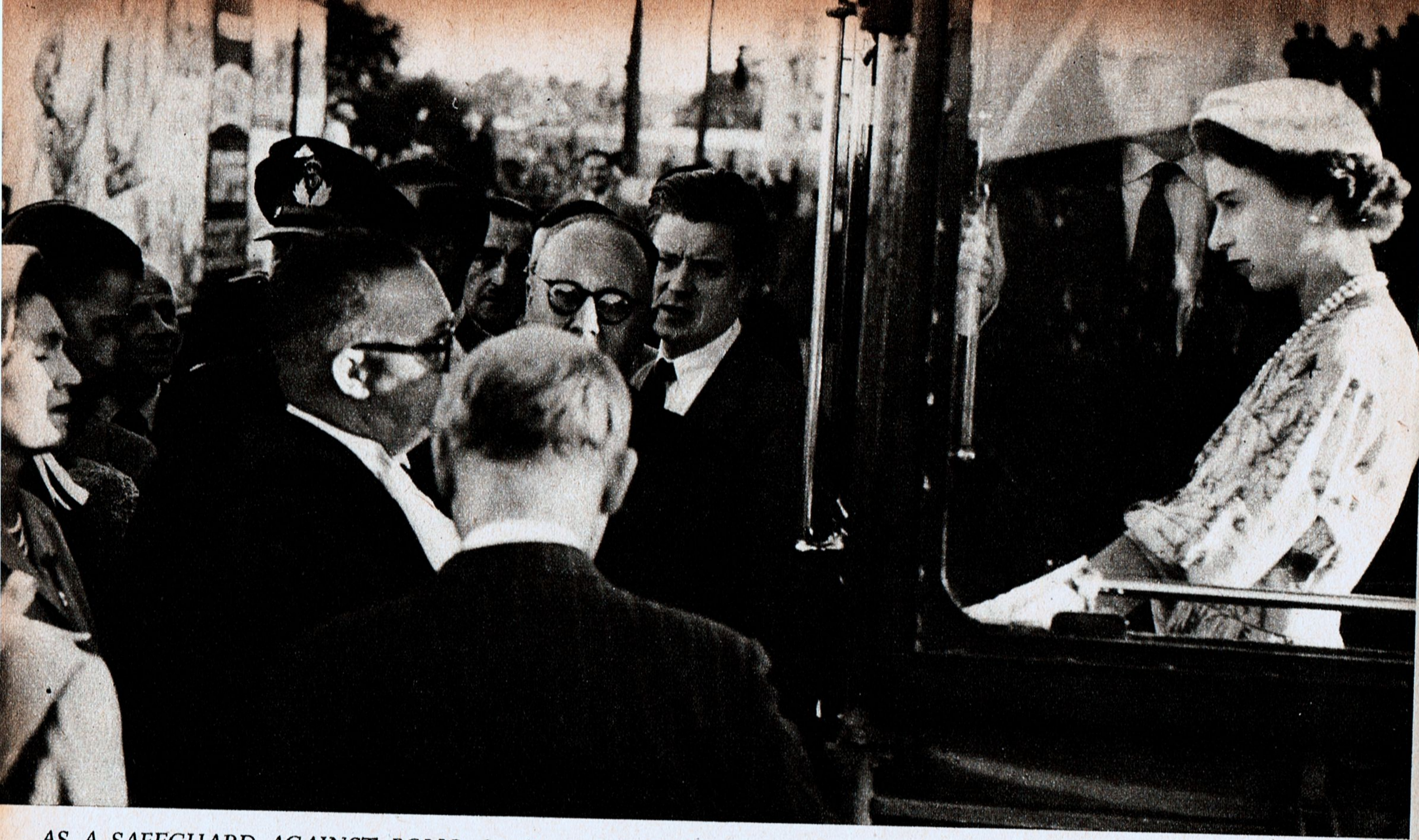


PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY *at the garden party in the grounds of Government House, Melbourne. The Queen's bright blue frock was nylon net with a finely pleated skirt and the bodice swathed in pleats into a heart-shaped neckline, with one layer of nylon forming the sleeves. She added a cloche of white plush, trimmed with white ostrich feathers.*

PRETTY LITTLE ANNABELLE *6ft. 4in. Melbourne University student John Thompson, dressed in a "flapper" skirt and black curls, gets a ready laugh from the Duke of Edinburgh during His Royal Highness' visit to the University. Annabelle forced through the crowd to thrust a bouquet of lolly walking-sticks on the Duke—a typical undergrad rag on the walking-sticks officially presented to him.*

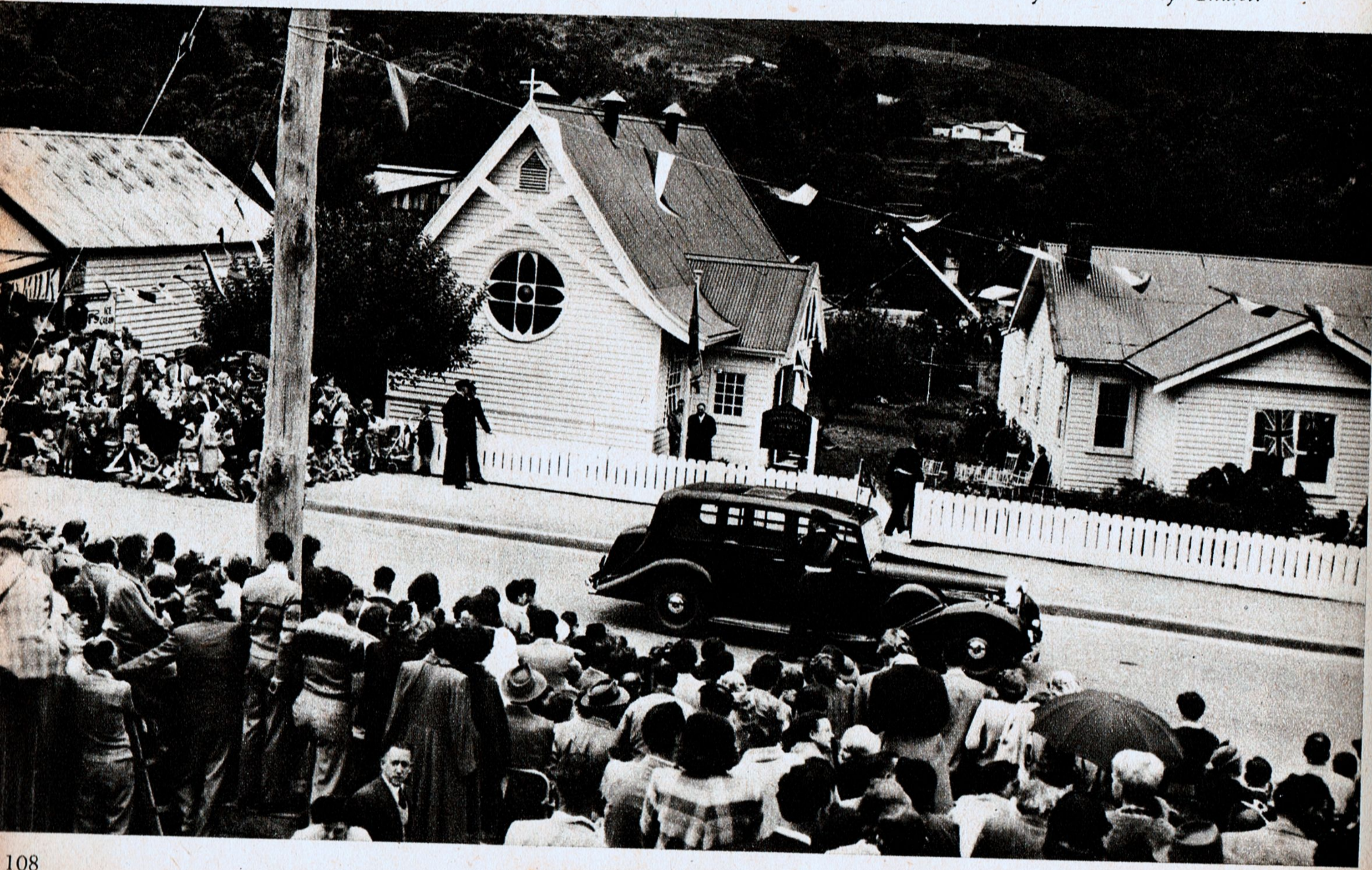
THE DUKE (*above*) *inspects a guard of honor of Melbourne University students armed with T-squares. He is holding a "present," the bronze hand of Sydney's Martin Place clock, given him on behalf of "the faculty of oxometrical science," explained as "the science of unscrewing the inscrutable."*

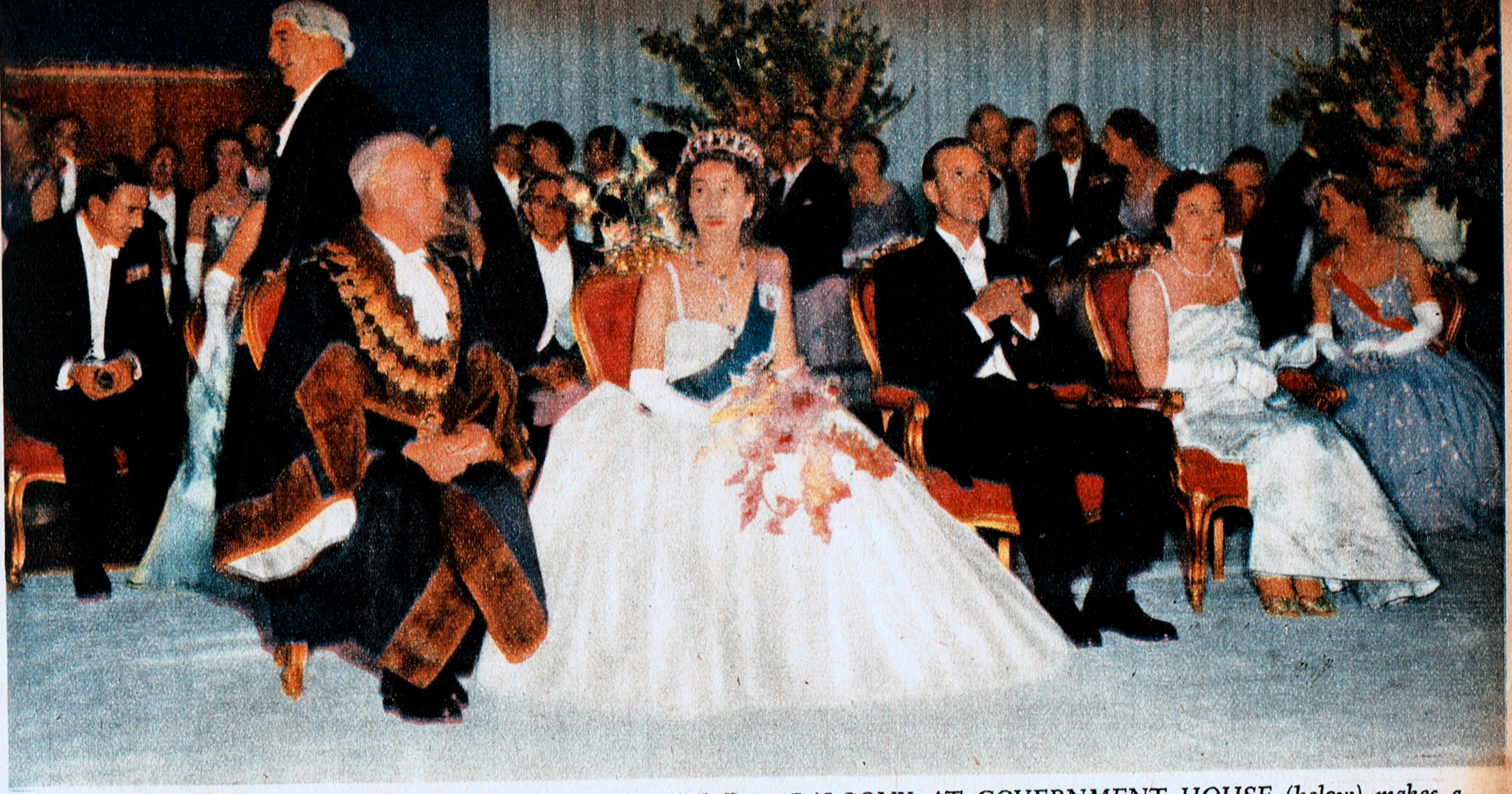
FOUR SETS OF TWINS (*below*) *were well to the front of the crowd which welcomed the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Shepparton during the Royal visit to Victorian country towns. Her Majesty and the Duke arrived at Shepparton by car from Benalla and were given a civic reception.*



AS A SAFEGUARD AGAINST POLIO *the Queen did not leave the Royal train when she visited Castlemaine. Above, she listens from the glassed-in observation platform to a speech of welcome by the Mayor, Councillor G. McMeeken.*

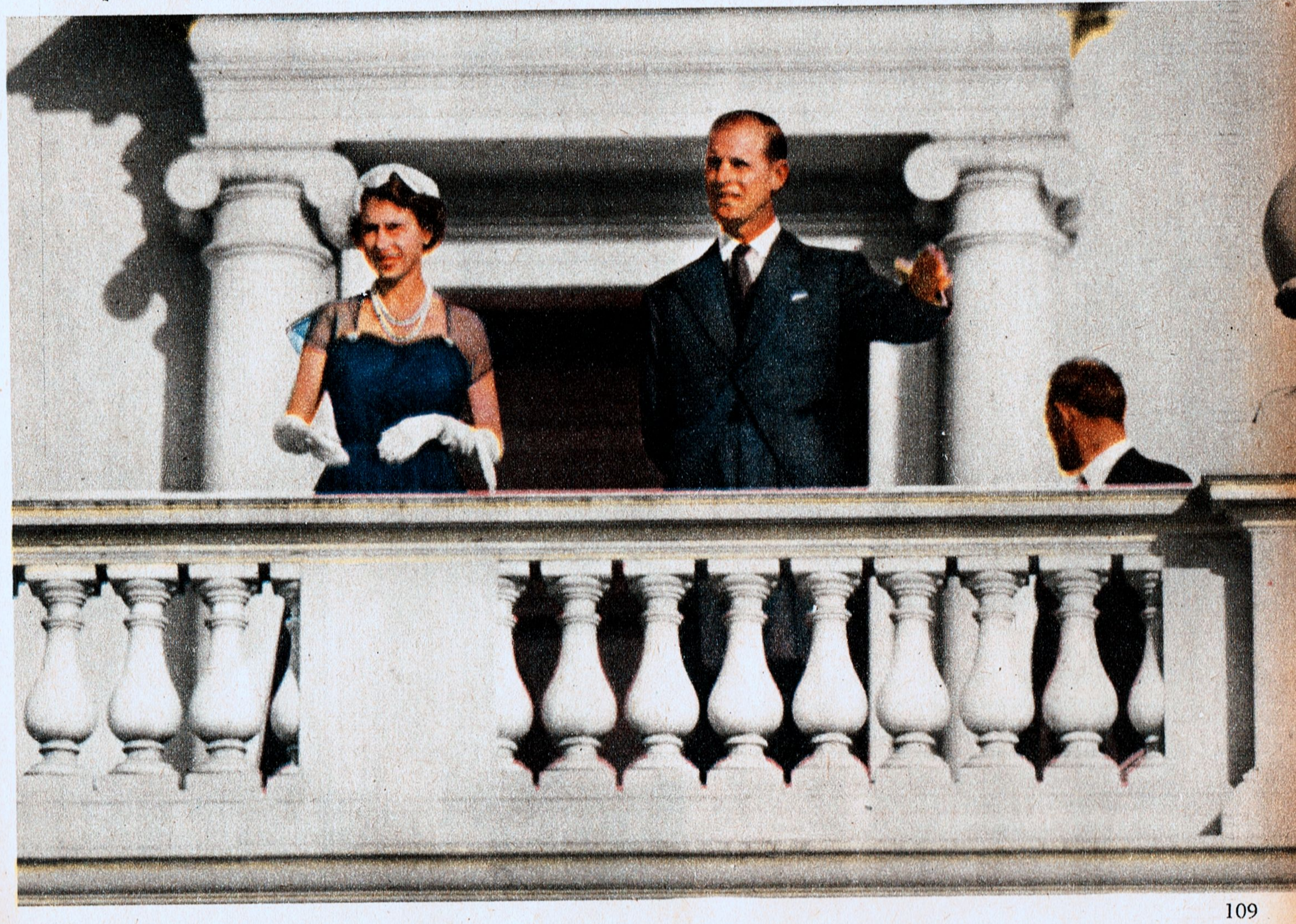
QUAINT LITTLE WEATHERBOARD *Presbyterian Church of St. Andrew's (below) in the mountain town of Warburton, where the Queen and the Duke worshipped on the Sunday of their brief rest at nearby O'Shannassy Chalet.*

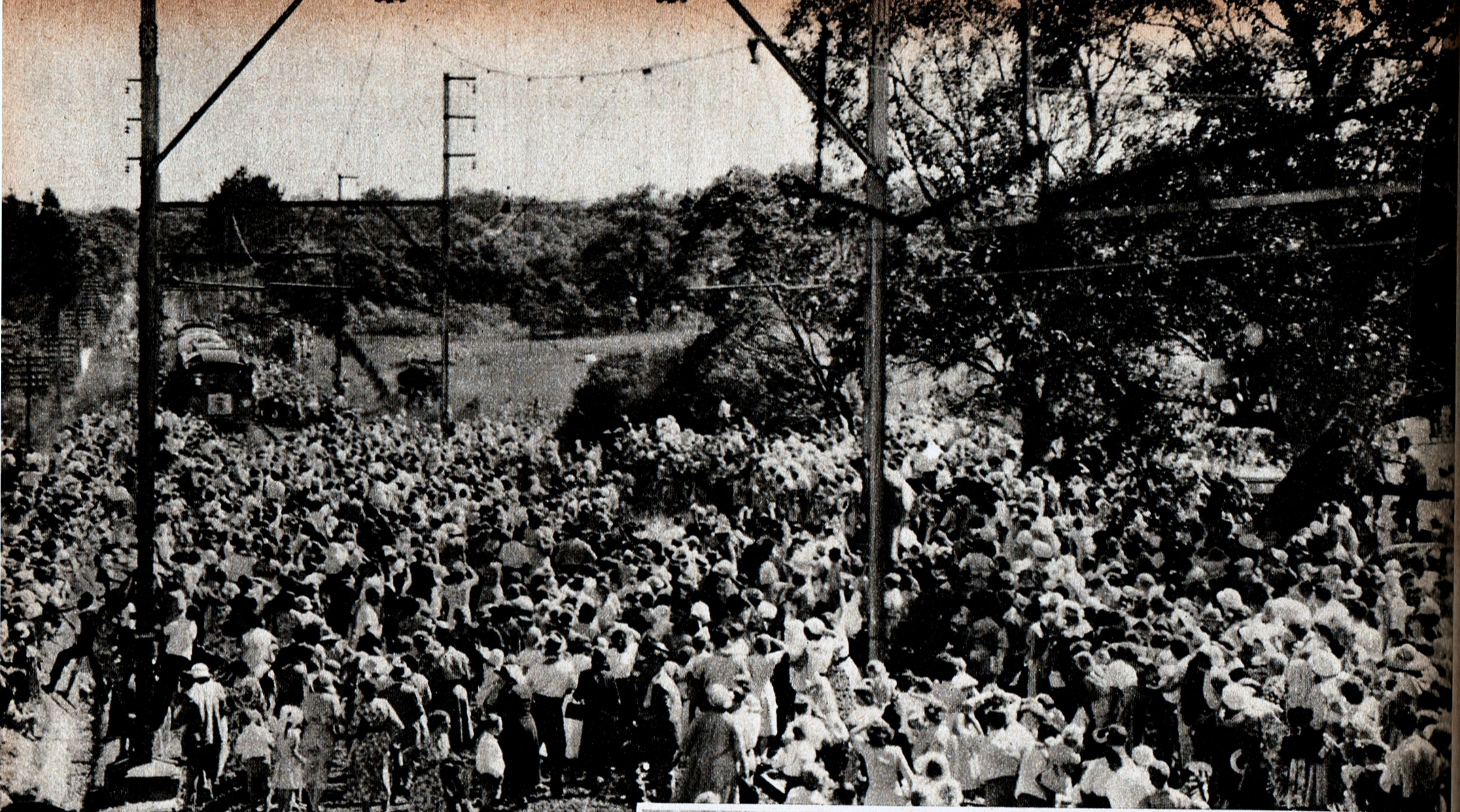




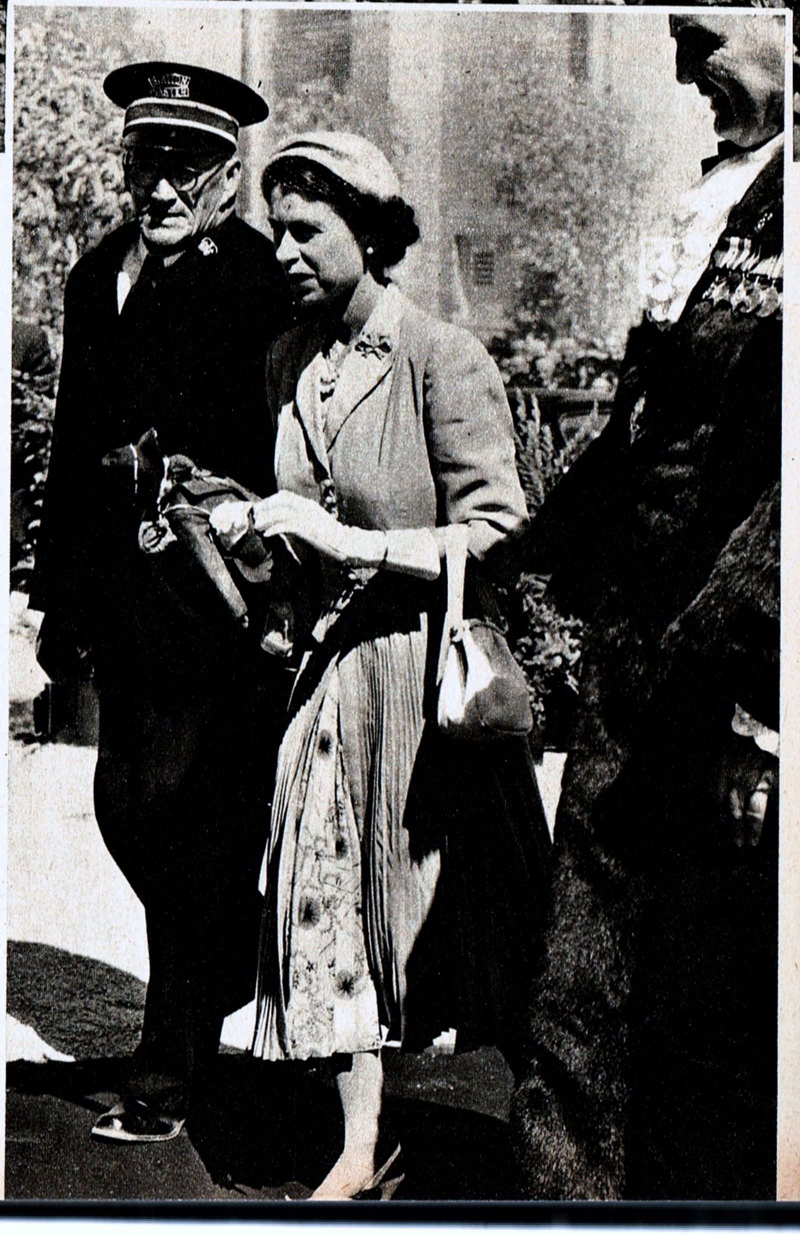
ROYAL COUPLE ON THE DAIS *during the Royal Ball at the Exhibition Building with the Lord Mayor of Melbourne, Councillor H. R. Solly, and Mrs. Solly. About 70 people were presented to the Queen and the Duke during the evening.*

BALCONY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE *(below) makes a setting for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as they acknowledge the cheers of guests at the garden party on the lawns below. Six thousand people attended the function.*

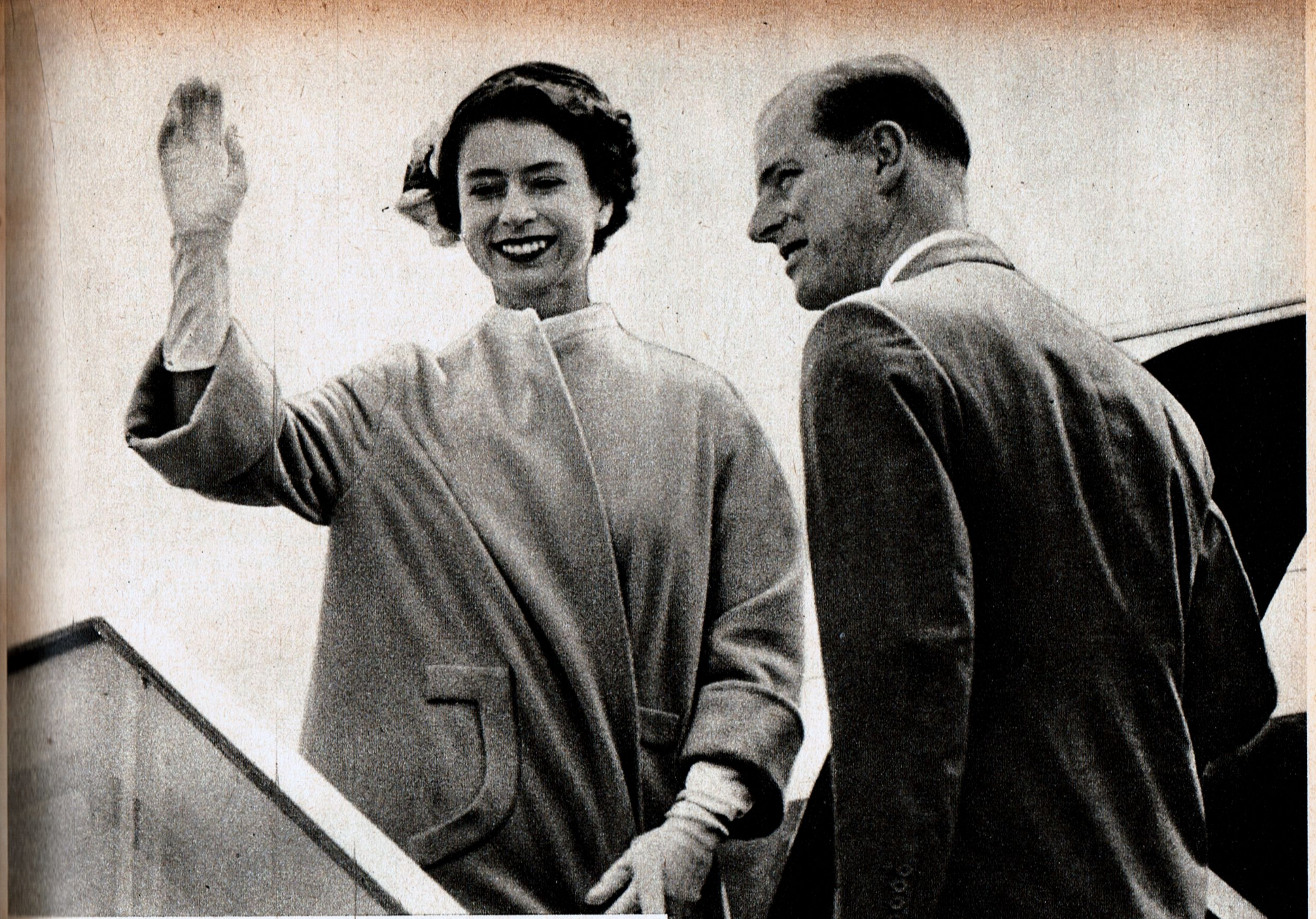


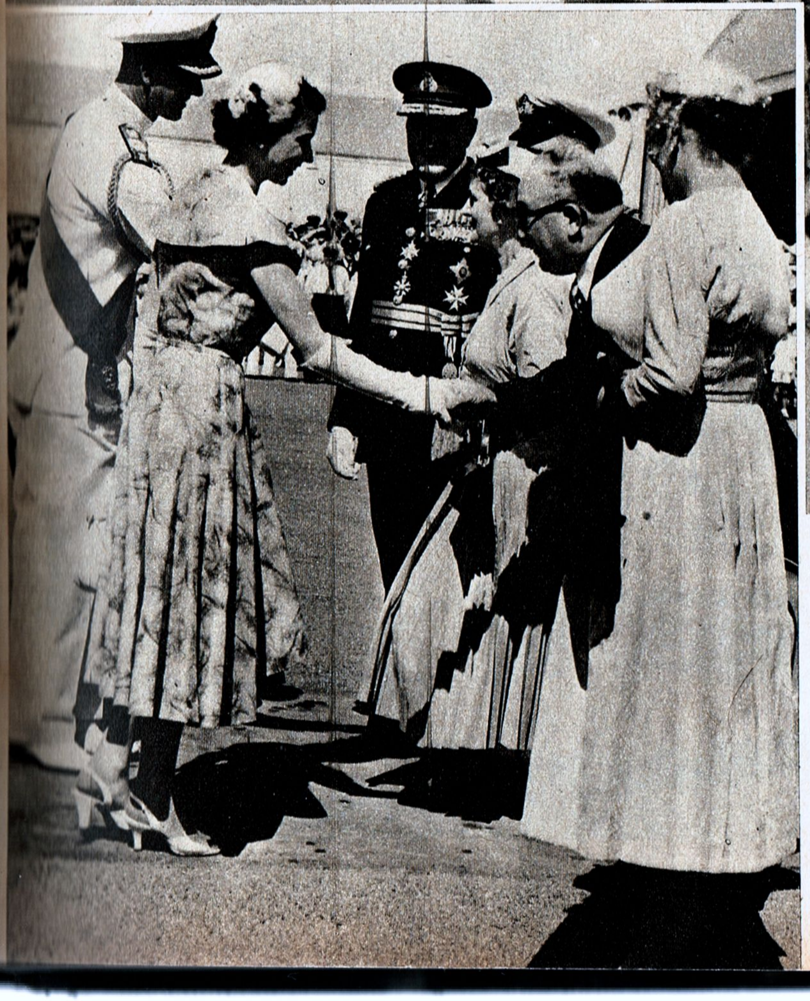


TYPICAL of the scenes repeated countless times during the Royal couple's journey through the Victorian countryside was (above) the crowd converging on the Royal train between Warburton and Melbourne.



HOLDING a rag doll (right) which had been presented to her, the Queen walks with the stationmaster along the platform at Echuca. At this stage the tour was especially demanding, but the Queen, though much thinner, showed no fatigue.





GOODBYE MELBOURNE, HELLO BRISBANE.
Above: At the conclusion of the Victorian tour the Queen, with the Duke, waves goodbye to Melbourne from the plane steps at Essendon airport. At left: Her Majesty is greeted by the Premier of Queensland, Mr. V. C. Gair, and Mrs. Gair, after the plane had touched down at Eagle Farm airport, to begin the tour of Queensland.

Queensland

If the words to describe Melbourne are "handsome and dignified," then the cliche most often applied to Brisbane, capital of Queensland, is "big-hearted and friendly tropic city of the north." This designation is apt to arouse the residents of Brisbane to ejaculations of scorn at the ignorance of those who speak it. In one respect, in fact, the phrase *is* inaccurate. Brisbane is not a tropic city. It lies 390 miles south of the imaginary line of Capricorn. Visitors from cooler parts can be forgiven, though, if they wrongly identify the unaccustomed heat, the informality of the dressing, the houses built on high blocks, and the brilliant flashes of color from the flowering trees. As well, visitors to Brisbane are so often overwhelmed with warm, ungrudging hospitality that it becomes the easiest thing in the world to forget about geography in making a description of the place. The Brisbane of the hot afternoon dated March 9, 1954, contained 100,000 people eager to give a super-A-plus Queensland welcome to the two most distinguished people ever to come to it. The women in cotton dresses, the many men in shirt sleeves (with handkerchiefs over their heads), the children in large shady hats combined to shout their welcome to Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to the skies.

The nine-day tour of Queensland, which began so auspiciously, continued in brilliance and gaiety – and it was enlivened by a succession of unrehearsed, diverting incidents that added to the State's fame for being both openhanded and easy-going.

To alight at Eagle Farm airport from the Constellation which had flown her from Melbourne the Queen had discarded the warm, loose woollen coat she had needed in the south. Wearing a dress of palest blue silk organza, covered with a muted black "pen and ink" feathery design, and a matching hat of softly curling feathers, she was received by the State Governor, Sir John Lavarack, and the Premier, Mr. V. C. Gair. Brisbane struck its first note of originality right at the airport. There was a guard of honor of 20,000 children: Scouts, Cubs, Brownies, Junior Red Cross members, and groups of New Australians. Two of the Wolf Cubs, who apparently felt they couldn't see the Royal visitors properly from where they were drawn up, detached themselves from the main body and wandered out on to the tarmac. They circled about the official party from a distance of only five yards, subjecting everybody to the closest scrutiny. Nobody bothered to send them back. These two lads aroused only amusement. A "child incident" on the following day was to cause something close to a sensation.

The route of the ten-and-a-quarter-mile long Royal Progress to Government House took Her Majesty and the Duke to the Exhibition Ground, where they were given a civic reception, and past the classic Shrine of Remembrance, where they laid a wreath.

No opening of the State Parliament appeared on the Queen's schedule of engagements in Queensland, the reason being that the House was already in session. Instead, a State reception was held in the now-disused Legislative Council Chamber. (The Upper House in Queensland was abolished many years ago.) The reception went off with impressive pomp and circumstance. Brisbane had never seen a scene of such spectacular proportions. The 1200 guests arrived under a blaze of arc lights; the entire spread of the Parliamentary gardens was lit with strings of colored lights; and the crowds pressed to the railings and the barricades had a cheer for everyone. However, inside the House it was almost unbearably hot. The heat and the strain of the long day made their showing on Lady Pamela Mountbatten, who several times had to grip the back of the chair in front of which the Queen was

ROYAL THANKS FOR CREW. At Eagle Farm airport (right) the Queen shakes hands with air hostess Marjorie de Tracy on arrival.

THE DUKE (below) eases the collar of his Admiral's uniform against the Brisbane heat as he and the Queen drive into the city from Eagle Farm. As in other capital cities, enthusiastic, cheering crowds lined all the Royal Progress.

AT THE OFFICIAL LUNCHEON at Parliament House Her Majesty turns to talk to the Queensland Premier, Mr. V. C. Gair. She wore a chartreuse silk dress with two large diamond brooches pinned on the left lapel and a small chartreuse hat.

DENBURG LINE ANZAC COCO

DURING THE ROYAL PROGRESS the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh laid a wreath on Brisbane's Shrine of Remembrance in the centre of the city. Here, they are walking towards the Shrine from the Royal car. At the Shrine they were met by the R.S.S.A.I.L.A. State President, Sir Raymond Huish. The Royal Progress then continued to Government House.

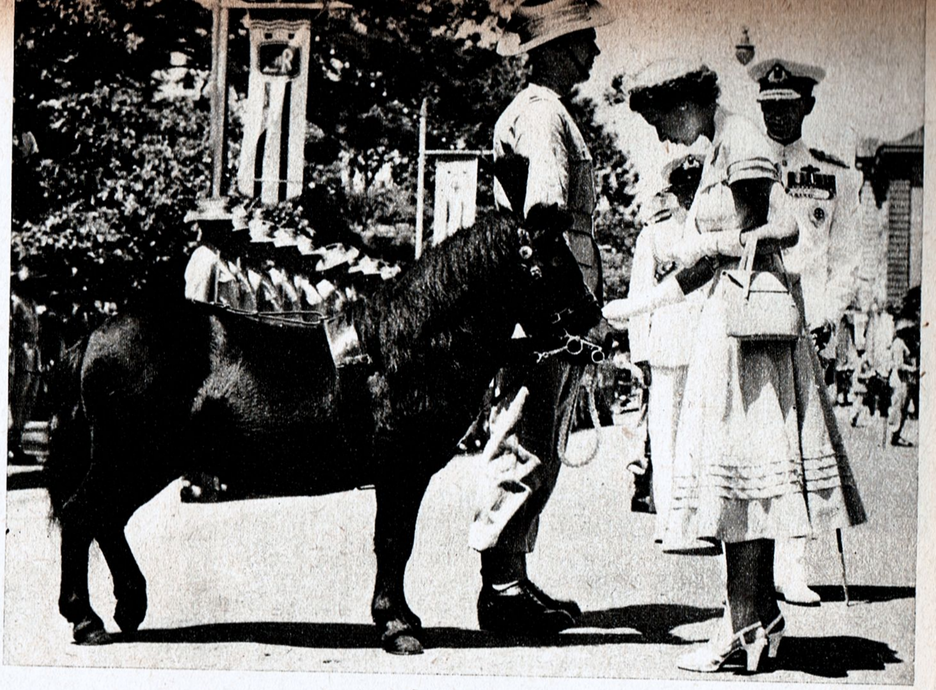
standing, as if to steady herself. But Her Majesty, with her amazing vitality, shook hands with 300 guests.

A 15-year-old schoolgirl managed to insinuate herself and her mother into the wonderful vantage place of the Press gallery during the reception. This enterprising girl had been picked as a "reporter" to cover the Royal tour in Brisbane for a children's radio session. After some fast, persuasive talking, Parliament House officials allowed her and her mother into the House—though neither had tickets of admission.

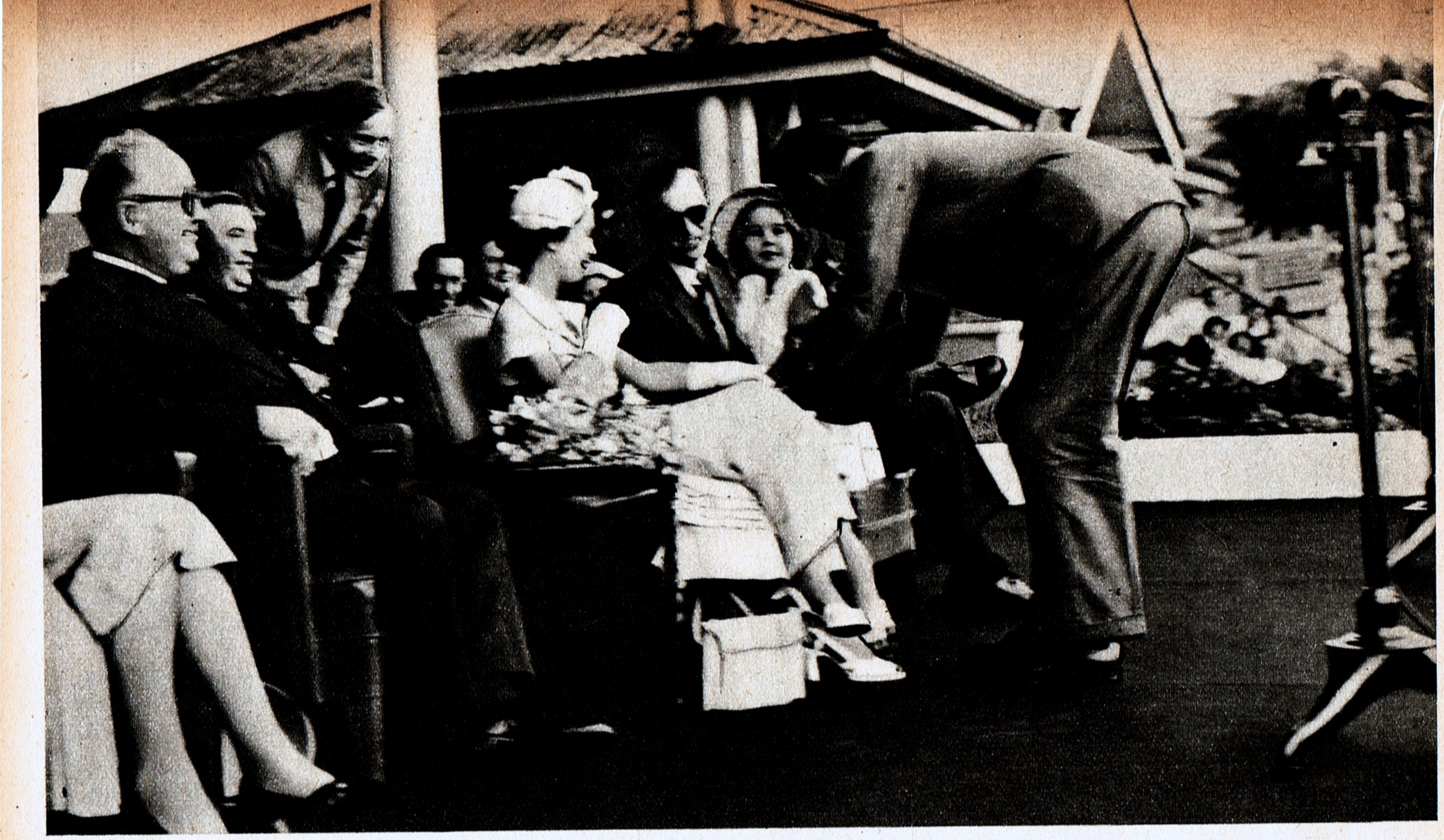
The Queen and the Duke visited Parliament House again the next morning for an investiture and a Parliamentary luncheon. En route they went to St. John's Cathedral for a special service of morning prayer. In the afternoon was listed a children's display at the Exhibition Ground; and it was here that the younger generation of Queensland made an impression on the Royal tour of the State for the third time.

While the Queen and the Duke were intently watching the children's display, a brown-eyed, 4½-year-old tot named Narelle Dick slipped away from her mother in a stand and sat on the steps behind the Royal dais. Before anyone realised what she was doing she walked on to the dais and stood in front of the Queen. Steadying herself by grabbing hold of the right leg of the Duke of Edinburgh's trousers, she climbed on to Her Majesty's knee. Then she put her arms around the Queen's neck—and tried to kiss the "lovely lady". Her Majesty smiled and gently set Narelle on her feet, and held her until the Royal bodyguard, Superintendent T. J. Clark, ran on to the dais. Superintendent Clark picked up Narelle, who kicked and struggled as he carried her away. "You go back to your mother," he said. Narelle fled to her mother's arms and burst into tears. Mrs. Dick in her distress tried to comfort her daughter and take a headache powder at the same time. "My heart stood still when she went up and put her arms around the Queen," said Mrs. Dick. "When she rushed back to me after the detective had carried her away, she said, 'I just

FRIENDLY PAT (right) from the Queen for Private Septimus, Shetland pony mascot of the 1st Battalion R.A.R., on parade with his battalion guard of honor when Her Majesty and the Duke arrived at Parliament House on March 9.

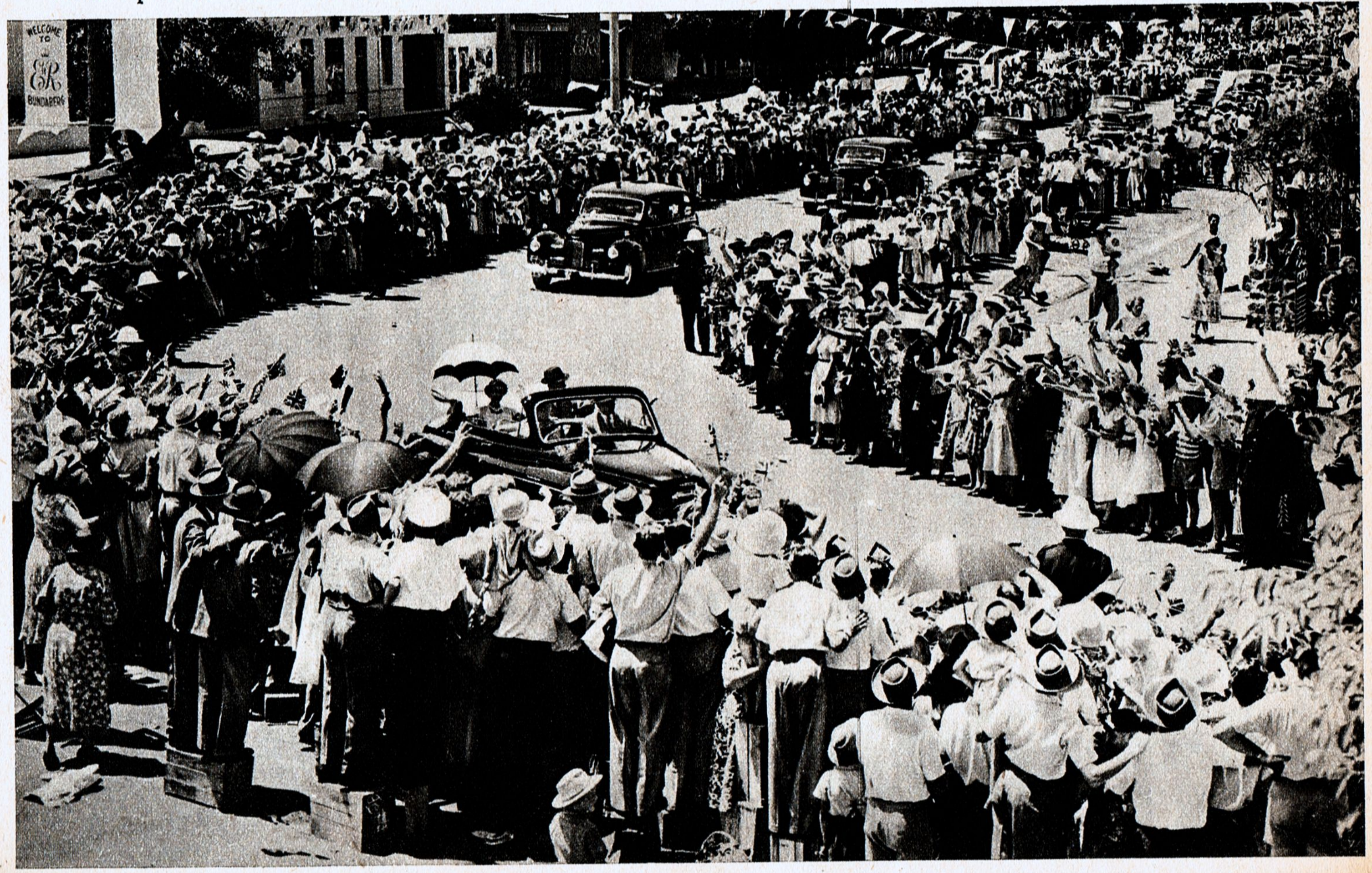


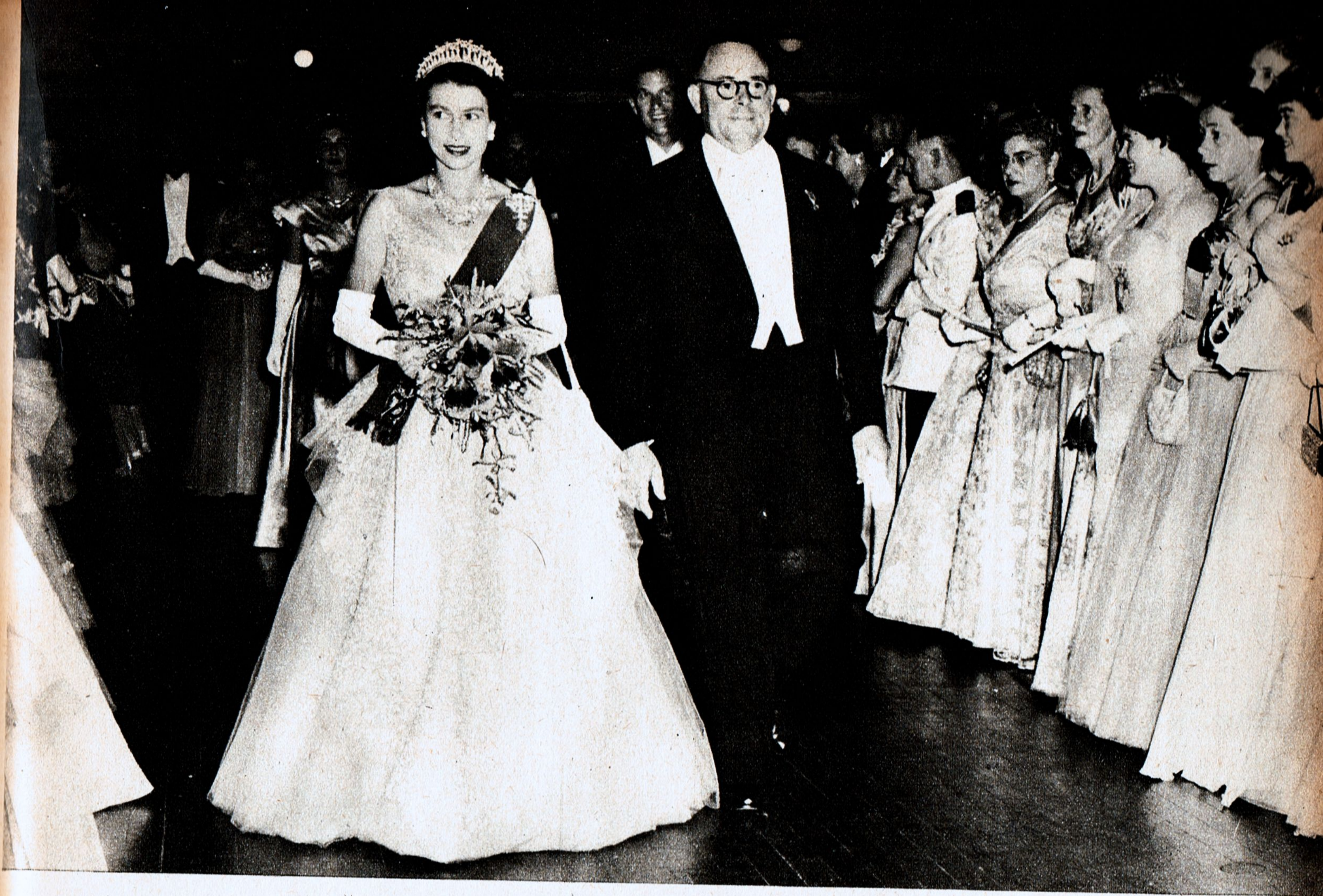
DURING A VISIT (below) to St. John's Cathedral to attend Divine Service, the Royal couple stop to see a scale model of the new cathedral as it will be when completed. With the Queen is Archbishop R. Halse; the Dean of Brisbane, the Rev. D. Taylor, is with the Duke.



NARELLE DICK, *aged 4½ (above), is removed by Royal bodyguard Superintendent Clark from the Queen's side at the Exhibition Ground, Brisbane. Narelle made world headlines when she slipped away from her mother in a stand, walked up to the dais and threw her arms round the Queen.*

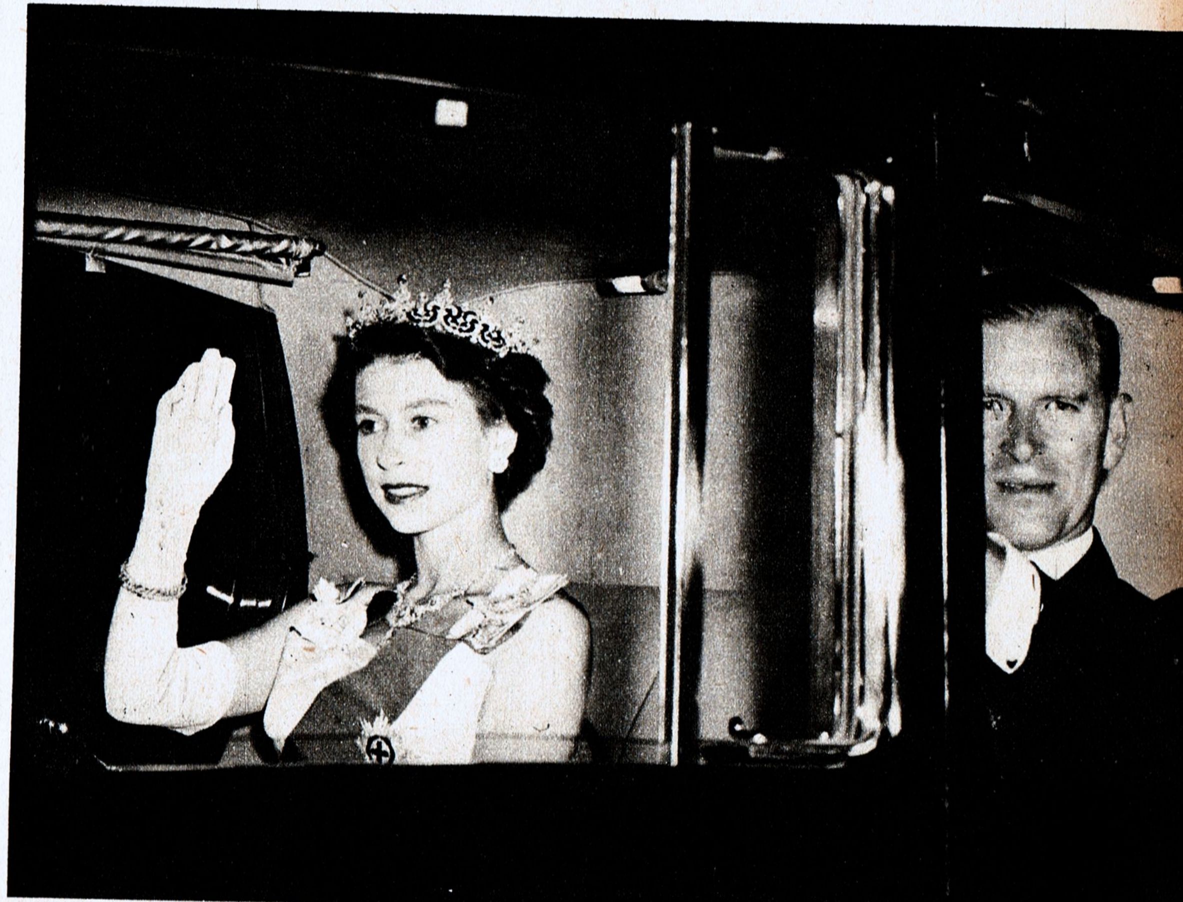
CHEERING CROWDS *(below), the women in informal cottons, the men in shirtsleeves, welcome the Queen and the Duke to Bundaberg. They shared the excitement of every place in Australia when visited by the Queen and climbed trees and stood on boxes in order to get a glimpse of her.*

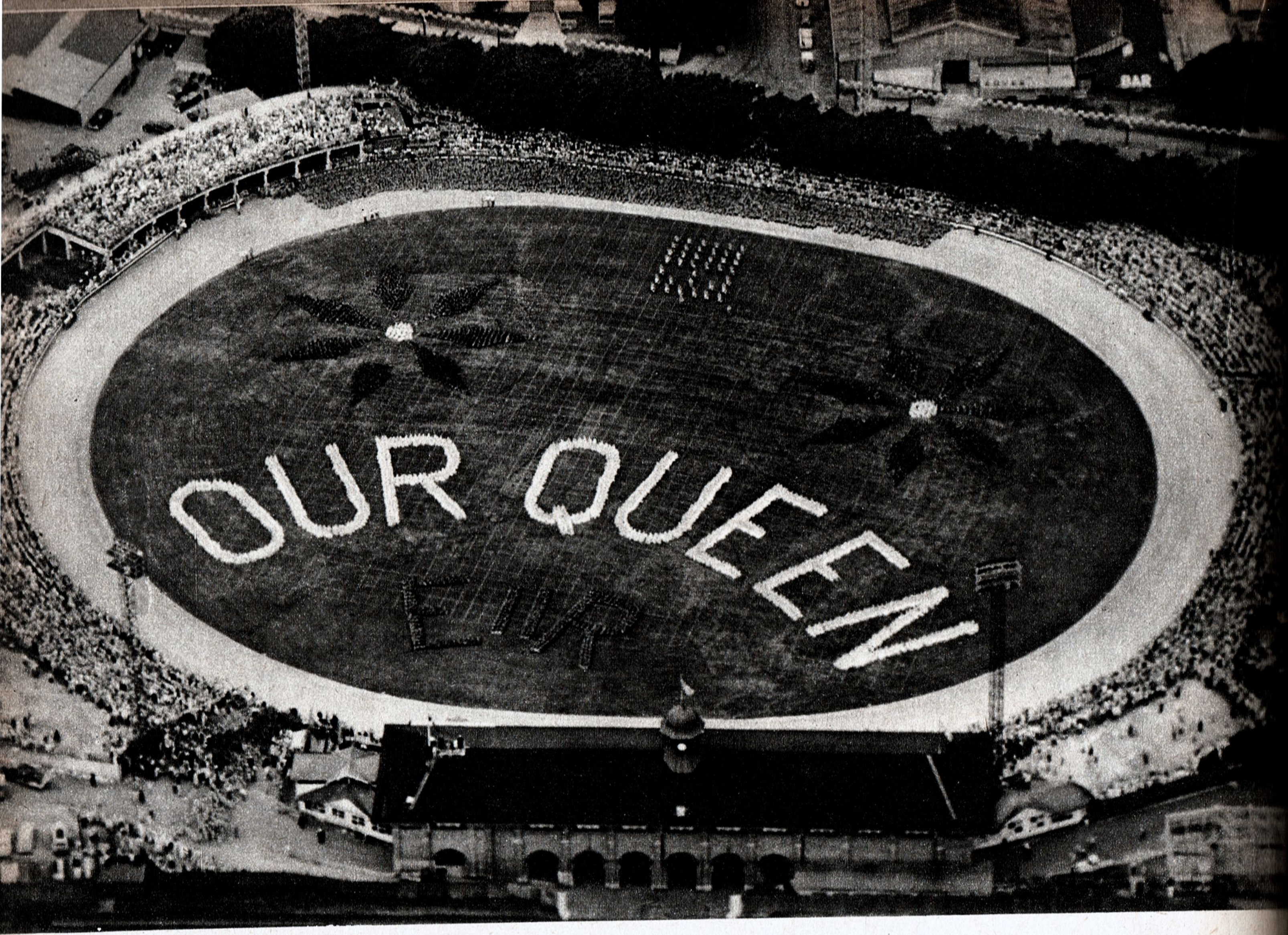




NO CURTSIES *but warm admiring smiles for the Queen (above) as, with the Premier, Mr. Gair, she walks through a laneway of guests at the Lord Mayor's Ball, Brisbane. Her Majesty wore an enchanting ball gown of sky-blue tulle and apron-drapes of matching diamente-embroidered blue lace*

ROYAL COUPLE *(right) wave to the thronging crowds from their brightly lit car as they drive to Parliament House, Brisbane, for the State Reception. The Queen was in cream satin trimmed with roses and green leaves.*





AERIAL VIEW of the impressive tableau staged by 10,000 children during the monster rally in the Exhibition Ground arena for the Royal couple. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh watched the display intently from the Royal Box with evident appreciation. "Our Queen" was white, "E II R" blue, and the red poinsettias were authentically yellow-centred.

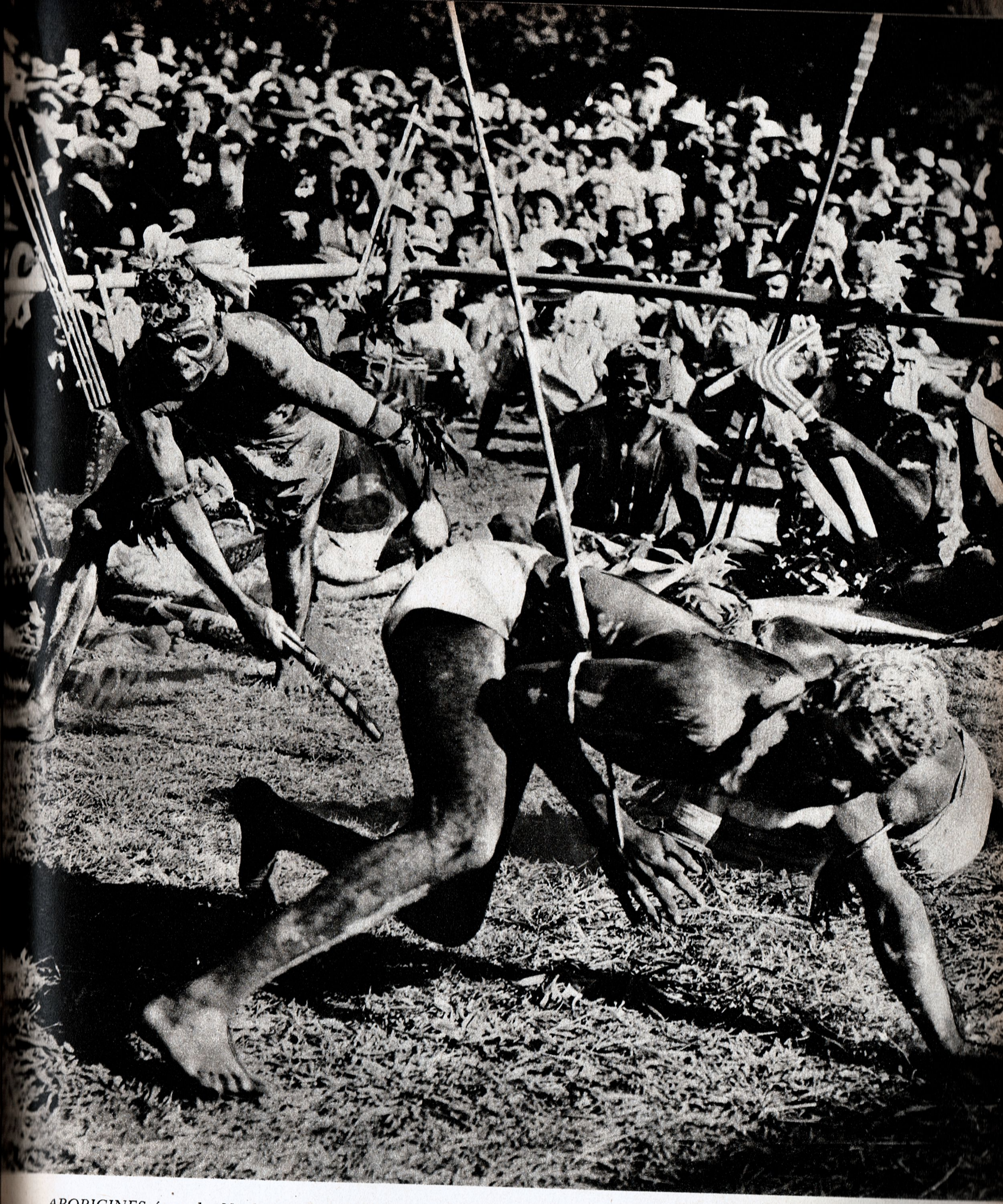
wanted to kiss the Queen, mummy.' She has been talking about the Queen ever since the Coronation." Narelle's father, who is a schoolteacher, saw his offspring's clamber to fame from the arena. He was in charge of a group of children taking part in the display.

Yet another child toddled into the Royal limelight the following day during the performance of an aborigines' dance at Toowoomba. This youngster, the 21-months-old twin son of an alderman who a little while earlier had been presented to the Queen, wandered on to the dais trailing his "kiddie harness." He had broken away while his grandmother, who was minding him, was getting the other twin a drink of water. In the midst of watching the natives mime a wallaby hunt, the Duke suddenly noticed a tiny hand on his knee. His Royal Highness smartly about-faced the truant, and handed him to the Premier, who passed him to a policeman.

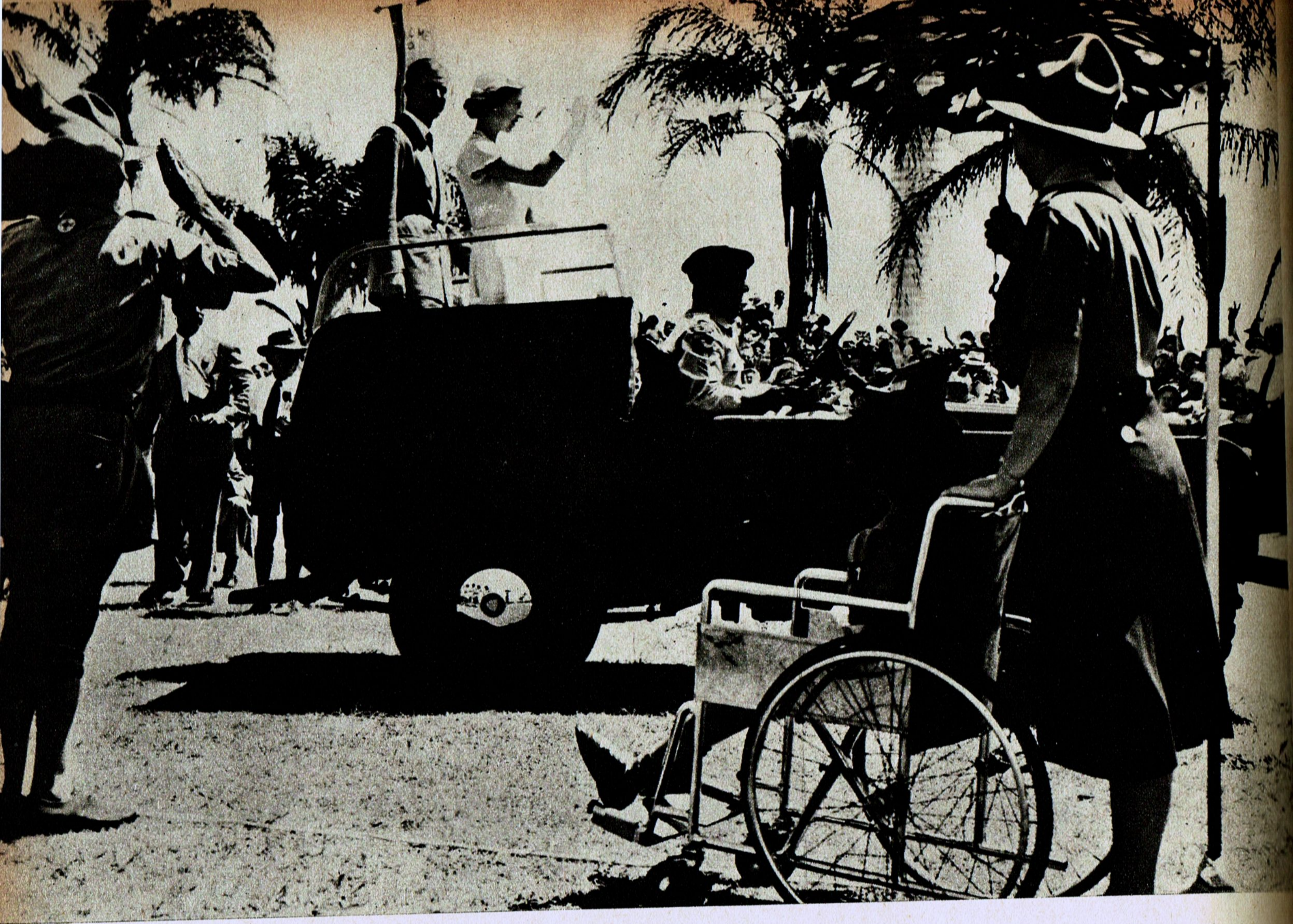
This last episode really had tour officials worried. While the world laughed in fond amusement (and there seems no doubt that Her Majesty and the Duke were secretly both touched and amused) the organisers expressed themselves as being "greatly concerned." They went into a huddle and planned elaborate precautions to prevent a recurrence. "Operation Infant" was a success. For the rest of the Queensland visit, errant youngsters were kept in check—more or less.

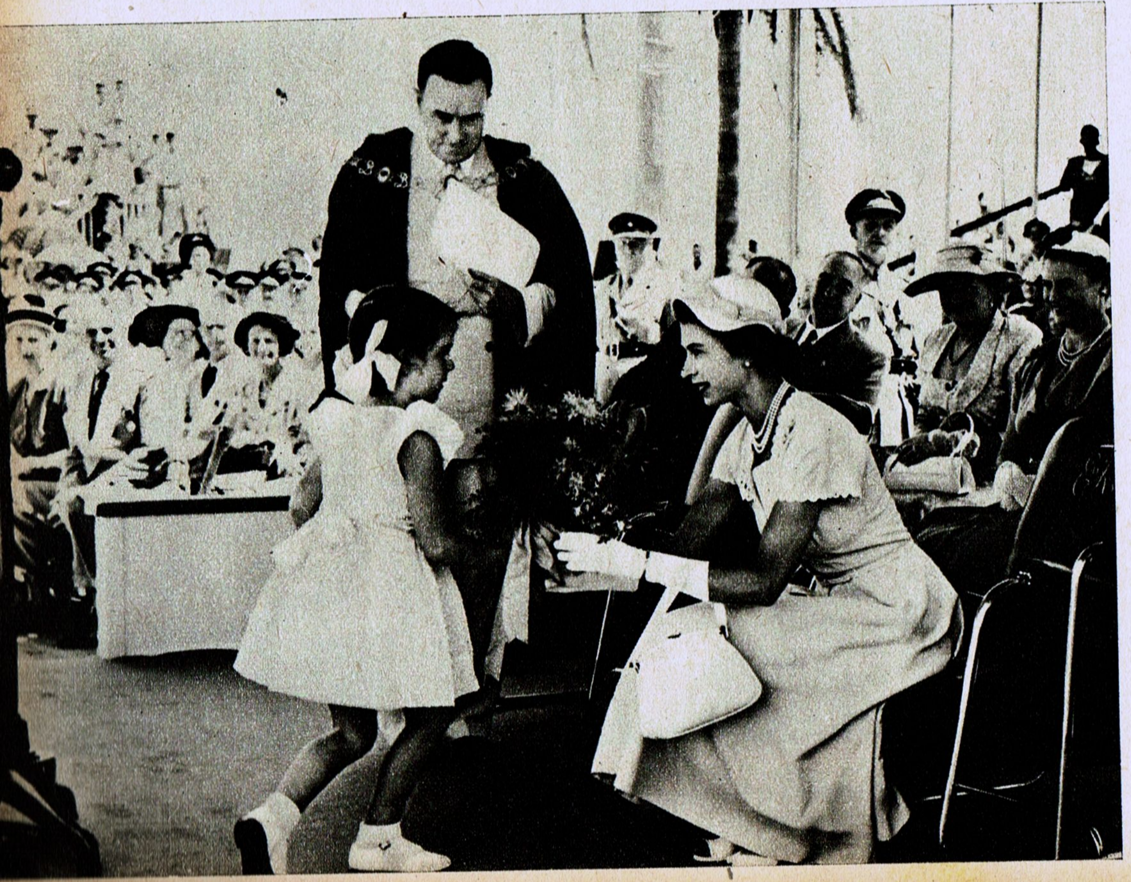
In between the diversion provided by the two children was the Civic Ball at the Brisbane City Hall on the night of March 10—the most original evening entertainment that the Royal visitors had encountered up to that time in Australia. The official dais was set in front of a representation of a Queensland rain forest, complete with tropical flowers and foliage. There was a waterfall to boot. All this was arresting enough, but what really took the Queen's and the Duke's eye was a simulated gum tree which provided a temporary home for eight koalas, fully grown, and a baby koala. Her Majesty was really excited by the sight of the live "teddy bears." As soon as the Royal pair arrived at the ball they walked straight over to the gum tree and started searching for the koalas among the foliage. They stood there for several minutes before reluctantly taking their seats. They kept turning their heads towards the perch where the non-dancing furry guests were clinging, and at one stage the Duke could contain his curiosity no longer. He went over for a second look.

The programme on the following day, which included a



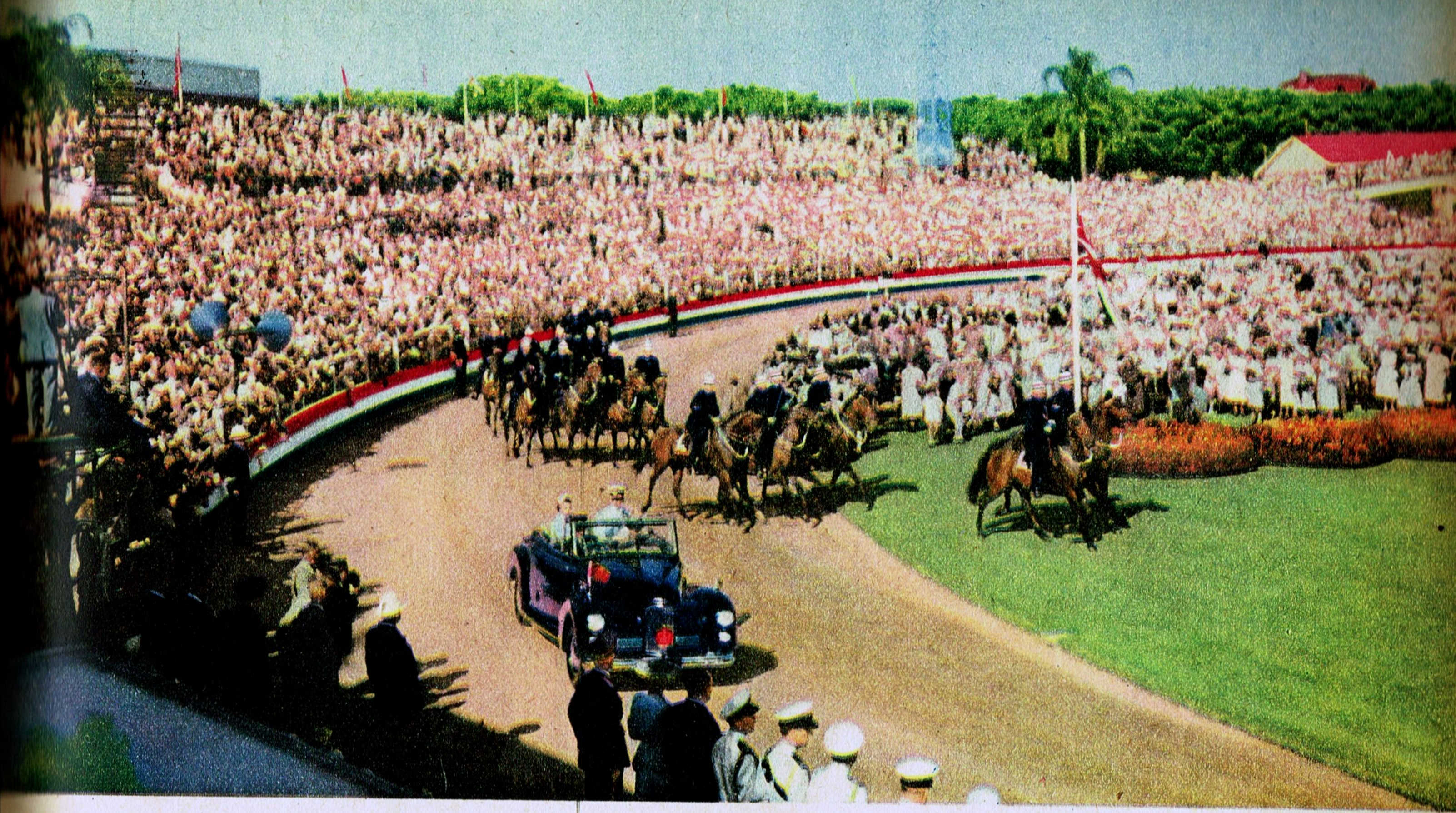
ABORIGINES from the Northern Territory who performed intricate tribal dances for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during the display in Queen's Park, which was part of Toowoomba's Royal welcome. To see the Royal couple people travelled by rail and road from as far outback as Cunnamulla (400 miles), thereby trebling the local population of 40,000.





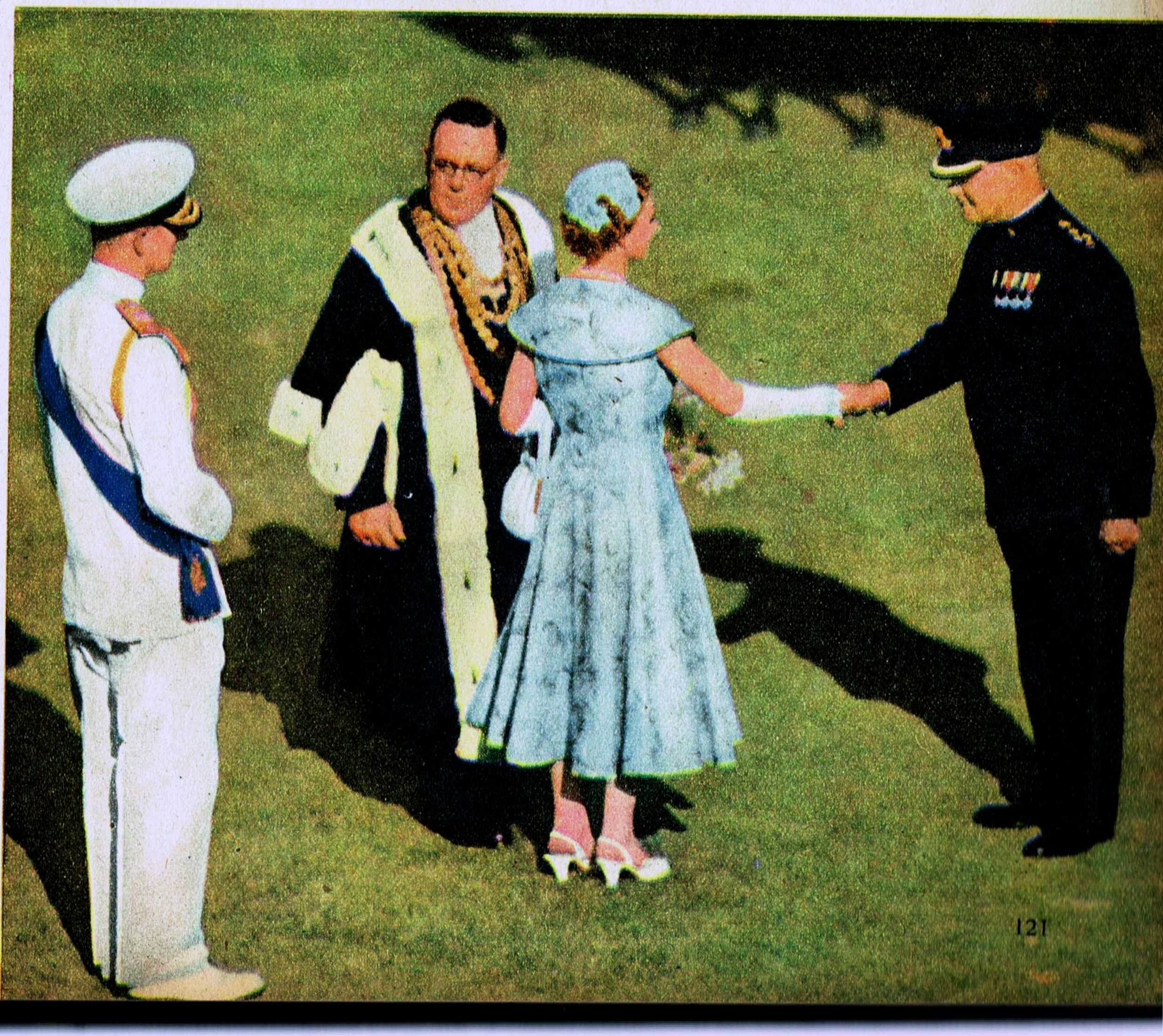
POLIO SUFFERER (above) Neralyn ("Neddy") Memmott, aged 9, catches the Duke's attention as he and the Queen drive round Bundaberg Showground. Neddy was placed at the end of the Sea Scouts' section of the 10,000 assembled children. Her father is an ex-U.S. Army man.

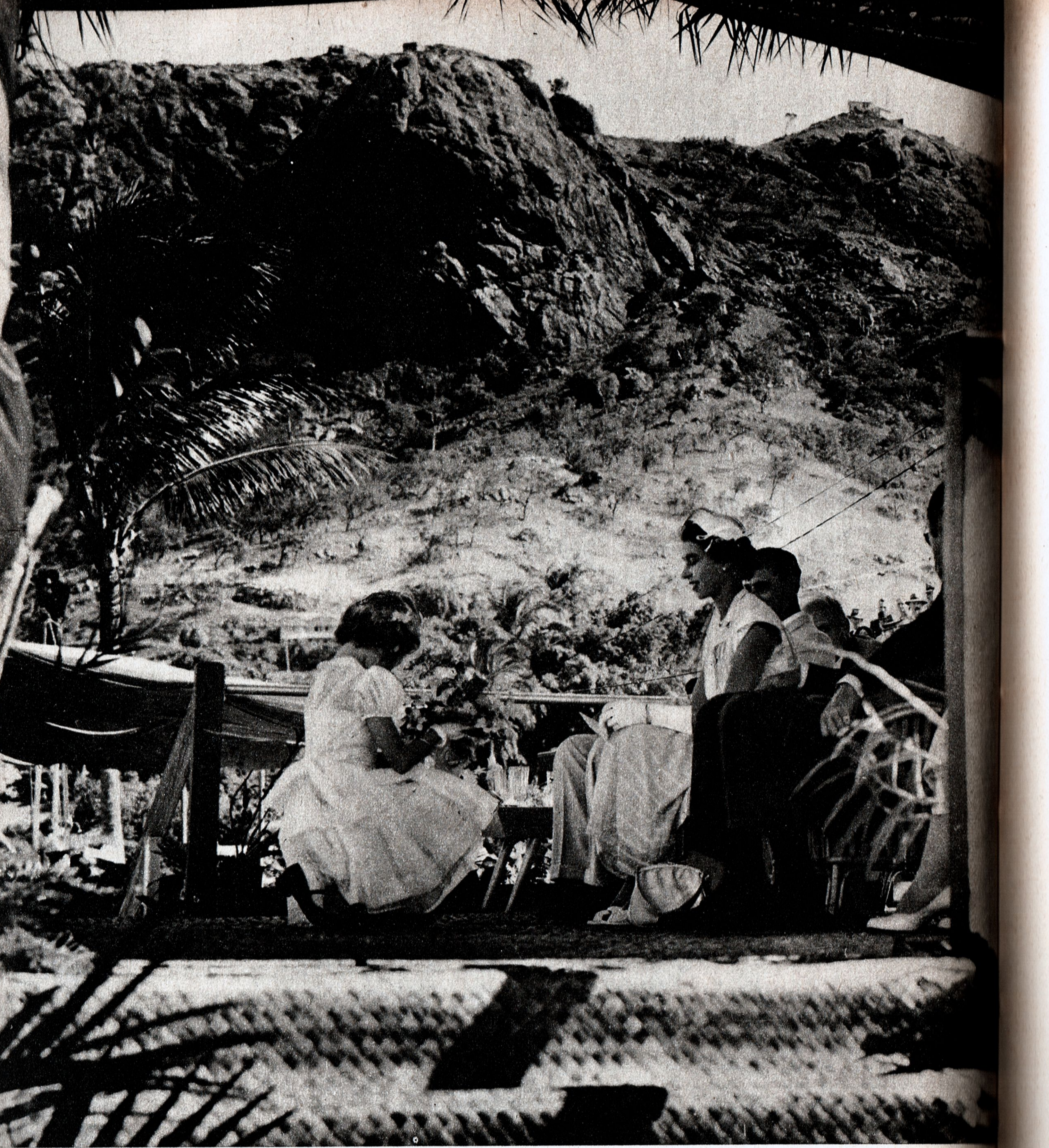
WITH SOLICITOUS pride (left) the Mayor of Bundaberg, Alderman F. H. Buss, watches his five-year-old daughter, Bettina, present a bouquet to the Queen. Her Majesty's tender smile recalled the words of her letter home: "If only my children were here, it would be perfect."



ROYAL CAVALCADE (above) wheels on to the green at the Exhibition Ground for the civic welcome to the Queen on March 9. The smiling Royal couple, a shining day, and immaculate mounted police escort on their well-groomed horses combined to give Brisbane a magnificent spectacle.

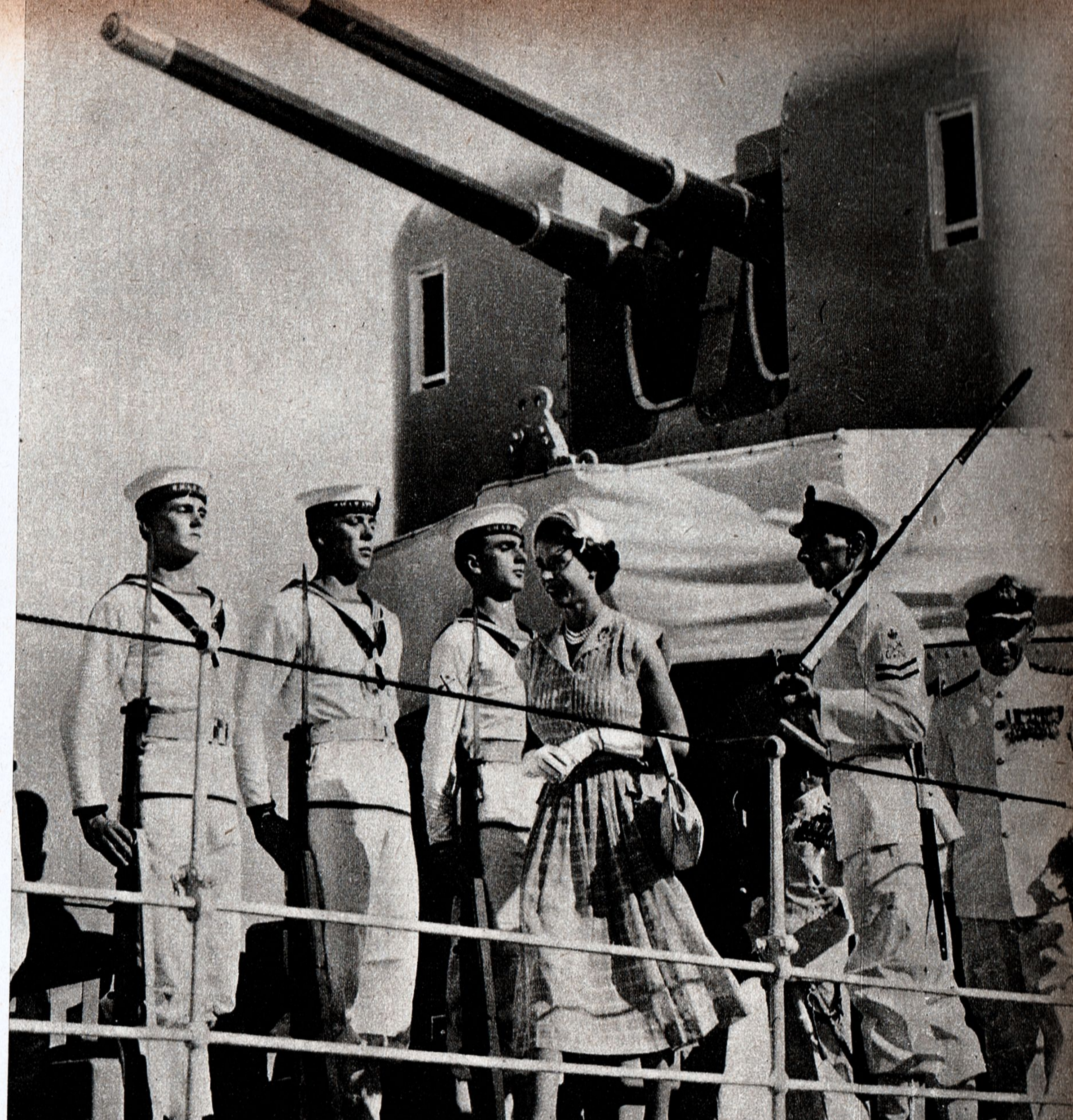
POLICE Commissioner Mr. J. Smith (right) is presented to Her Majesty and the Duke by the Lord Mayor of Brisbane, Alderman F. E. Roberts, at the civic welcome at the Exhibition Ground.





AT TOWNSVILLE the Queen, fresh and slender in a simple blue and white nylon summer dress, receives a bouquet from Robyn Breinl, nine-year-old daughter of the Deputy Mayor, Alderman Breinl, and Mrs. Breinl. Fine matting replaced the usual red carpet for the civic welcome at the Sports Reserve. An impressive backdrop was Castle Hill.

ROYAL COUPLE embark in H.M.A.S. Anzac at Townsville Wharf after their four-hour visit to the city. From Anzac the Queen and the Duke transhipped to Gothic and sailed in her for their day's visit to Cairns the following day and a subsequent short tour of the Barrier Reef. They saw these cities and the Reef under ideal conditions of sunshine and sparkling seas.



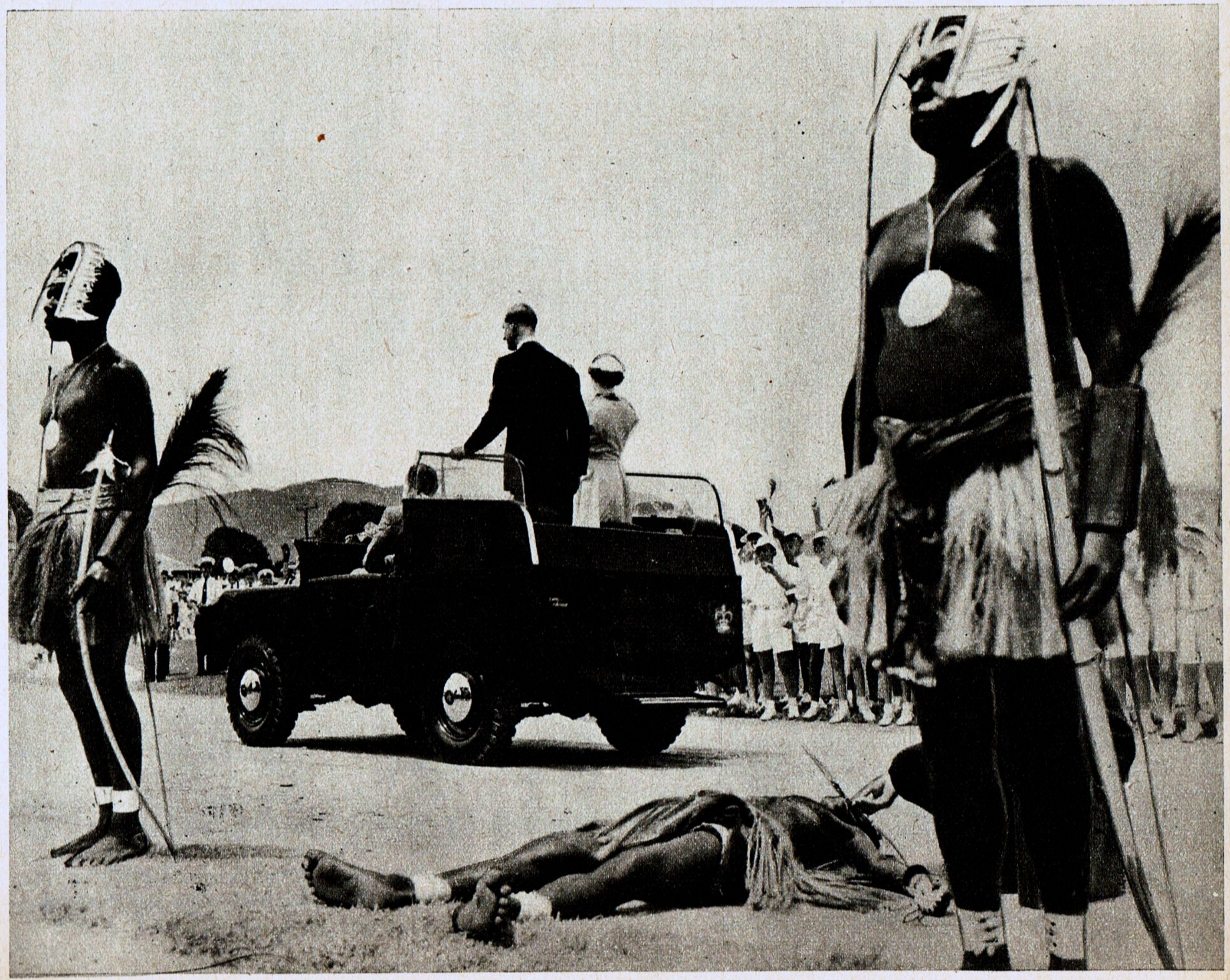
400-mile flight and a 70-mile trip by car, took in the cities of Bundaberg and Toowoomba, and a brief visit to Oakey, 19 miles from Toowoomba. This long journey over canefields and the rich wheat-growing Darling Downs district gave the Queen, as she put it herself, "a glimpse of just how vast Australia is." She added, on her return to Brisbane that evening (looking cool and refreshed despite the heat): "What has impressed me most was the long distances people travelled to see me." To Toowoomba outback schoolchildren rode in milk trucks to be there for their Royal day; hundreds of adults journeyed for hours in lorries and in buses and saw the Queen and the Duke for only a few fleeting seconds at Oakey. But not one of them regretted the pains that they had taken for just one quick, excited look.

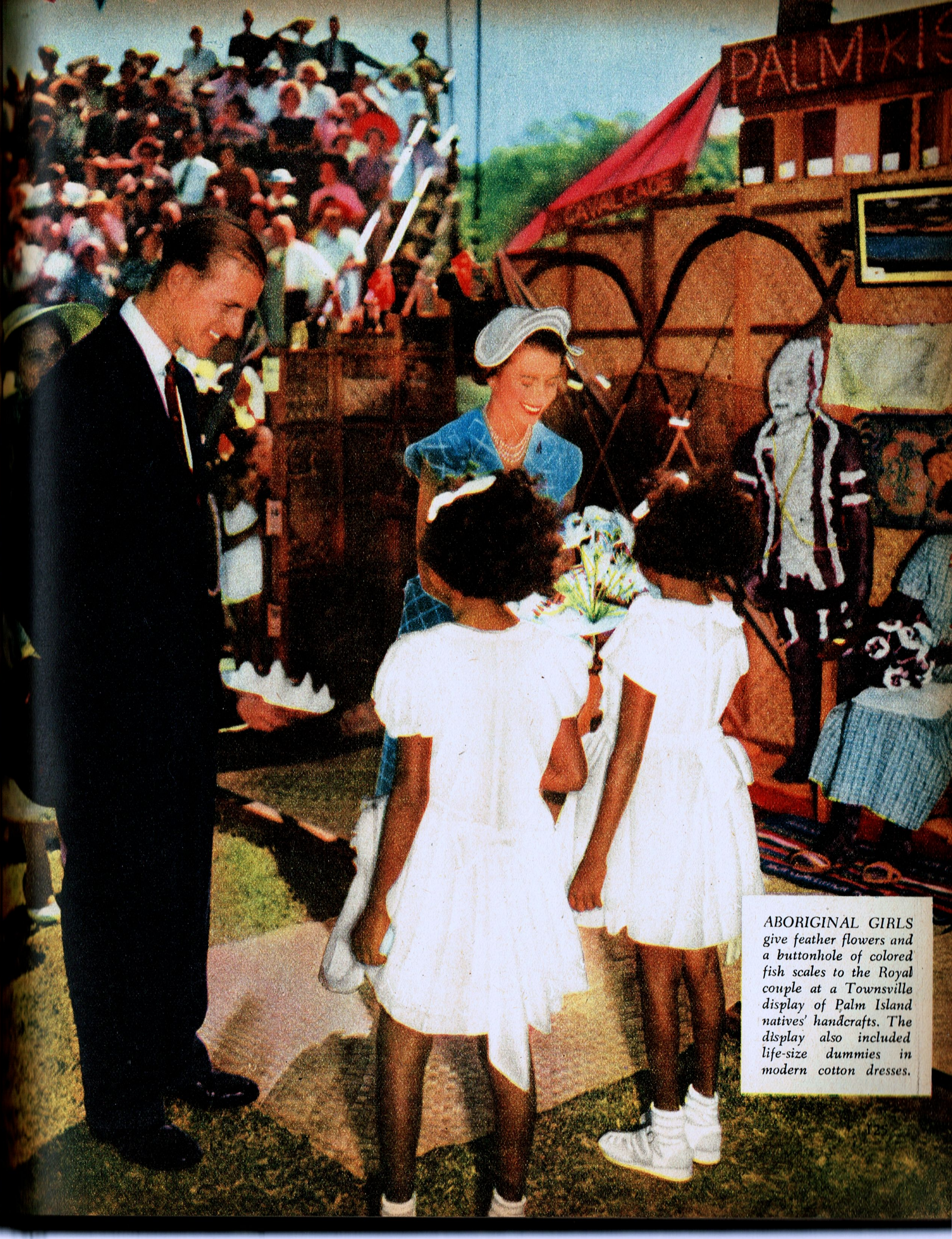
To be in Townsville on Friday, March 12, many loyal North Queenslanders travelled on horseback, tractors, and in buggies across flood-wrecked roads; nearly 1000 crossed flooded rivers in boats—the Burdekin River, 80 miles south of Townsville, and the Cape, 300 miles to the west. Then they packed into trains which arrived at the Royal rendezvous less than an hour before Her Majesty and the Duke arrived in the Constellation direct from Brisbane. Waiting in the calm tropic seas off Townsville was S.S. Gothic, ready to take the Royal couple north to Cairns, and then on a glorious brief holiday cruising through the waters of the Great Barrier Reef.

After using H.M.A.S. Anzac as a kind of super naval ferry to reach Gothic from Townsville Wharf, the Royal pair again transferred to Anzac to land right at the gateway of the caneland city of Cairns at 11.30 next morning. Among the crowds which had waited overnight at the wharf and in the streets, making carnival for the occasion, were many Italian settlers and aborigines. As well there was a contingent of Torres Strait islanders who had been flown

AT CAIRNS. *Informal picture (left) of the Queen at the Civic Reception studying her reflection in the mirror of her compact. Her Majesty is not checking her make-up, as was first suspected. She had just been shown a valuable Thursday Island pearl and was absorbed in comparing it with her stud pearl earrings and pearl necklace.*

GALLANT FAILURE. *At the Royal display in Parramatta Park, Cairns, this massive islander (below) among the Torres Strait warrior guard of honor fainted just as the Royal couple passed. He squatted at ease during the children's maypole dance, but was overcome when he tried to get up. When the Queen and the Duke approached in the land rover he began to totter, dropping his bow and arrow; but with a great effort he raised himself and was almost upright when he fainted.*





ABORIGINAL GIRLS *give feather flowers and a buttonhole of colored fish scales to the Royal couple at a Townsville display of Palm Island natives' handcrafts. The display also included life-size dummies in modern cotton dresses.*

ESCORTED by the Mayor, Alderman W. Fulton, the Queen ascends the dais at Parramatta Park, Cairns, to watch the Royal display. She looked fair and lovely in a dress of cream silk, a cream hat with tan and cream pompons, and matched shoes and bag of white leather.

to Cairns to give a sacred war dance in Parramatta Park, focal point of the celebrations. The atmosphere of moist heat and excitement proved so overpowering for one of the sturdy islanders that he collapsed. The efforts of ambulance men could not revive him, but he struggled to his feet at the sound of a war drum as the Queen and the Duke went by in their land rover. Then he passed out again.

The other major excitement of the morning occurred when the two grandstands crashed to the ground within five minutes of each other, injuring seven people, two of them seriously. The first stand fell just as schoolchildren began a maypole dance. The screams and general agitation brought the Queen to her feet in anxiety. She had barely settled down when the second one went. Her Majesty seemed most upset when she learned that people had been hurt.

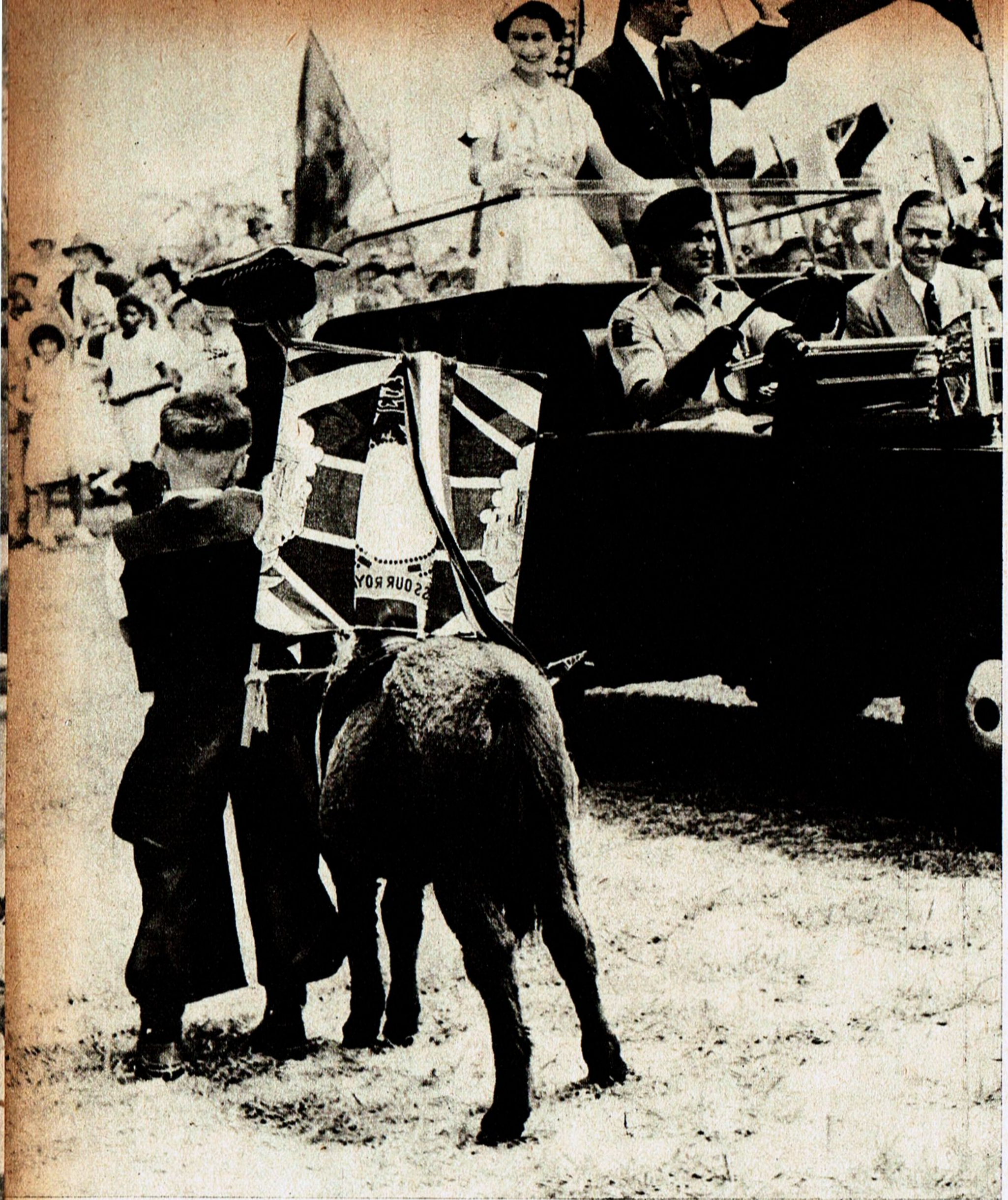
In the early afternoon the Queen and the Duke rejoined Gothic via H.M.A.S. Anzac, and began the leisurely cruise south to Mackay through the Whitsunday Passage, one of the most beautiful scenic sea trips in the world. There is a channel of aquamarine water between the Great Barrier Reef and the Queensland coast. It is studded with steeply rising, mysterious islands that sometimes seem so close that you feel you could put out your hand and touch them. Beyond the islands the reefs of brilliant coral are the home of exquisite sea life: tropical fish, clams, seaweeds, and other strange primeval growth, all of dazzling color. To view this marine wonderland Her Majesty and the Duke went exploring in a glass-bottomed dinghy and they spent a lazy afternoon ashore on the tiny paradise of Seaforth Island. The Queen wore a safari jacket and slacks, ideal garb for the occasion. The Duke was at his ease in shorts and shirt.

But at Mackay, another sugar town like Cairns, dissension rent the air on that eve of Her Majesty's visit. The Mayor of Mackay, Alderman J. Binnington, had chosen his seven-year-old granddaughter Daphne to present a bouquet to the Queen. This decision met with a great deal of opposition from the citizens; Daphne was not a local girl, but a resident of Rockhampton. Another civic father, Councillor A. McColl, aged 74, objected to the National Anthem being omitted when the Queen stepped ashore at Mackay. The arrangements were for it to be played half an hour later at the showgrounds. Accordingly, Councillor McColl organised a contingent of schoolchildren to sing the National Anthem at a point along the Royal Progress route, and then to march with the youngsters to the showgrounds to the accompaniment of a drum and fife band. Led by the strong-minded septuagenarian, the children did, in fact, sing "God Save the Queen" most loyally; but neither they, the pipe band, nor Councillor McColl made the showgrounds that day. It was assumed that they had been unable to push through the crowds.

Meanwhile, the anti-Rockhampton feeling was responsible for only polite applause when little Daphne presented her bouquet. When the Queen and the Duke climbed into their land rover to drive between the rows of schoolchildren, Alderman Binnington tried to get in with them. "No, you don't come," said the Duke. Alderman Binnington apologised, and the land rover drove off. Other events at the Mackay reception included a small boy dressed in a cowboy suit, with an appropriately decorated pony, being ordered off the grounds by a policeman. The lad was eventually allowed to stay, after an appeal had been lodged with the Queen's detective. There was also a bevy of tots dressed as gum-nut babies, wattle fairies, baby kangaroos, and other infant bush animals, who hopped from the plastic pouch

HANDS spread in true ballet style, a troop of little girls trip prettily up the dais at Mackay Showground. These fairies and assorted bush animal babies danced for the Royal couple as part of the display of the loyal welcome.

THE DUKE waves back the Mayor of Mackay, Alderman Binnington, who tried to board the land rover during the children's display at the Mackay Showground. "No, you don't come," said the Duke to the Mayor, who had mistakenly thought that he could go too.



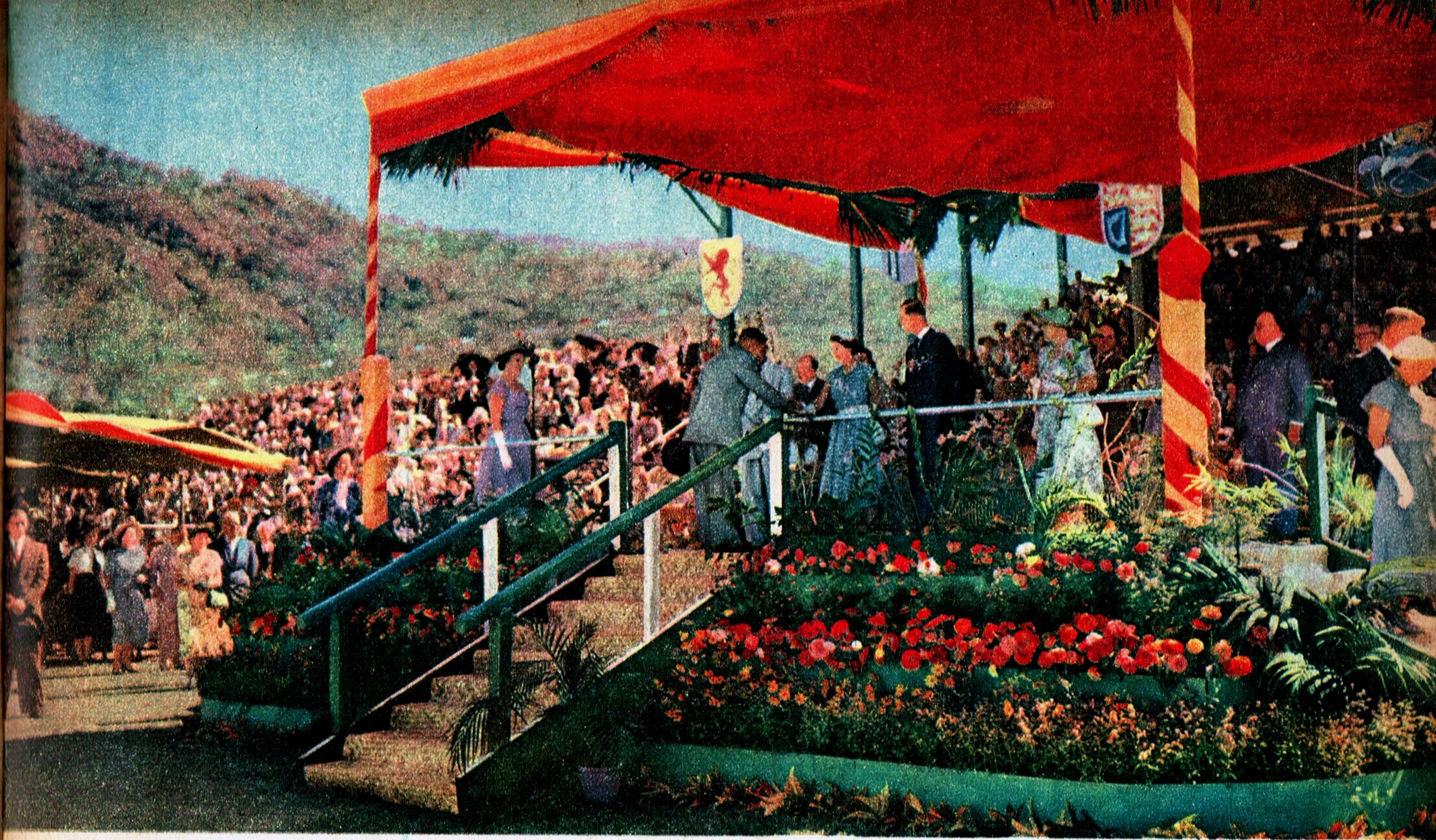
YOUNG Billy Windzah and his pony, Robin, greet the Royal visitors at Mackay Showground. Police at first ordered them to move, but they were allowed to stay. When Billy waved his red cowboy hat the Queen smiled directly at him. She exclaimed delightedly to the Duke of Edinburgh, "Look at the pony, Philip."

of a huge plywood kangaroo to dance for the visitors' delight. Later the Duke noticed a flutter of 10-year-old fairies seeking refuge from the heat under a group of palms. He ordered that they be brought out of the sun. The fairies, however, mistook his directions, and scampered on to the Royal dais. A member of the Queen's Household acted as traffic cop, and directed them around the official party, down a ramp at the other side, and into a shelter shed.

At Rockhampton, to where the Royal party flew from Mackay, a lizard was sitting on one of the plane steps as Her Majesty prepared to alight. She passed it carefully, and pointed it out to the Duke. "Come over here and have a look at this," called the Duke to the Mayor, Alderman Pilbeam. The Queen and the Duke laughed when Alderman Pilbeam said that the lizard must have been a stowaway from Mackay. Earlier, members of the Rockhampton Council had said that they would not attend Royal functions if the Mayor were present; but they were all there on the dais at the civic reception. Rockhampton also took the precaution of having an understudy to the schoolgirl who presented a bouquet to Her Majesty. This was done in case the "star" became ill. The stand-in came from neutral territory—Brisbane.

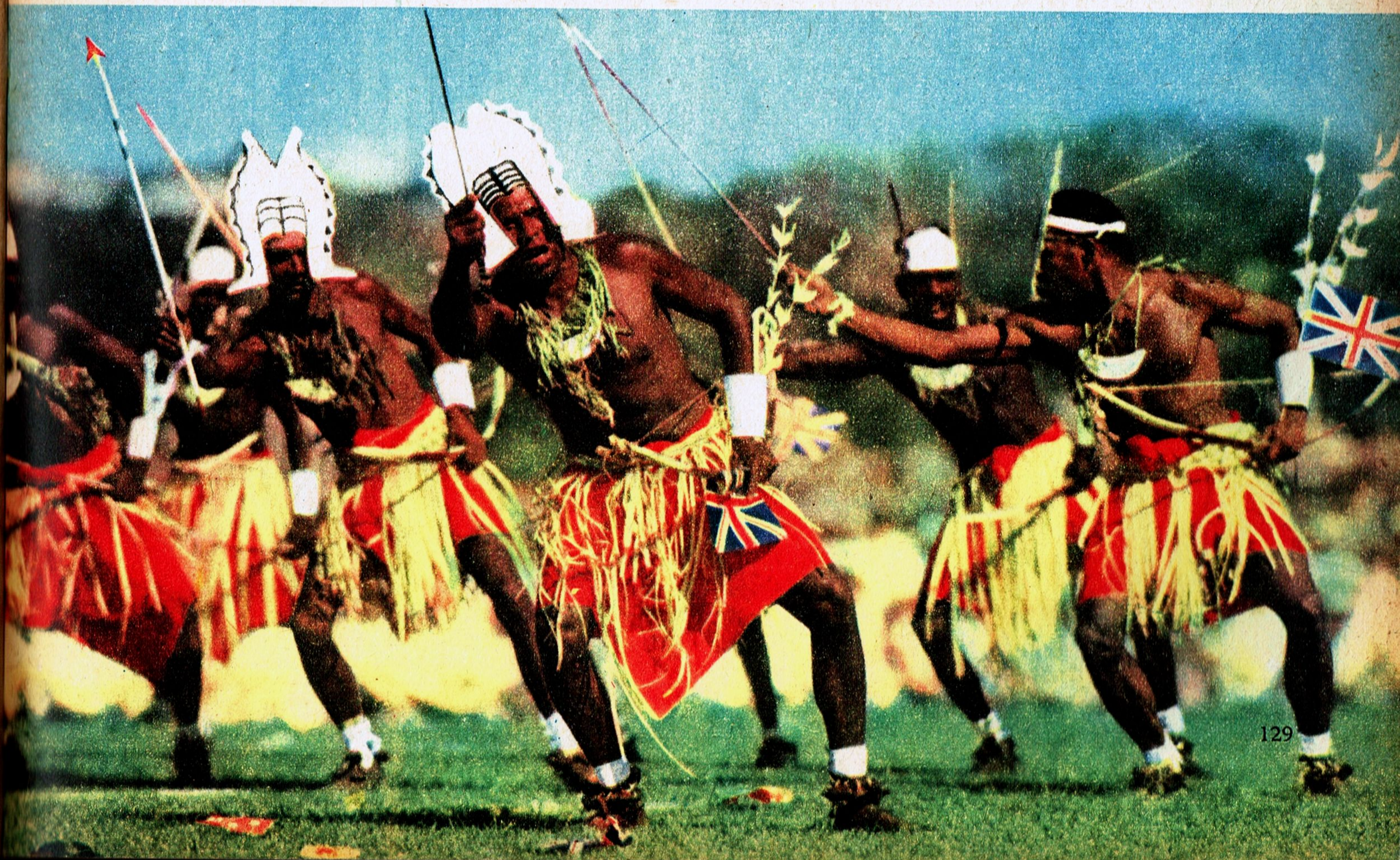
After days of preparation, an imposing afternoon tea was served to the Royal visitors. There were two cakes, made in the shape of crowns, with jelly-beans and silver cachous for jewels, and cotton-wool for ermine. But even more arresting were the sandwiches, which were cut out in the shape of maps of Australia and Queensland. A local businessman had fashioned the sandwich dies during the previous week-end. To add to the effect, the enthusiastic culinary cartographers of Rockhampton marked the State divisions on the sandwiches with vegetable extract, and as a last-minute inspiration they showed the position of their city with little bits of chopped mint.

The country tour of Queensland over, the Royal couple returned to Government House, Brisbane, that evening. The next day was free, but so that the Queen could secure some unusual animal movies to show Prince Charles and Princess Anne, a platypus, a wombat, a kangaroo, and two snakes were brought to the grounds of the Vice-Regal residence from a wild-life sanctuary. Winkie Wombat and Penny the Platypus turned out to be the stars of the movie. Penny (which lives on a diet of yabbies and worms, with a dessert of baked custard made of duck eggs, milk, and white ants) was put into a bath of water. It swam up and down energetically, frequently bumping its rubbery bill on the ends of the bath. When the Queen saw Penny's bill bend she cried: "Good heavens! I thought the platypus had a hard bill like a bird." Winkie the Wombat entranced the Queen. It waddled between her feet and under a parked car, emerging a little later with its fur covered in grease. There was also an educated pony called Topsy which staggered the Duke by correctly answering questions he put to it. "How many buttons has the lady got on her dress?" he asked the pony, pointing to Lady Pamela Mountbatten. Topsy, accurately, stamped its foot eight times. "How many above her belt?" asked the Queen. Topsy was not to be fooled. It gave her the correct answer—four.



OFFICIAL RECEPTION (above) at Townsville. Leading citizens were presented to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on the dais, which was surrounded by banks of flowers and had a red canopy against the blazing northern sunshine.

COLORFUL SPECTACLE (below) for the Royal visitors at Toowoomba was these aborigines, heavily painted with ochre, performing their ancient songs and dances in Queen's Park. They came from remote tribes in the Northern Territory.

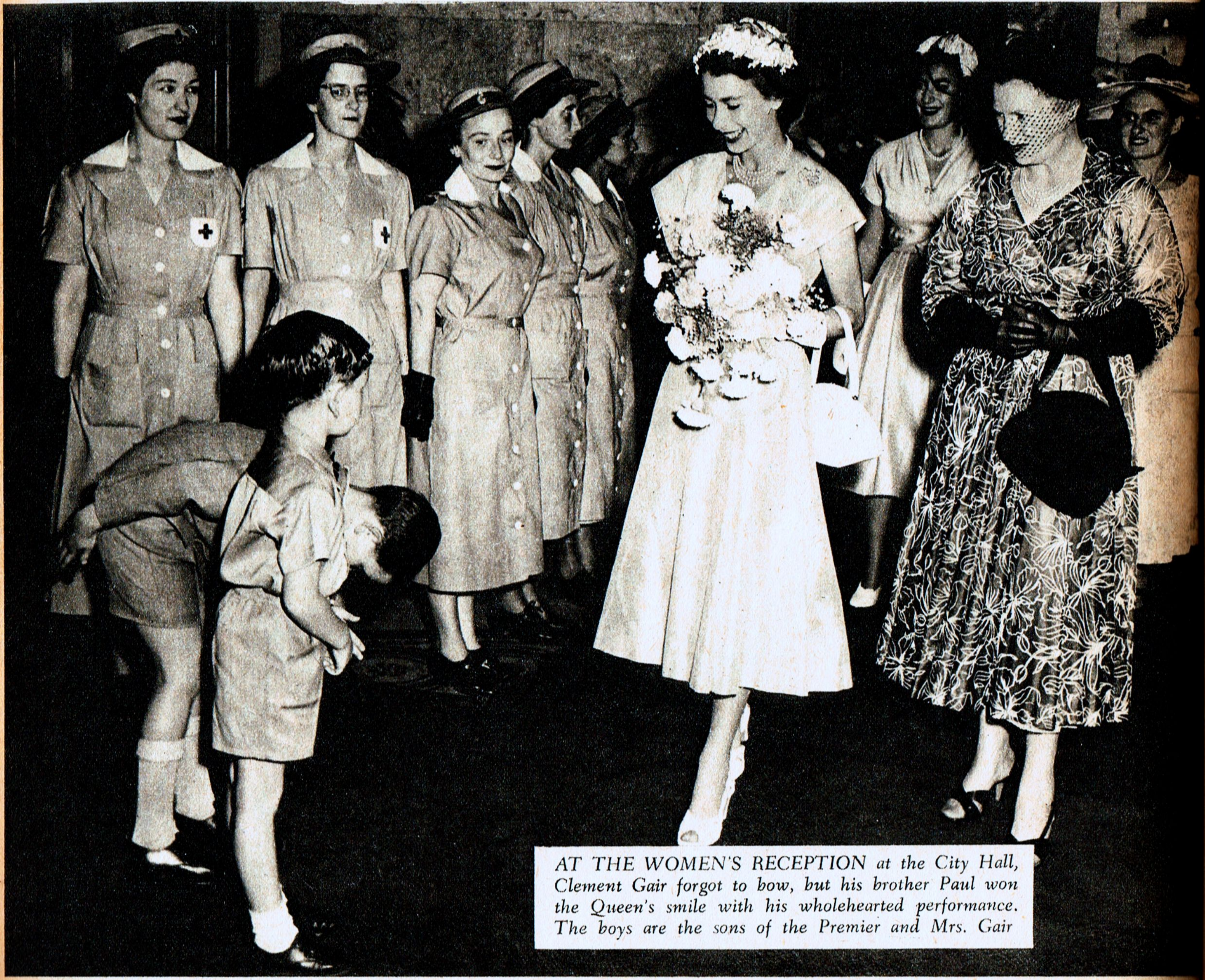


At an early hour the next morning there was a queue outside the Brisbane City Hall waiting for admission to an all-women reception to the Queen that was scheduled for 10.15. The reception was brief — it lasted only 23 minutes. But, like practically everything else on the Queensland tour, it had its novel touch . . . in this case, also a most graceful one. To the accompaniment of music from a string orchestra, 160 women came down the aisle in pairs, and, curtsying before the Queen, each laid before her the tribute of a floral bouquet.

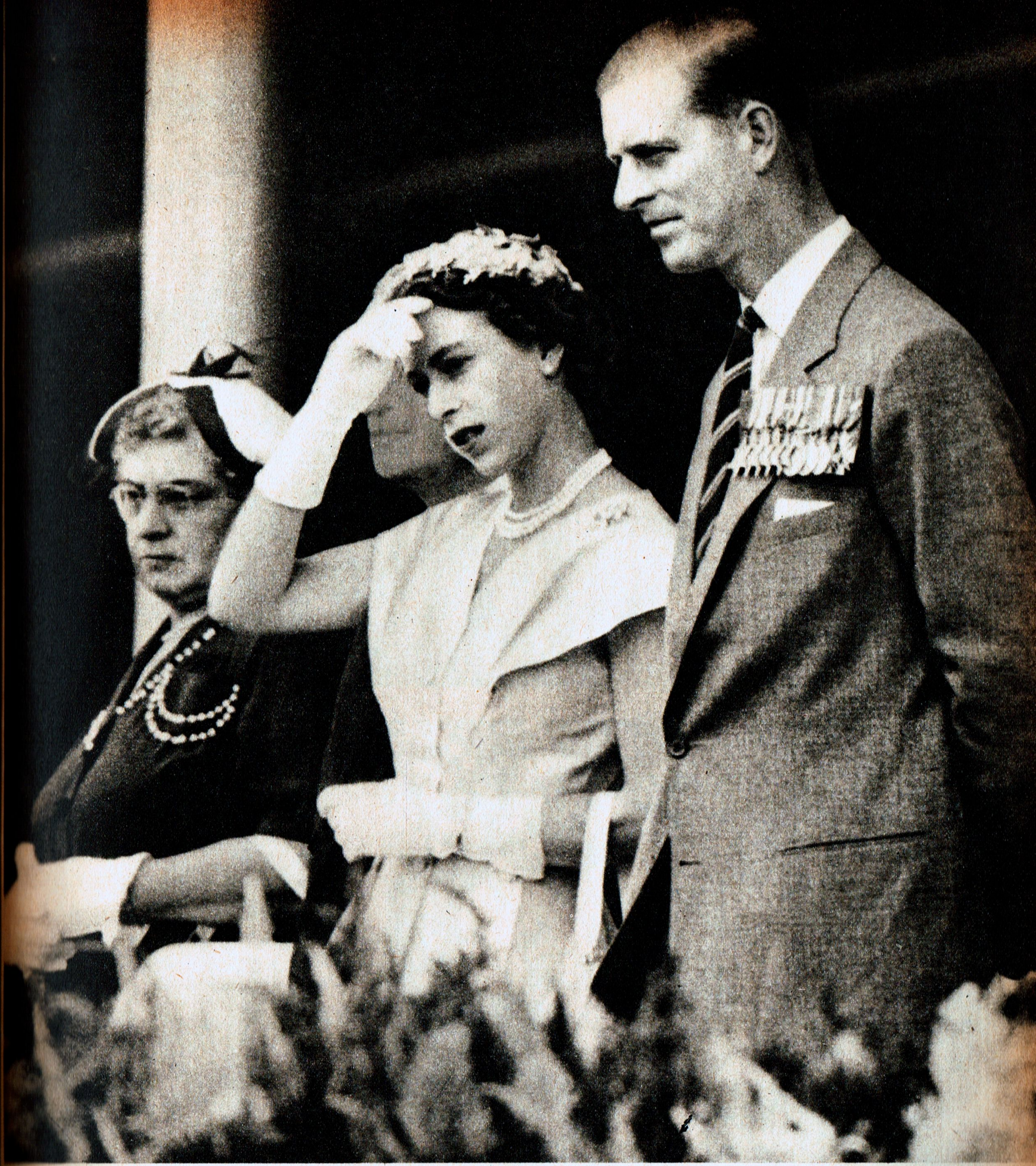
After the reception Her Majesty and the Duke drove once more to the Exhibition Ground for a rally of ex-service men and women. On this day sadness was overtaking the people of Brisbane, for the Queen's stay among them was drawing to its close. It was not surprising then that an emotional mood was upon the throng of 17,000 war veterans. They sang "Auld Lang Syne" with eye-stinging feeling; and with almost the same breath shouted "Good on you, Duke," "You little beauty," and "You'll do us."

Early in the evening the Duke paid an unexpected visit to Brisbane University. Though the students were caught unawares, they repeated some of the same sort of ragging that had been perpetrated at Melbourne University. There was only one more engagement left for the Royal pair to fulfil in the northern capital. Under blazing stars and a violet sky when the night had reached its fullness, Her Majesty and the Duke appeared on the lawns of Government House for an outdoor reception arranged by the State Governor, Sir John Lavarack. It was a dazzling finish to the visit to Queensland. The city, jewelled with lights, made a perfect background for the majesty of Elizabeth.

But in the sunlight of a few hours later came the real pain of parting. Elizabeth and Philip drove out along the crowded way from Government House to the airport, and as the singing of "Good Save the Queen" came to its full-throated climax, there were many with tears in their eyes. When the plane taxied down the runway and took off, the noise of its engine was almost blotted out by the cheering



AT THE WOMEN'S RECEPTION at the City Hall, Clement Gair forgot to bow, but his brother Paul won the Queen's smile with his wholehearted performance. The boys are the sons of the Premier and Mrs. Gair

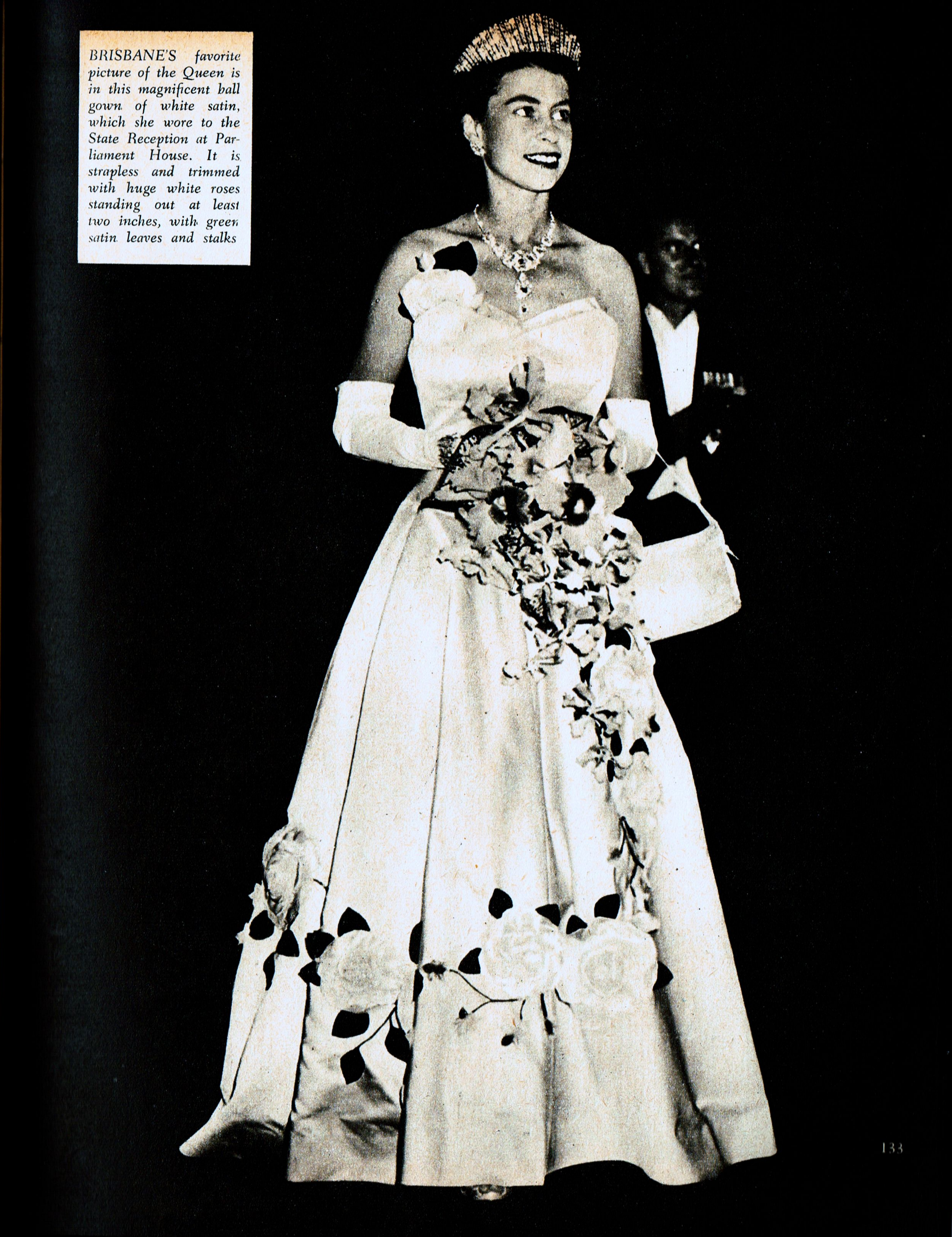


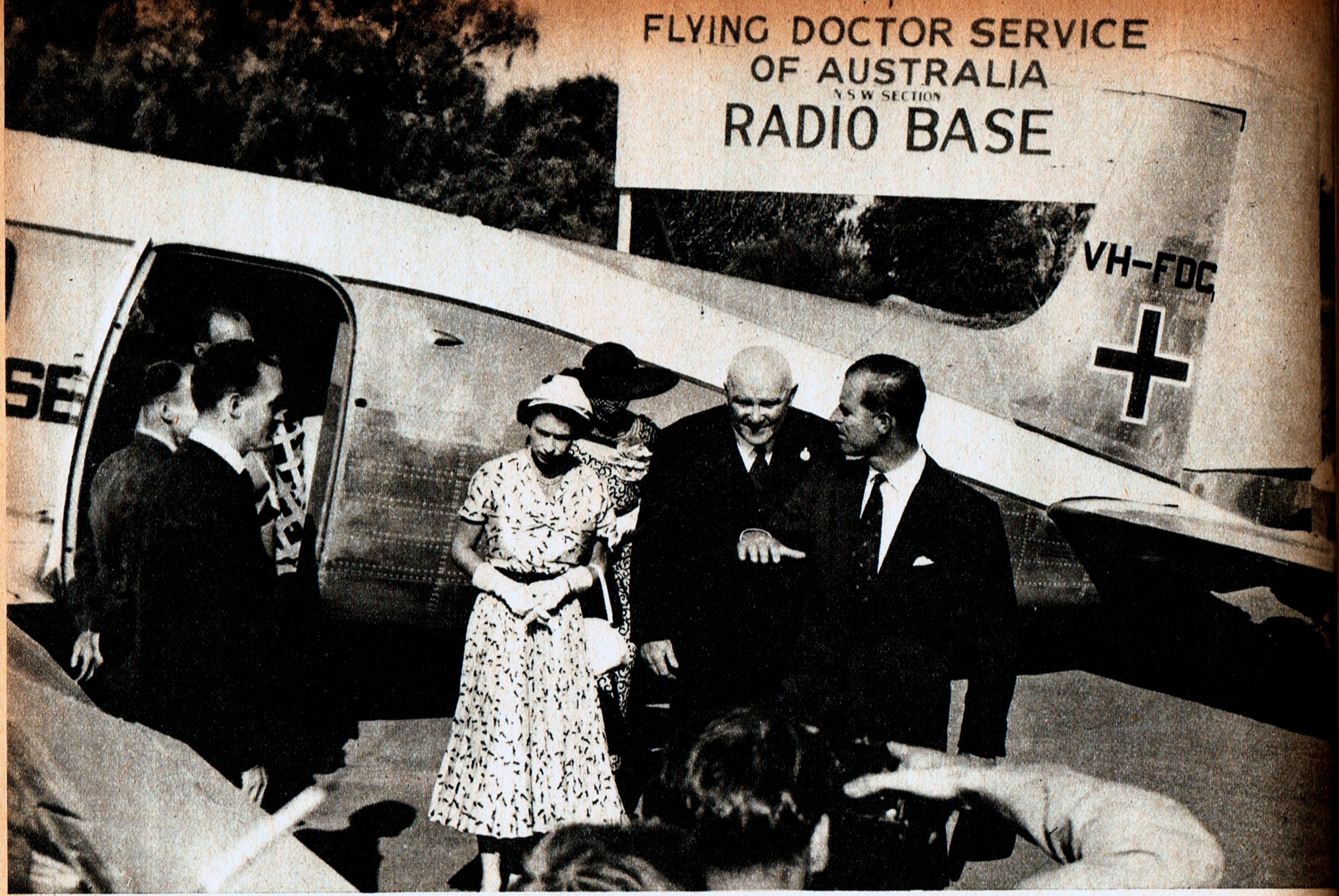
THE QUEEN FATIGUED. Brisbane weather was hot and humid on the Royal couple's last complete day in the city. Here, the Queen, obviously affected by the heat, gives a momentary indication of her feelings as she and the Duke stand on the official dais during the enthusiastic gathering of 17,000 ex-service men and women at the Exhibition Ground.

DESPITE THE HEAT *the Queen enjoyed the ex-servicemen's gathering at the Brisbane Exhibition Ground. Above: She and the Duke stop to talk to Mr. B. S. Gordon, V.C., M.M. Presenting him is (centre) Sir Raymond Huish, Returned Soldiers' League State President.*

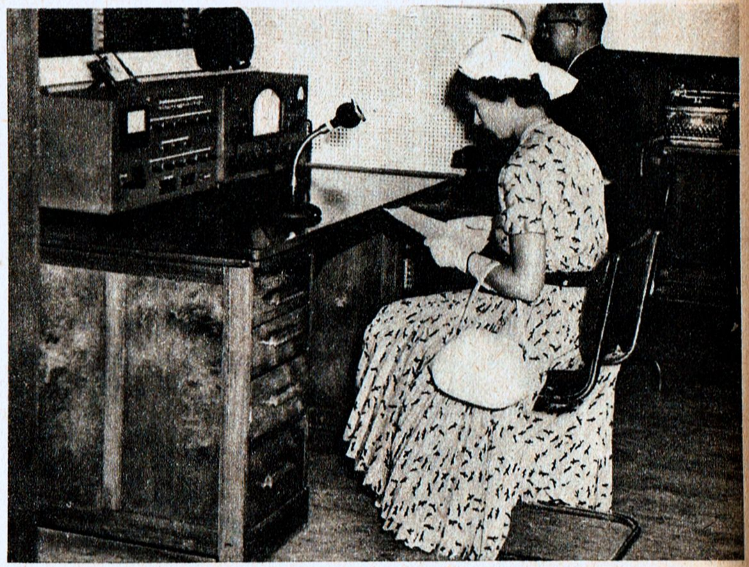
"PUT IT THERE" *(left), says the Duke to Mr. William McLennan, 73-year-old R.A.N. veteran who stepped from the ranks of the ex-servicemen at the Brisbane gathering, saying, "I would like to shake hands with you, Sir Duke."*

BRISBANE'S *favorite picture of the Queen is in this magnificent ball gown of white satin, which she wore to the State Reception at Parliament House. It is strapless and trimmed with huge white roses standing out at least two inches, with green satin leaves and stalks*





WITH A CHARACTERISTIC eager gesture, the Duke (above) turns to Dr. George Bell, president of the N.S.W. section of the Flying Doctor Service, after the Royal inspection of the ambulance plane at Broken Hill.



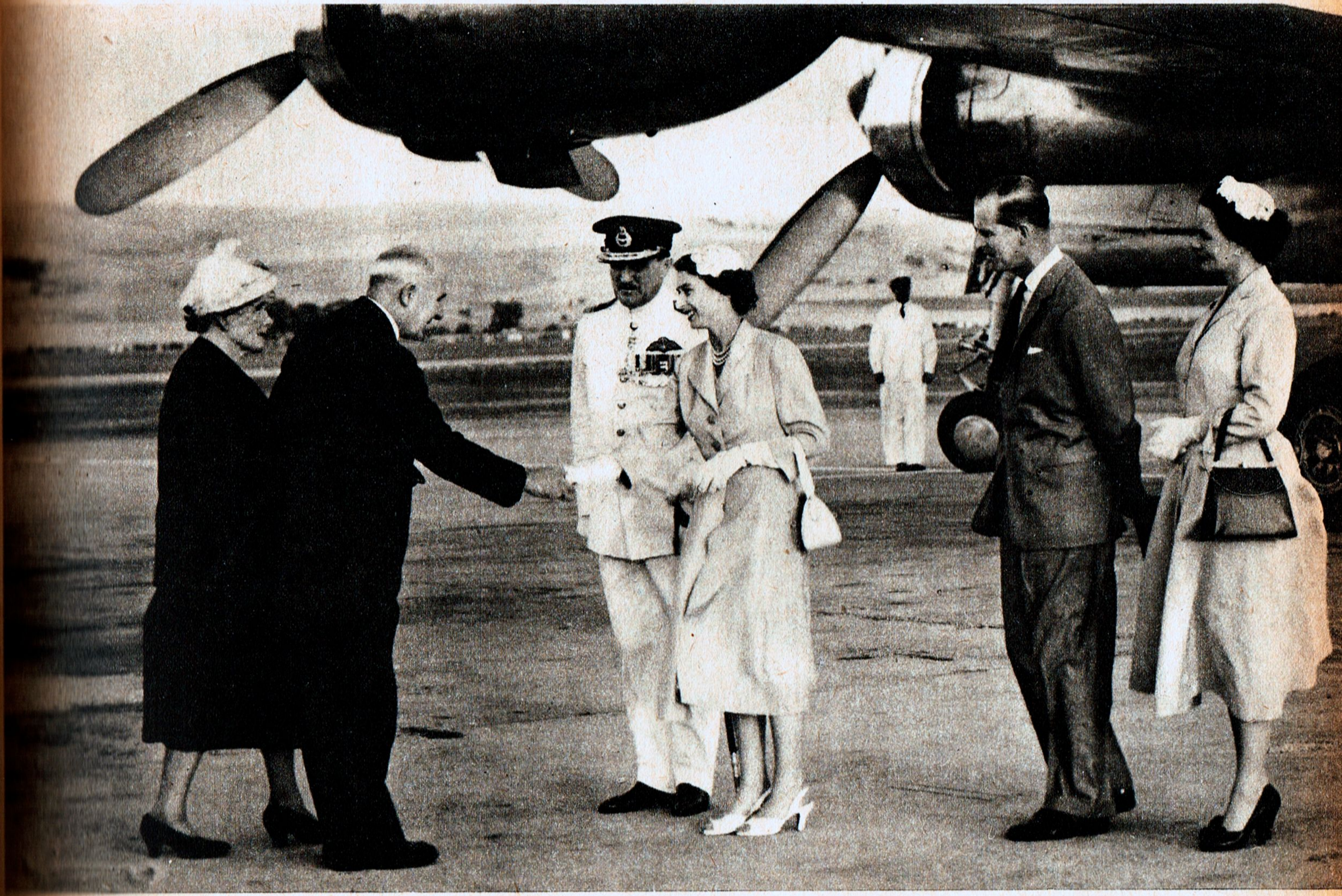
HER MAJESTY (above) broadcasts to the outback from the operations room at the Flying Doctor base. Left: The Royal pair are greeted at Broken Hill by the N.S.W. Premier, Mr. J. Cahill, and Miss Elizabeth Northcott, who accompanied Sir John Northcott, Governor of N.S.W.

South Australia

EN ROUTE from Brisbane to Adelaide, Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in South Australia several hours before actually crossing the State's border. They achieved this paradox by paying a two-and-a-half hour visit to Broken Hill, which is geographically isolated in far western New South Wales, but is spiritually part of South Australia. The strongly independent citizens of Australia's famous Silver City, who earn rich livelihood from the zinc ore mined there, regard Adelaide as their capital, and in some ways they live outside N.S.W. laws. For instance, they steadfastly refuse to close their hotel bars at 6 p.m., as the Statute demands; though on the afternoon of March 18 there wasn't a pub open anywhere. Everyone had locked up to go to see the Sovereign. The crowd of 40,000 included visitors who had driven in from places with such lilting Australian names as Milparinka, Tibooburra, Wilcannia and Brewarrina; and the welcome that was staged in the baking streets, which have such harsh names as Gypsum Street, Oxide Street, Garnet Street and Argent Street, held an essentially outback atmosphere. This climate of unaffected friendliness was spoiled a little for the Queen by those two factors inseparable from the Australian bush—dust and flies. Her Majesty looked cool and comfortable in the clear dry heat of the inland, but the eternal, persistent flies, which stick as if coated with glue, and the fine red choking dust stirred up by thousands of feet obviously distressed her.

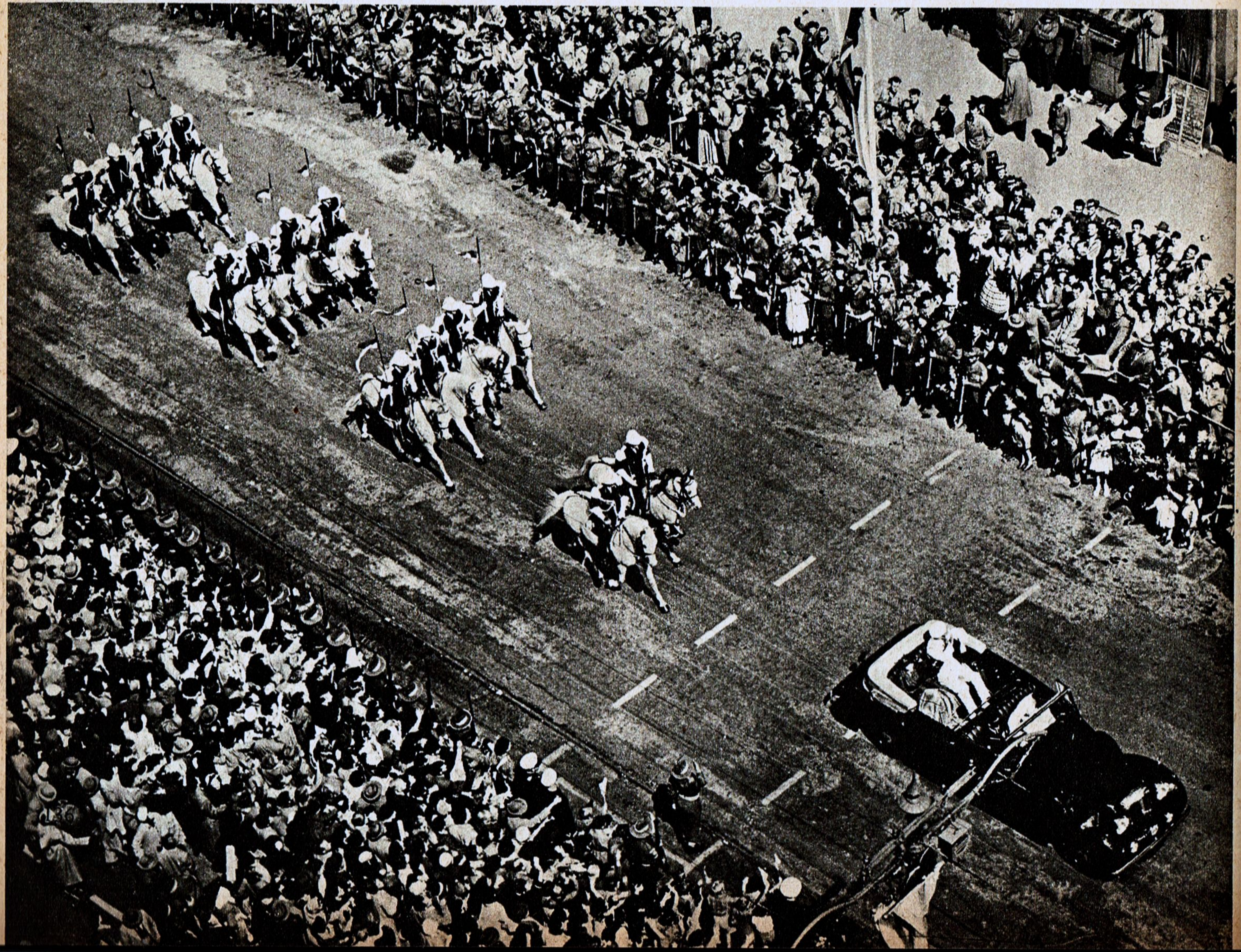
The Royal pair inspected the surface workings at the Zinc Corporation mine (which interested the Duke greatly), but the unique event of the brief stay at Broken Hill was a visit to the Flying Doctor base. From here extends the radio life-line of the people of the outback. In the operations

ARRIVAL IN ADELAIDE. At Parafield the Governor of South Australia, Sir Robert George, presents the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Mellis Napier, and Lady Napier. Beside the Duke of Edinburgh is Lady George.

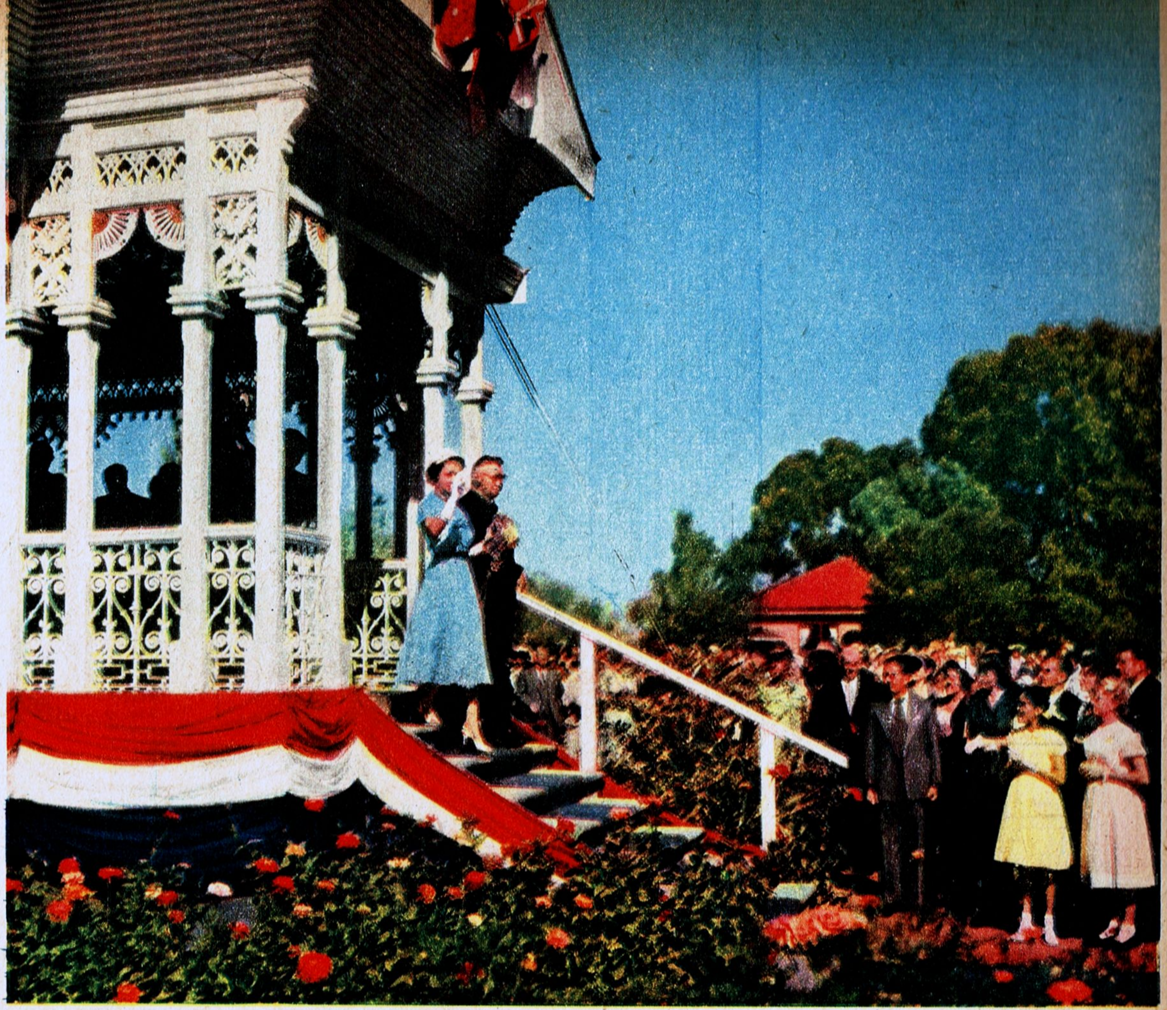


START OF ROYAL PROGRESS. The Queen (above) and the Duke of Edinburgh leave Government House, Adelaide, to begin the Royal Progress through the city. With stops at the State War Memorial and at the Town Hall, the Progress took a full hour to pass along the packed 4½-mile-long route.

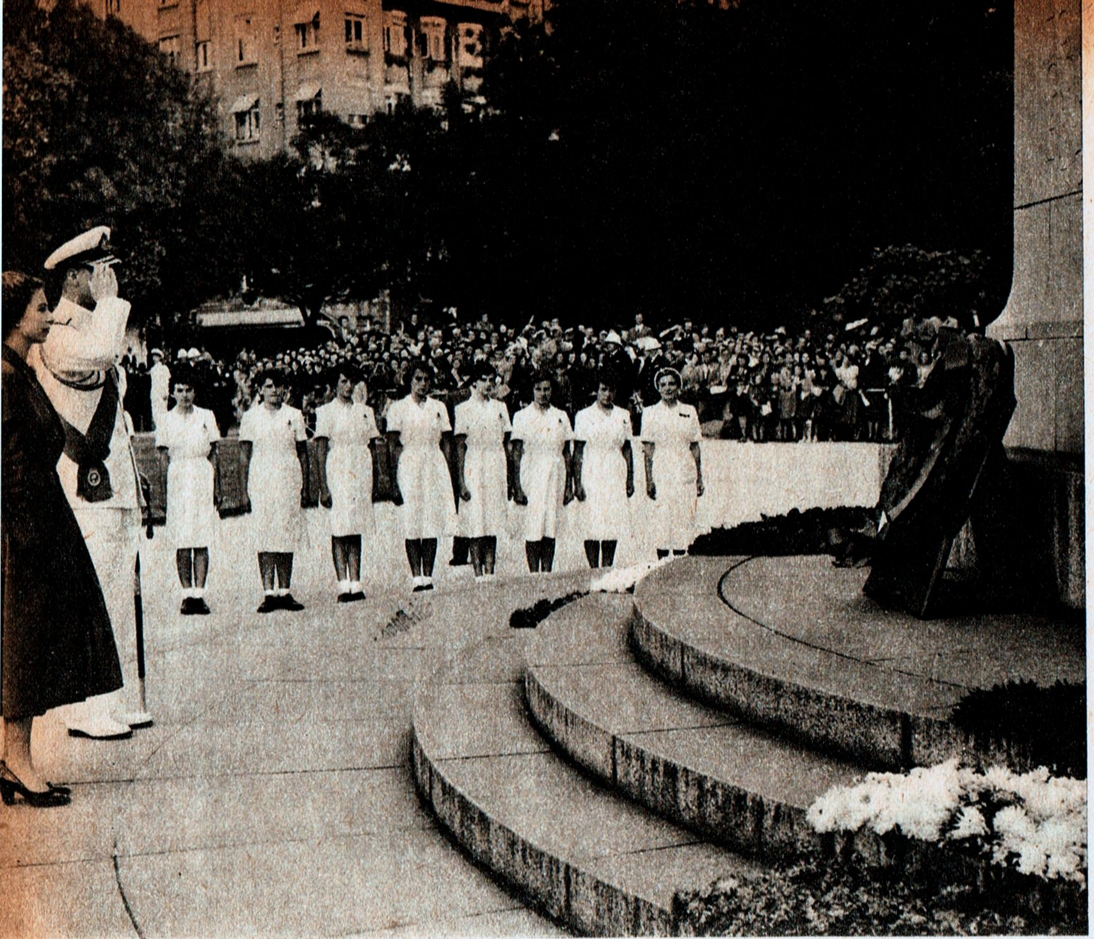
ROYAL CAR nears Government House, Adelaide, after the Progress. The rug covering the Queen's knees may have been for warmth on this occasion, with a sharp wind blowing, but during Progresses in hot weather she had her knees covered, probably to control the skirts of her lightweight dresses.



WITH the Mayor, Mr. W. Riddiford, the Queen leaves the gleaming rotunda in North Park, Broken Hill, where she and the Duke were welcomed back into N.S.W. for a brief visit en route from Brisbane to Adelaide. Surrounded by stretches of the sun-scorched outback, Broken Hill was green and flowering to greet Her Majesty.



ROYAL PROGRESS (below) through Adelaide on March 19, the morning after the Queen and the Duke arrived by air from Broken Hill.



ROYAL SALUTE, the Queen and the Duke pay tribute to South Australia's war dead after the Queen had laid a wreath on the State War Memorial, Adelaide. The Royal couple paused for this ceremony during the Royal Progress on March 19.

room Her Majesty heard a message spoken by a woman of the true open spaces, 27-year-old Mrs. Bill Mitchell, who lives with her husband and child 300 miles from Broken Hill on the shores of Lake Eyre, the great Australian saltpan. Mrs. Mitchell told the Queen how the flying doctor was always on hand taking medical service to isolated families such as hers. As the Queen made her reply, which went to about 1000 people gathered around transceivers in homesteads scattered over a 500-mile radius from Broken Hill, the present flying doctor, Dr. Russell Jones, was in the operations room with her. (Transceivers are radios which can both transmit and receive.) Her Majesty also met the widow of the founder of the aerial medical service, the Rev. John Flynn, and she paid tribute in her broadcast to the memory of this great man.

The Royal plane took off for Adelaide 30 minutes late and it touched down at Parafield airport in the early evening of a day which was cold and wet after a long unbroken spell of hot summer weather. The trip from the airport to Government House was not intended as a Royal Progress proper, but the tremendous excitement of the 200,000 people who lined the route made it a journey of triumph. The official Progress took place the following morning through the wide graceful streets of the city. On the way to the Town Hall the Queen was struck in the eye by a piece of grit which caused her acute discomfort and delayed the Progress for six minutes. On reaching the dais at the Town Hall, Her Majesty tried to brush the speck from her eye, but went on with her reply to the address of loyalty with the tears flowing. She faltered during her speech, but finished it. Eventually her medical attendant was called from the Royal entourage. He said ruefully, "Ma'am, I have only my sword and my handkerchief!" He treated the Queen with the handkerchief and she smilingly resumed the Progress.

In the afternoon Adelaide cunningly entertained its Royal visitors at the races at Morphettville and at a combined cricket match at the Adelaide Oval. Such strategy was designed to satisfy the sporting interests of both Elizabeth and Philip—and it did.

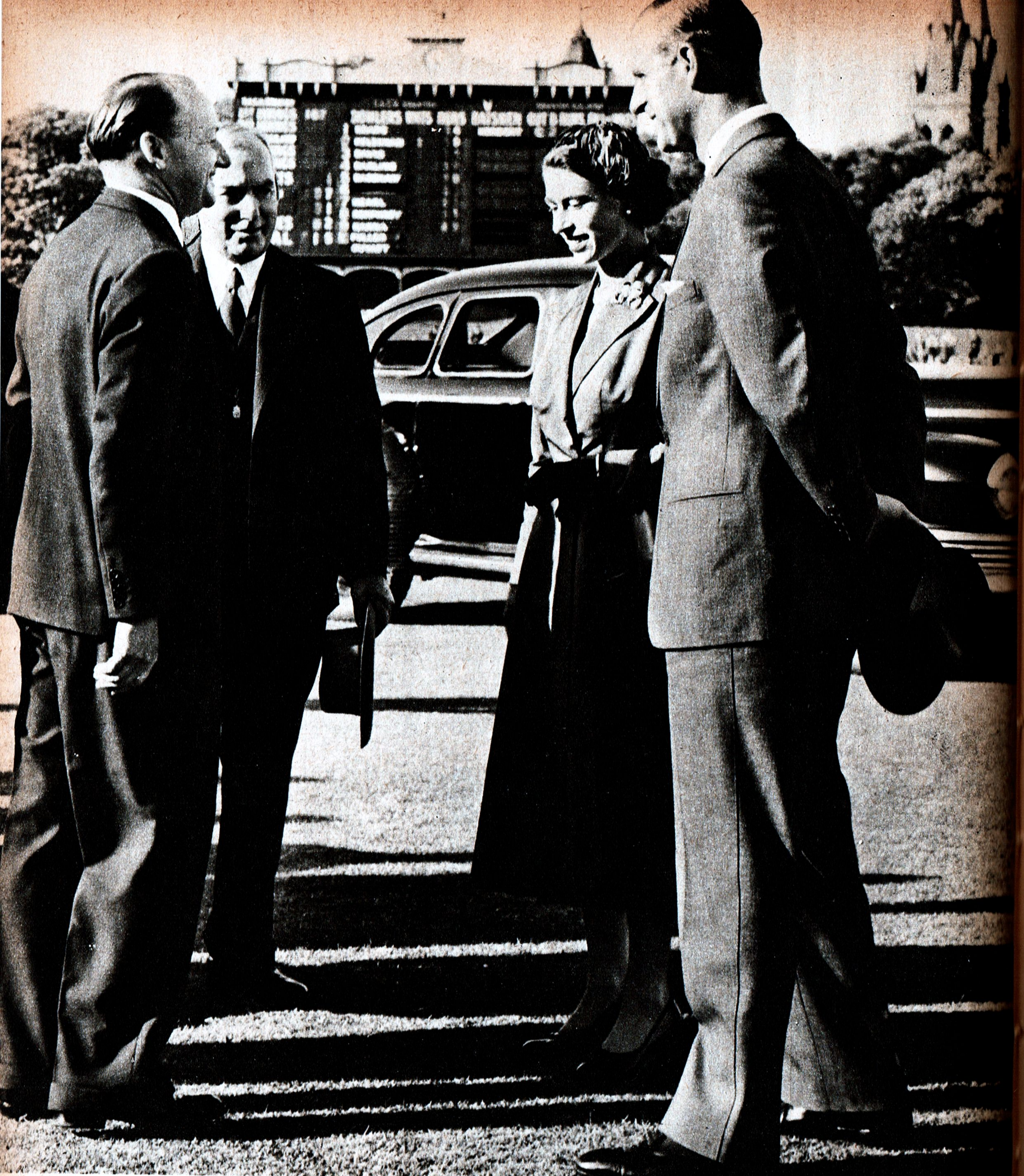
Saturday morning saw the Royal plane leave Adelaide for Whyalla and Port Lincoln, two of South Australia's youngest towns, on Eyre's Peninsula. At Whyalla before the Royal plane came in there was a kangaroo "beat" over the airport to obviate any chance of mishap during the landing. Two kangaroos were chased into the scrub. Among local citizens presented to the Queen and the Duke was 82-year-old Mr. George Nicolson, owner of 500 square miles around Whyalla. Mr. Nicolson, who has a white moustache and short beard, which give him the appearance of a courtly Southern officer from the American Civil War, bowed to the Queen, then bent over confidentially to say with a friendly wag of his finger in her face, "Long Live Your Majesty!"

Brought in from an aborigines' reserve 300 miles away were 50 members of the Pitjanjara tribe to give a Royal Command corroboree. As their supreme tribute to "Wallaba"—the Great White Lady—the natives allowed her to be told the story of the sacred corroboree they performed. She is the only woman ever to be told the story of an aboriginal sacred dance; and she promised not to repeat it even to Princess Anne, Princess Margaret or her mother, "The Great, Great White Lady."

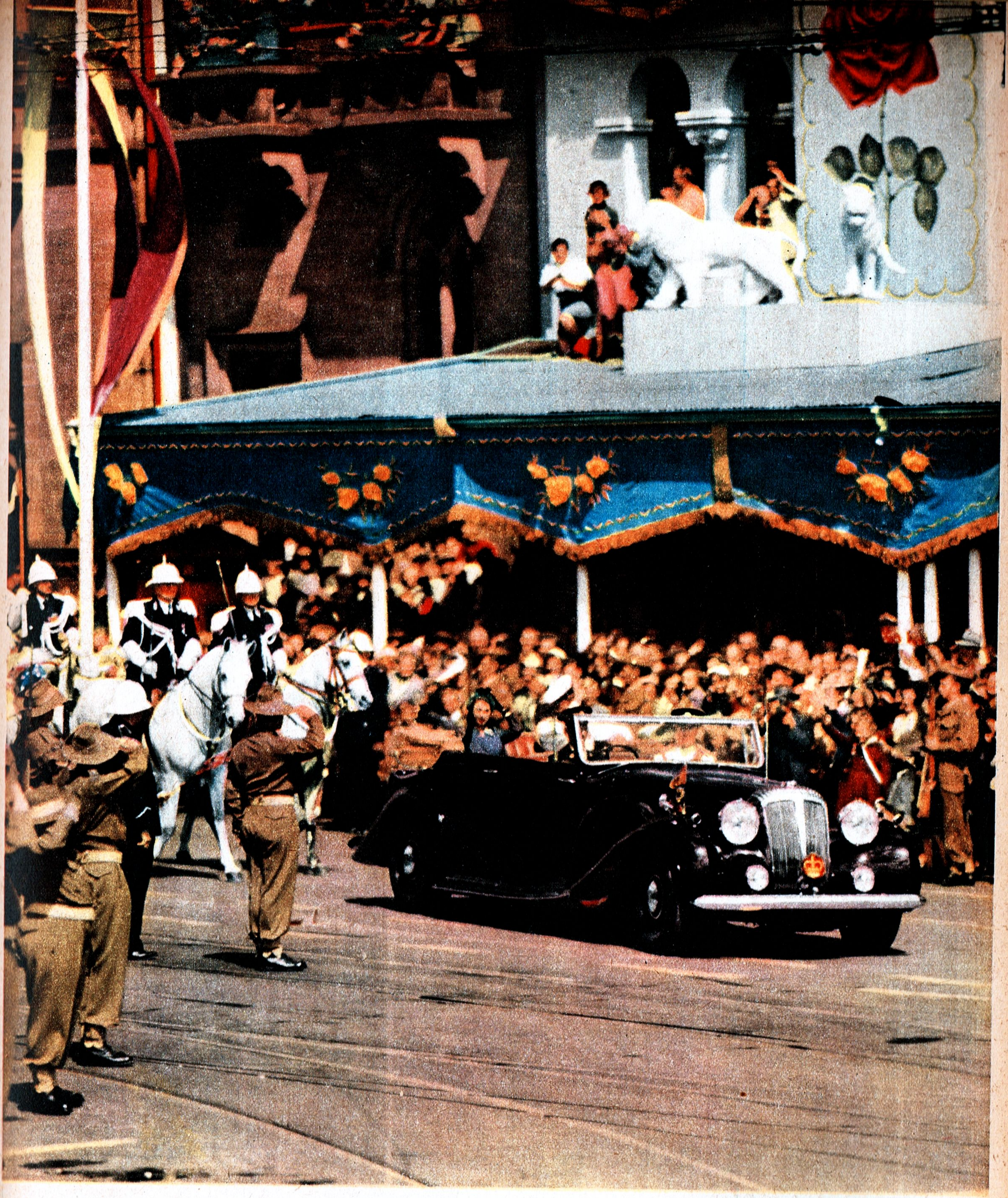
Uncivilised and wild-looking, the Pitjanjaras had daubed themselves from head to foot with red ochre and matted their hair with kangaroo blood. The rhythm of the

HER MAJESTY (above) inspects the guard of honor in front of Government House, Adelaide, before entering the Royal car with the Duke of Edinburgh to begin the Royal Progress through the streets.

INTENT, the Queen (left) hears a point of form from S.A.J.C. chairman, Mr. Sidney D. Reid, in the Royal box at Morphettville. Her departure from the course was delayed by a protest, later dismissed, on one of the races which she watched.



AT ADELAIDE OVAL, which the Queen and the Duke visited to see the Country-City cricket match, they met members of the teams. Here, they are chatting with Sir Donald Bradman. Late in arriving from the races, the Royal couple overstayed their visit by ten minutes. The Duke wore morning suit to the races, changed only his coat for the cricket.



HER MAJESTY HOLDS HER HAT against the cold, gusty wind during the Royal Progress in Adelaide. She wore a grey coat over a green dress, green feathered cap, and black accessories. Between 200,000 and 300,000 people packed the route of the Progress, and were the most staid of any crowd gathered in any Australian city to welcome Queen Elizabeth.

HER MAJESTY is welcomed to Whyalla by Mrs. C. Ryan, wife of the Town Commissioner (left). More than 30,000 people, from towns and farms all over the West Coast, cheered the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they visited the steel and ships town of Whyalla.

CORROBOREE DANCERS (below) from a near-primitive tribe and other spectators cheer the Queen as she drives round the Memorial Oval during her visit to Whyalla. The dancers performed a play corroboree for Her Majesty and told her by two trusted messengers the secret of their sacred tribal corroboree.

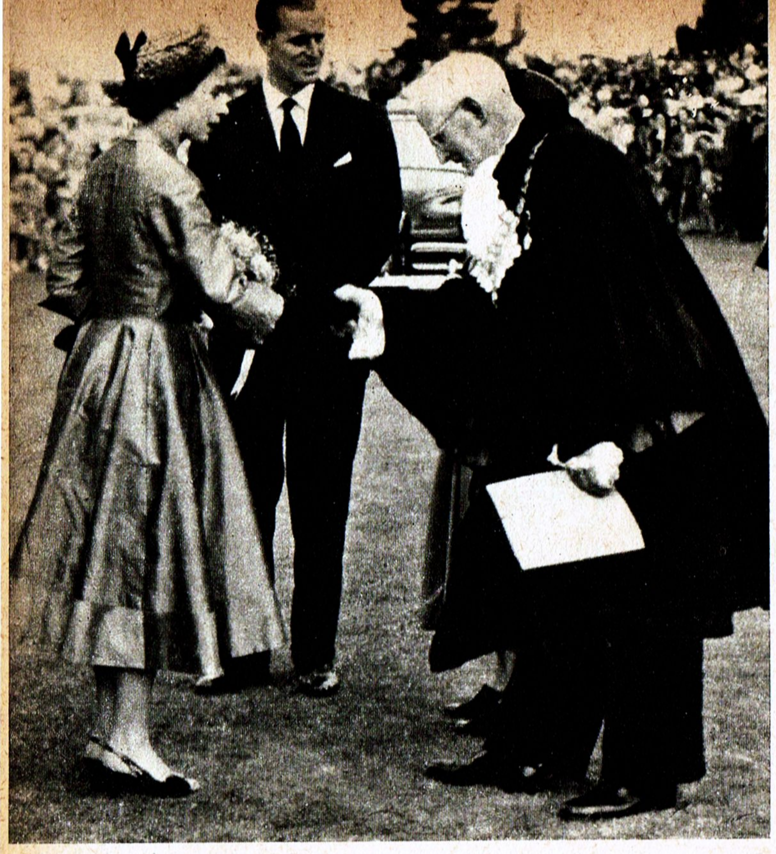
ABORIGINAL DANCERS perform a corroboree for the Queen at the Memorial Oval during the Royal visit to Whyalla on March 20. The corroboree was evolved from a dream by Tommie — a one-legged Pitjanjara aboriginal — 25 years ago.

dance was beaten out on the ground with waddies and nulla-nullas, and the words of the song that was chanted were: "Na:oola na:oola jilaringu wallingui." But no doubt to give expression to their exultation at being in the presence of Wallaba, the performers finished up with the concerted yell of "Yippee!"

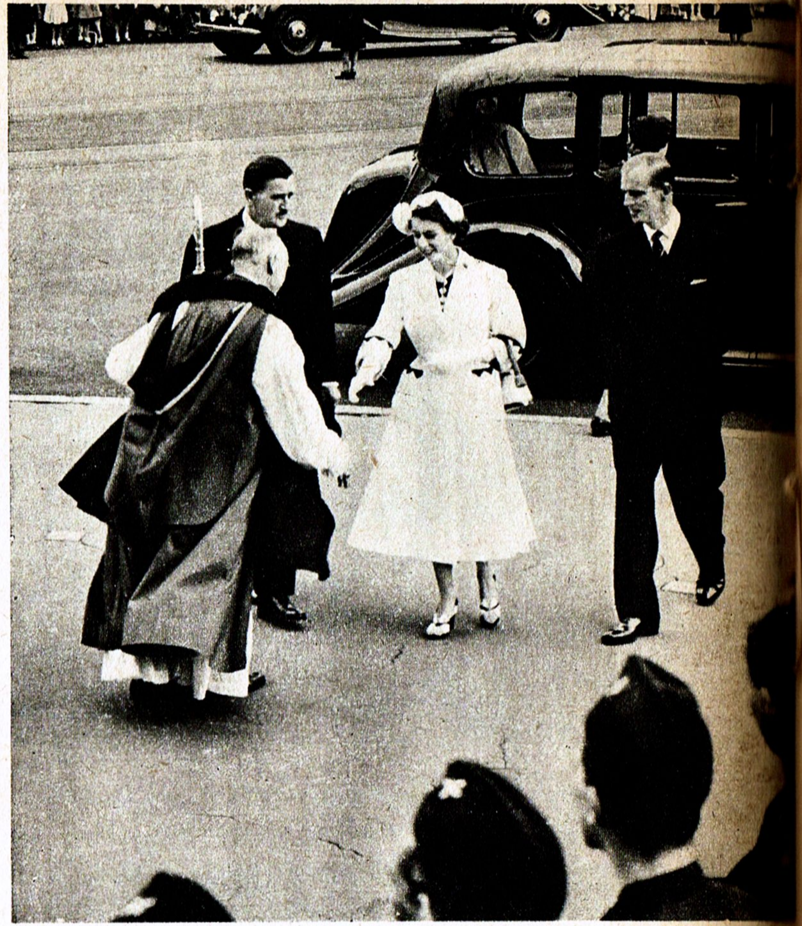
The Port Lincoln people are as proud of their harbor as the residents of Sydney are of theirs. On her arrival at Port Lincoln Her Majesty was quick to notice the waterway, and she commented on it to the mayor. He pointed to a jetty and said, "That is where Sir Willoughby Norrie weighed his world record shark catches." Sir Willoughby, former Governor of South Australia, had been the Queen's host as Governor-General of New Zealand. Her Majesty turned with a smile to the Duke and said, "Oh, yes, we've heard lots of those fish stories since our tour began."

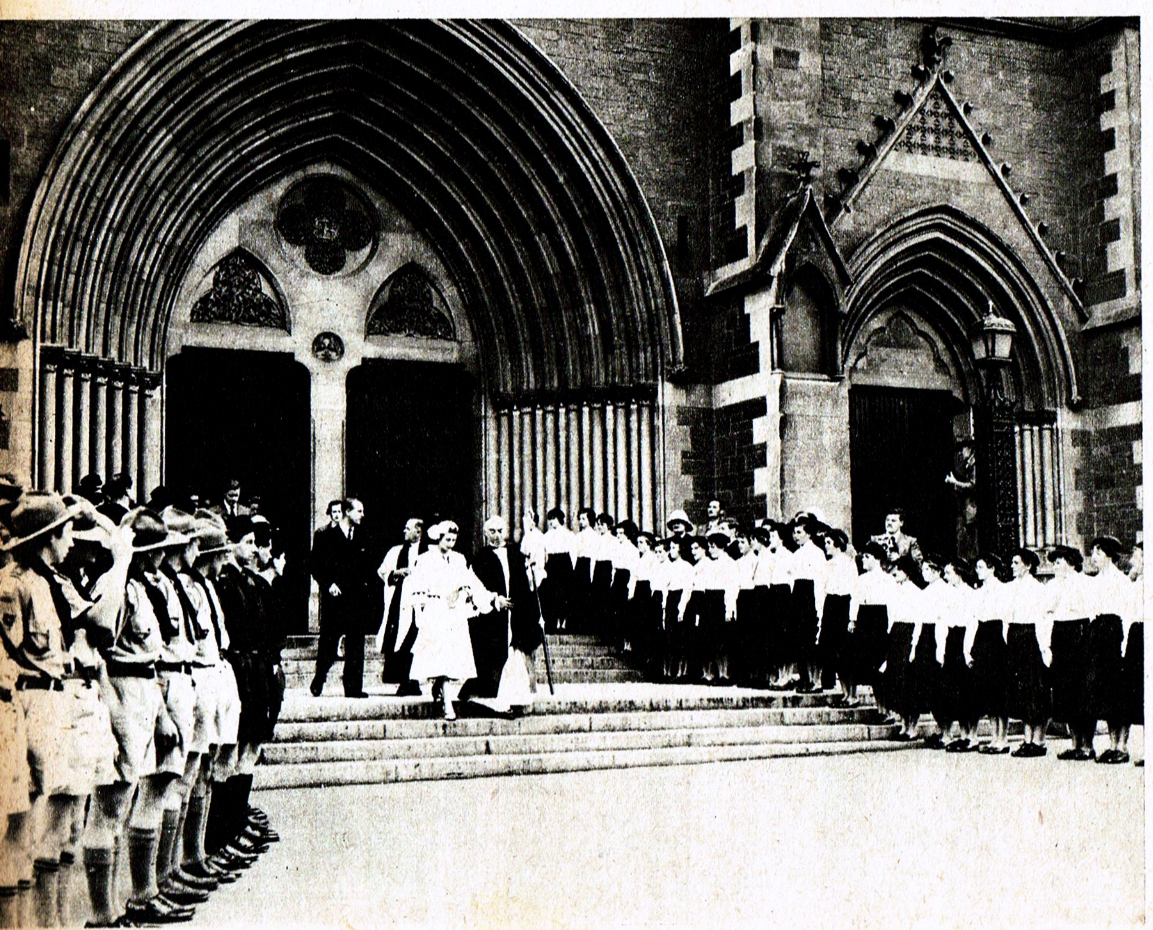
Having returned to Adelaide that evening, Her Majesty and the Duke worshipped at St. Peter's Cathedral next day. The afternoon was wet and unpleasant, and the Royal visitors stayed indoors at Government House. Her Majesty also had all of Monday free, but the Duke flew to the secret Woomera rocket range, where he saw an Australian-built 2000-m.p.h. rocket fired in a demonstration of the latest developments in guided-missile warfare. He stayed at the range for five hours, and asked questions incessantly. Another demonstration he saw was of a jet-propelled Jindivik pilotless aircraft, the sort which are hunted in the air by the guided missiles and destroyed. He had a go at the ground controls and sent the small, red-painted craft flashing about the sky. He was so fascinated by all he saw that a couple of days later he nipped out unannounced to Salisbury to have a really good look at the wonderful war machinery there. On the trip to Woomera he had paid a tantalisingly brief call at Salisbury, which lies about 15 miles north of Adelaide, and, as Australia's atomic arsenal, is the place where all the missiles and much of the equipment used at Woomera are made. His Royal Highness gave a speech remarkable for its brevity when declaring open the private airport for the long-range weapons establishment at Salisbury. He said: "I have much pleasure in declaring this airfield open and naming it the Edinburgh Airfield." His listeners were so surprised that they nearly forgot to clap. For lunch on the day at Woomera the Duke was served kangaroo-tail soup. The fancy menu card which was produced to honor the occasion was decorated with, among other appropriate native motifs, a kangaroo minus a tail. Philip was quite amused.

All this happy time — ever since the Victorian section of the tour, as a matter of fact — a shadow had lain across the Royal programme. Because of a poliomyelitis outbreak in Western Australia, the Press had been headlining stories ranging from rumors that the Western Australian visit would be cancelled to reports that Her Majesty had refused to agree to the smallest cut in the schedule. On the evening of the Queen's free Monday in Adelaide, the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, interrupted a brief holiday he was having in Tasmania to fly to South Australia to seek audience. Later he issued a statement that the tour of the West would be modified: the Royal pair would live on board Gothic, practically all indoor functions would be cancelled, there would be no handshaking, and no assemblies of schoolchildren. The people of Western Australia were, naturally enough, bitterly disappointed when the changes were made, though nobody wished the Queen to

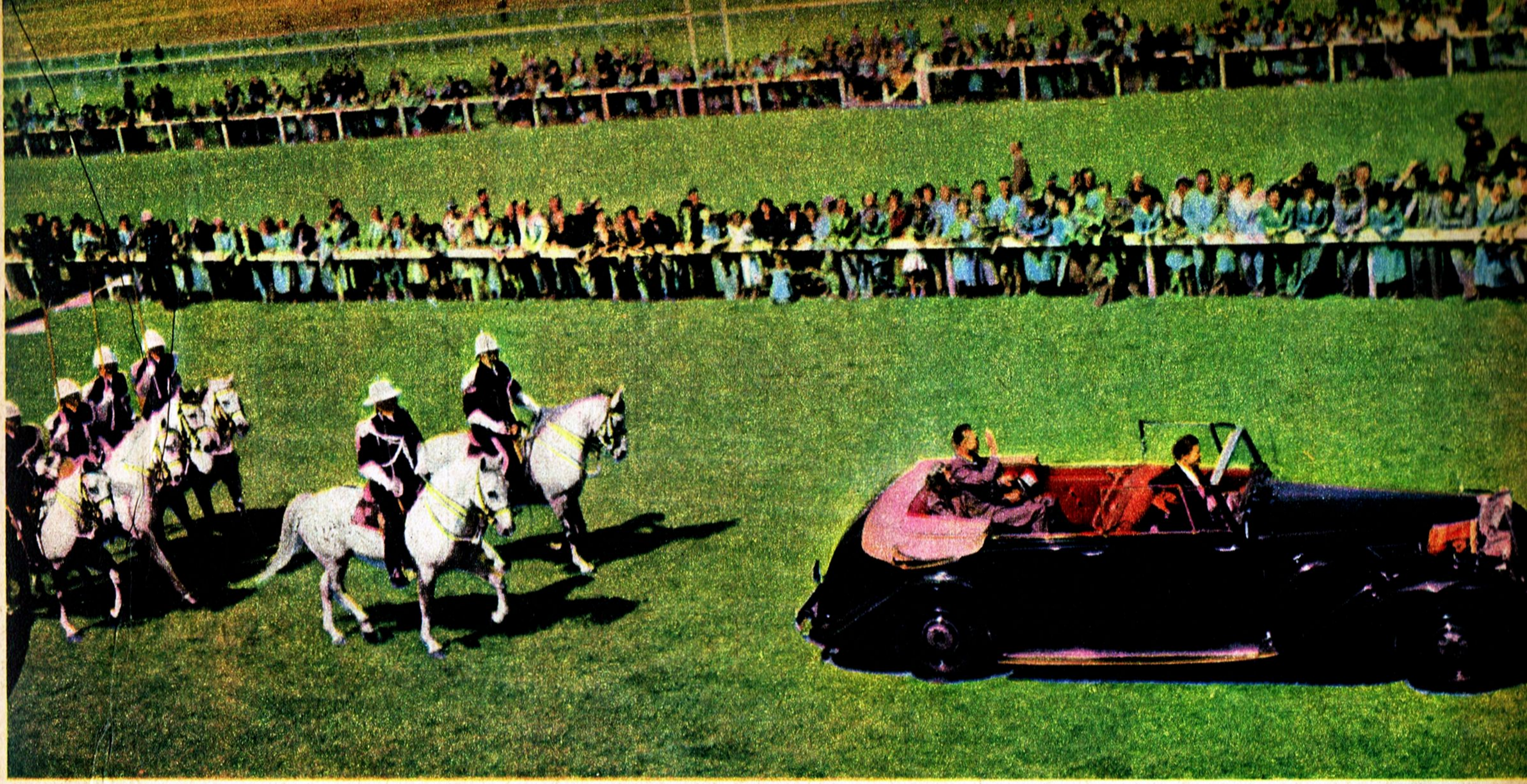


AT PORT LINCOLN *the Queen is welcomed by the Mayor, Mr. W. Arthur Trigg. Behind Her Majesty is the Duke of Edinburgh with Mrs. Trigg. The Royal couple spent nearly two hours in the town, and there were many people who cheerfully travelled up to 600 miles to see them.*

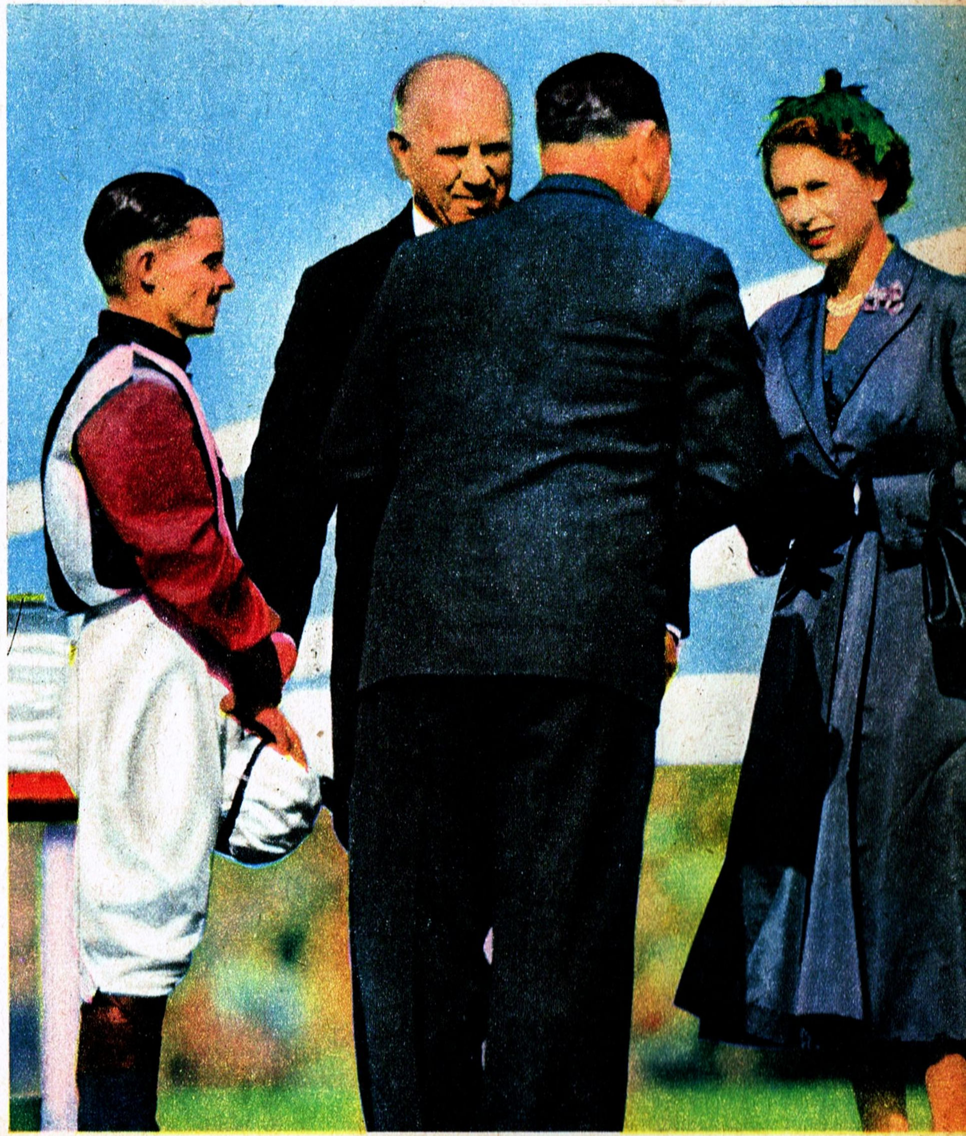




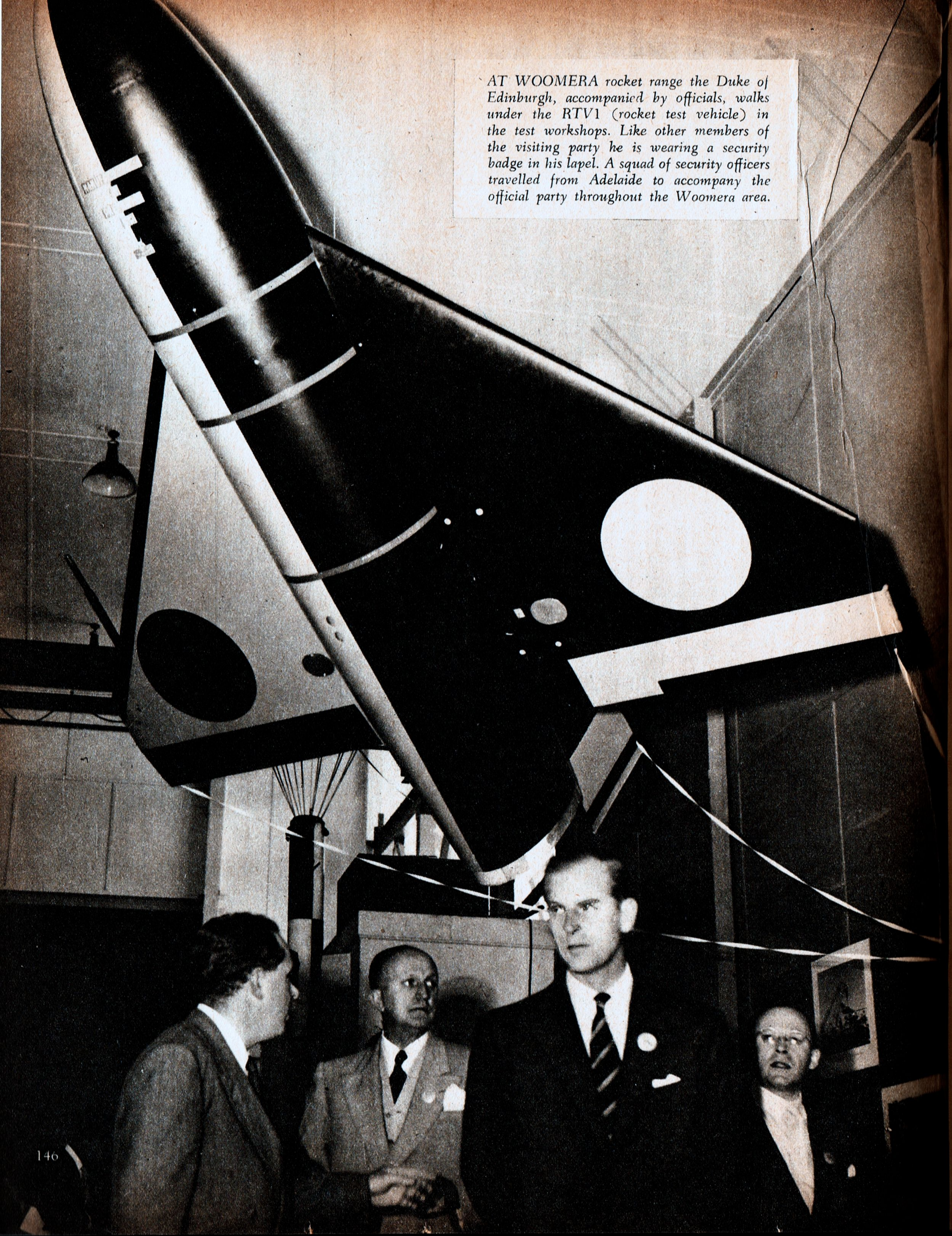
DIVINE SERVICE. *The Royal couple (above) are greeted by Bishop B. P. Robin on their arrival at St. Peter's Cathedral for Divine Service on the morning of their Sunday in Adelaide. Huge crowds assembled to see them. At left: The fine entrance of St. Peter's makes a setting for the Queen as, escorted by the Bishop, she leaves after the service. Her Majesty is wearing the black-trimmed white coat she wore in Canberra after formally opening Federal Parliament.*



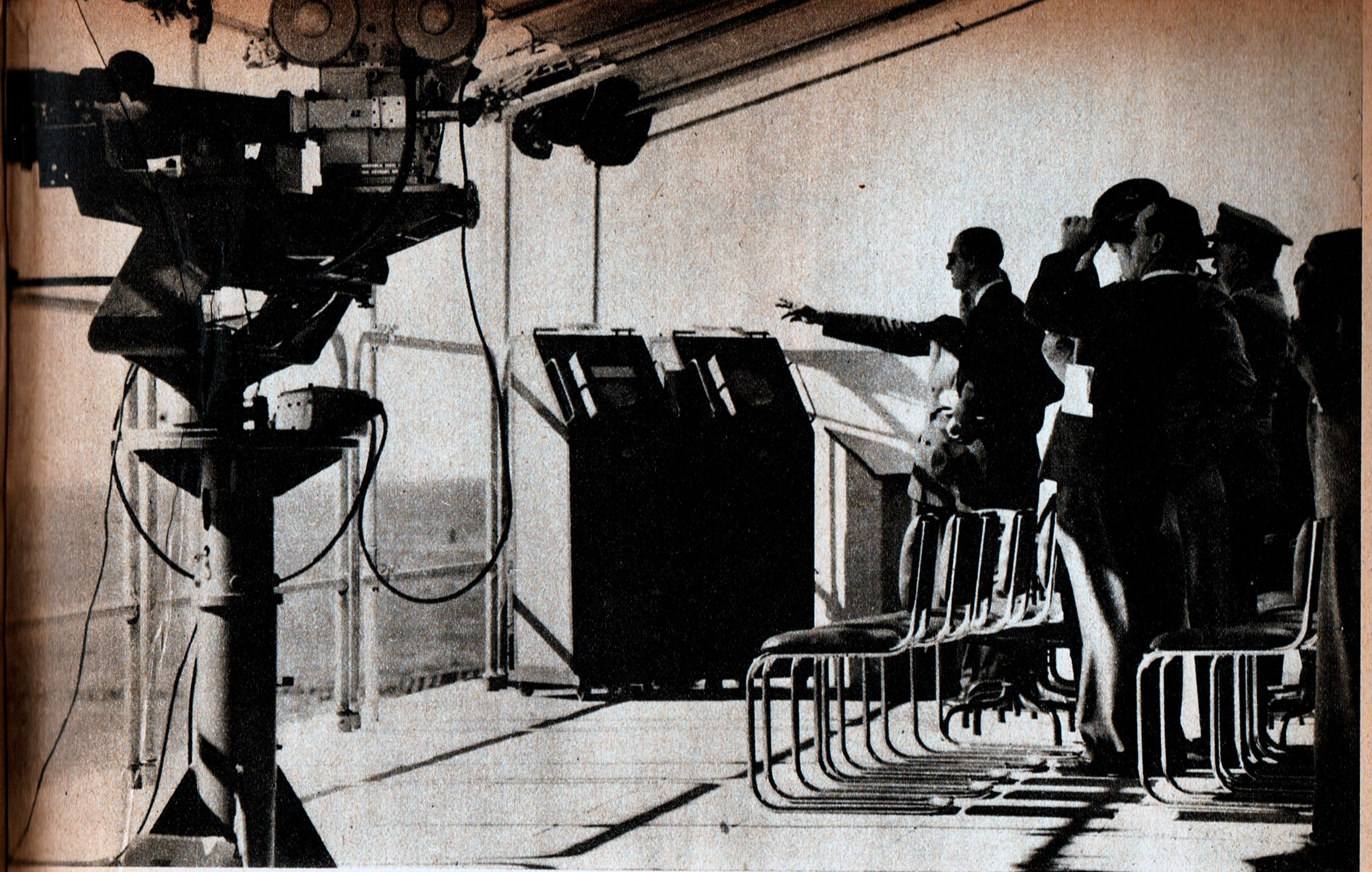
THE QUEEN *and the* Duke *of Edinburgh (above), escorted by mounted police, drive along the straight at Morphettville to attend the Royal Race Meeting. Racegoers subjected the Royal couple to the rudest staring in Australia, training binoculars, periscopes, and cameras on them as they watched the races, sometimes from the "close up" distance of only 20ft.*

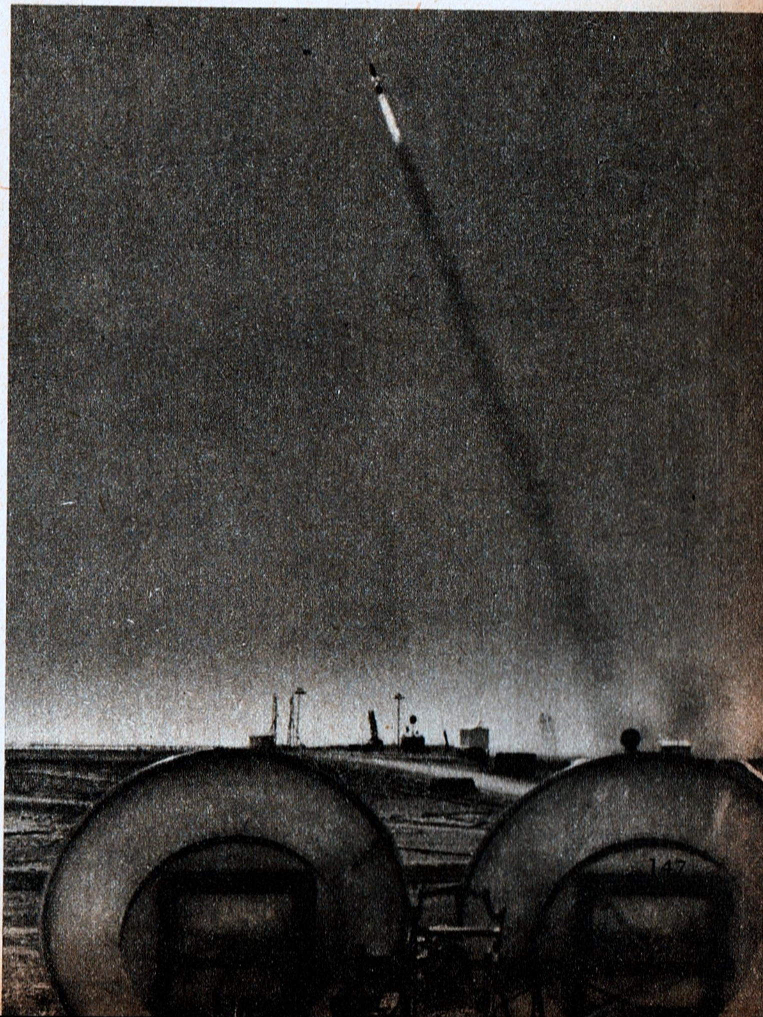


TROPHY PRESENTED. *The Queen (right) talks to Mr. J. G. Money, West Australian pastoralist, after presenting him with the Queen's Cup won by his horse, Sir Coral, in the main event at the Morphettville meeting. With Her Majesty is Mr. Sidney D. Reid, chairman of the South Australian Jockey Club. Sir Coral's rider, T. Moore, is seen at the left.*



AT WOOMERA rocket range the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by officials, walks under the RTV1 (rocket test vehicle) in the test workshops. Like other members of the visiting party he is wearing a security badge in his lapel. A squad of security officers travelled from Adelaide to accompany the official party throughout the Woomera area.





ON A VIEWING BALCONY at Woomera the Duke (above) listens intently to details of rocket-firing. Later, from here, he watched a released rocket (right) soaring into the air at one and a half times the speed of sound.

be subjected to the slightest risk of infection. The Queen, for her part, seemed unconcerned about herself. She agreed to the alterations reluctantly.

For the gathering of ex-service men and women which took place at University Oval the next morning, fussy plans were made to ensure that everything went off with the greatest decorum. Drawn up in ranks, the men and women were told to cheer in sections—i.e., only when the Royal car was passing in front of them. To be instructed to "cheer by numbers" would inhibit the most volatile. The result of the order was that when Her Majesty and the Duke first appeared at the oval the hip-hips were pip-squeaks and the hoorays died before they were born. Philip soon broke through the artificial reserve. He leaned out of the back of the vehicle and cheered back in a hollow voice. The 25,000 veterans responded immediately.

The Royal visitors cut back from the ex-service rally to Government House to change for the formal opening of the South Australian Parliament at noon. It was the briefest opening ceremony held in Australia, and lasted only five minutes. To eliminate the long delay that occurs when the Queen bids the members of the Lower House to come to the Upper House where she awaits them, Standing

AT WOOMERA rocket range the Duke of Edinburgh was presented, as a souvenir of his visit there, with a woomera, or native spear thrower, from which the place takes its name. The woomera was made by aborigines who live around the rocket range. The Duke was shown how to use it and he made a few tentative throws without the spear before leaving.

Orders were amended to allow members of both Chambers to take their places before the Monarch's arrival. After the formalities at Parliament House were over, Her Majesty and the Duke drove once more to Government House to make a change back into day clothes for a schoolchildren's demonstration at Wayville Oval.

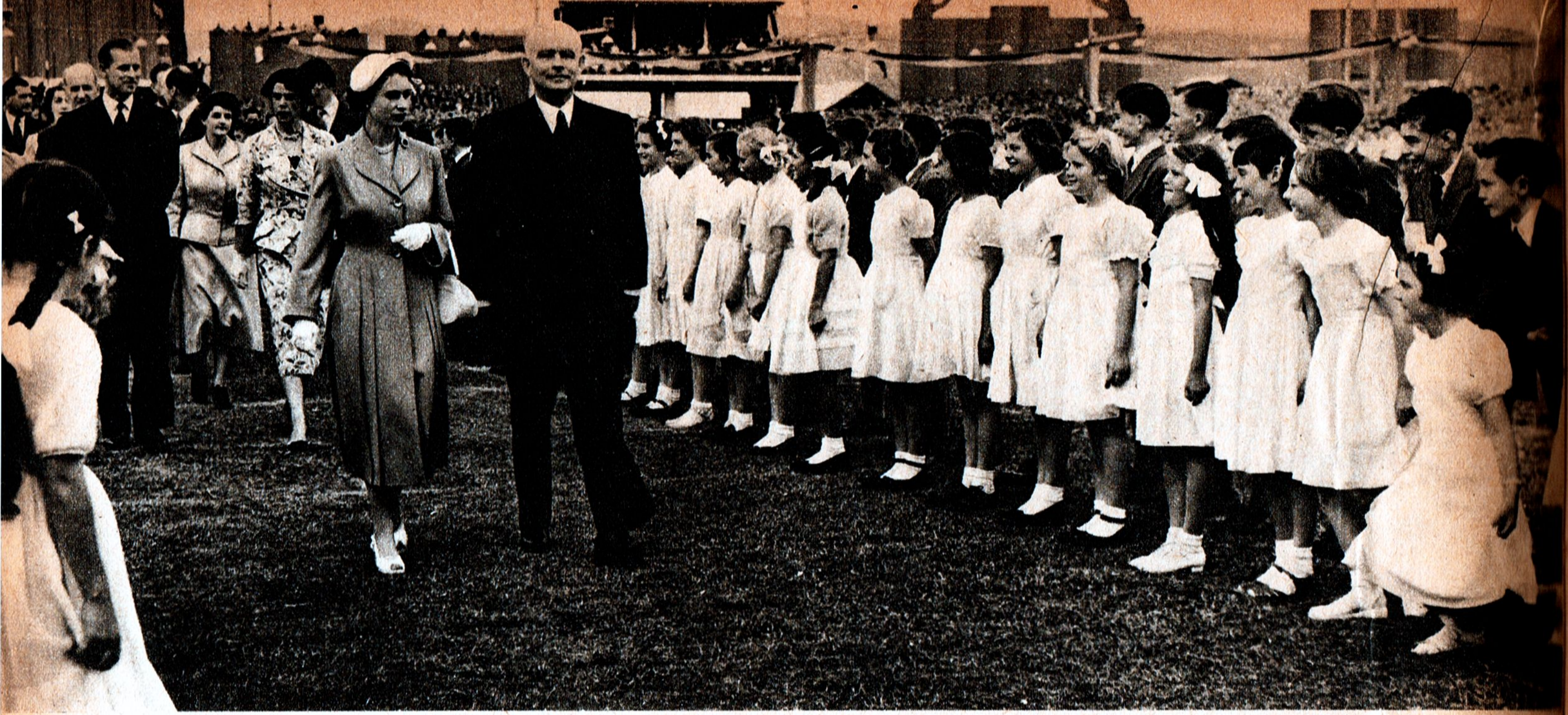
In the evening came another visit to Parliament House for the State banquet. Her Majesty, who had worn a gown of eau de nil satin for the ceremonial opening, chose white, embroidered with crystal and silver, for the evening function. The Victorian atmosphere of the Parliamentary building was matched by an old-world touch in the arrangements for the banquet. The Queen and the Duke dined with the members in the Assembly, while the wives dined together in the library. They were presented at a reception later in the evening.

The Premier, Mr. Playford, made a gift to Her Majesty of an opal and diamond necklet and earring suite from the people of South Australia. The necklet has as its centre piece a jewel characteristic of the State. It is the Andamooka opal, unique in its size, intensity of fire, and flashes of brilliant color, which change as the stone is turned. An oval stone of 203 carats, it was found at the Andamooka fields in 1949. Another South Australian opal field was represented in a pair of sleevelinks presented to the Duke of Edinburgh, consisting of four white opals from Coober Pedy. They are mounted in white gold.

Outside Bonython Hall on the following morning occurred an incident which had echoes of the Queensland visit. When the Queen stepped out of her car to attend a meeting of representatives of women's organisations, she was confronted by two little girls in frilly dresses, bows in their hair, and clutching envelopes, which they prof-

REGAL AND LOVELY, the Queen (above) extends her hand to the Premier of South Australia, Mr. T. Playford, who greeted her outside Parliament House, where she opened Parliament. Her Majesty's gown was eau-de-nil satin with sash ends lined with flashing jade-green satin.

THE QUEEN (right) is met on arrival at University Oval for the ex-servicemen's rally by the Minister of Lands, Mr. C. Hincks, who lost a leg in World War I. More than 25,000 service men and women attended, and as the Royal couple were leaving they expressed pleasure at the large attendance and enthusiasm.



AT THE CHILDREN'S GATHERING (above) at Wayville Oval the Queen is escorted by the Education Minister, Mr. Baden Pattinson, through rows of bowing schoolchildren. More than 7000 children took part in a colorful display.

STARTLED (above), Her Majesty looks down at two girls who dashed forward at Bonython Hall to give her 3d. each for the Royal children. Right: At the Garden Party Rosemary Rymill presents a bouquet, watched by the Duke and her father, the Lord Mayor, Mr. A. Rymill.

fered. Her Majesty looked startled at first, but she accepted the envelopes with a flash of her famous smile when the children explained that inside each was a threepenny bit "to put in the money-boxes of Prince Charles and Princess Anne." The girls' mother said later than when the Queen Mother visited Adelaide as Duchess of York in 1927, she, as a child, had performed a similar act. "This sort of thing is becoming quite a family institution," she said, with some semblance of pride. However, Her Majesty's police escort did not share the feeling. The mother was warned not to allow a repeat performance.

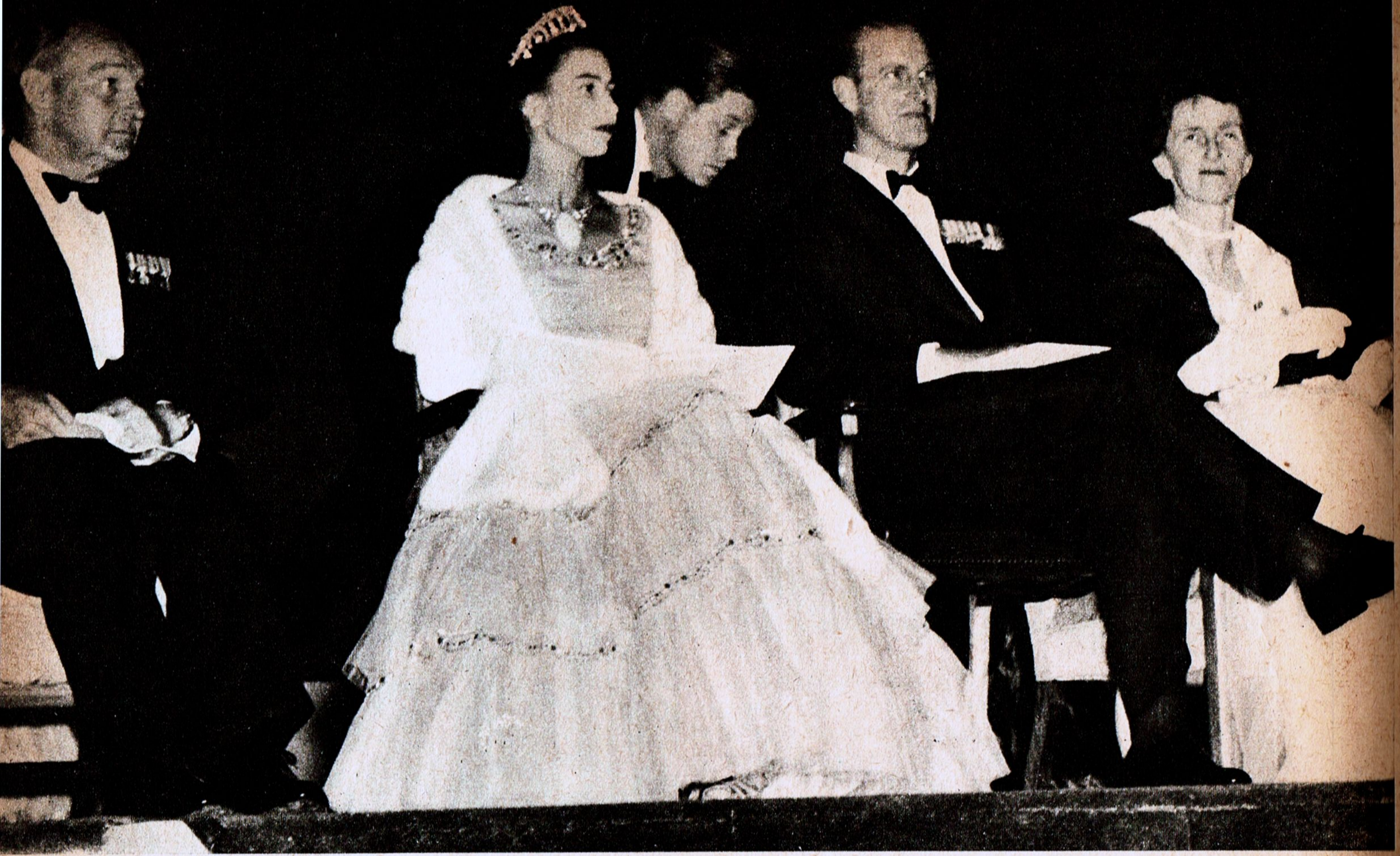
The focal point in Elder Park that afternoon, where the Lord Mayor's Royal garden party was held, was a dais surmounted by a green and gold canopy. Here the Queen and the Duke met some of the 5000 guests who attended. Elder Park, which was at its greenest and sunniest, went really gala for the occasion. The old bandstand, newly painted in pink and blue and white, looked like an elaborate wedding cake. And on the lake floated huge artificial pink and white waterlilies and two swans with 12ft. high necks. One of the swans was white (to represent the swans of England), and the other was black, for Australia. Both were paddled about by two youths hidden inside. The garden party was also notable because 17-year-old Rosemary Rymill, daughter of the Lord Mayor, became at a few hours' notice the youngest hostess at one of the biggest functions of the Australian tour. Rosemary was deputising for her mother, who had been taken to hospital the previous night after being stricken with a sudden illness. The Royal couple were obviously delighted by the impeccable manner in which Rosemary carried out her duties as hostess; the Lord Mayor, Mr. Arthur Rymill, was shining with pride.

In the evening Adelaide staged a unique and moving spectacle in honor of the Sovereign at Wayville Oval. In many ways it was the finest event of the tour. About 100,000 people packed the grounds to hear a 1500-voice choir and a 500-piece band present a music festival of outstanding quality. The setting, under a blue, star-studded sky, was of entrancing beauty. The Queen, whose blue crinoline gown matched the cerulean blue gleaming through the fire of the huge Andamooka opal she wore at her throat, was a glorious figure as she walked to the dais in the centre of the ground. For her arrival she wore a stole of white mink. But when she was seated on the dais she changed it for a three-quarter-length coat of white ermine, which she hugged around her as the evening winds blew cool. The climax of the night came when the white-clad choir sang "Land of Hope and Glory." As they came to the last chorus it was taken up by the assembly, including the members of the Royal Household, until 100,000 voices sent the anthem crashing and thundering into the night. Three miles away in the city the crowds lining the streets to watch the Royal procession return to Government House heard it, and fell quiet. As the last line was reached Her Majesty raised herself in her seat, her eyes shining with the thrill of the moment, and her head thrown back proudly so that the diamonds in her hair flashed white. Then there was complete silence. After the spell broke and the cheering began, it was five minutes before the band could play the National Anthem.

When the tour itinerary was being drawn up Her Majesty expressed a wish to see how dried fruit is grown and prepared in Australia's famous Murray Valley irrigation district. So, on Thursday, March 25, the Royal plane flew her and the Duke first to Renmark, which is on the Murray River in South Australia, and then to Mildura, which is also on the Murray, but in Victoria. While the Queen was absorbed in inspecting a vineyard in the Mildura district, she suddenly looked up and "caught" a couple of very senior officials "raiding" the vines. She burst out laughing when they tried to hide the bunches of fruit behind their backs, like naughty schoolboys. Then she "told on" them to a local councillor.

Next morning came Adelaide's sad turn to say farewell. At noon the Royal plane took off from Parafield Airfield for Kalgoorlie and Perth. So ended the most exciting eight days in South Australia's history.

STATE BANQUET. Sparkling in a bouffant crystal-and-silver - embroidered ball gown and diamond and ruby jewellery, the Queen, with the Duke, waves to the cheering crowd.



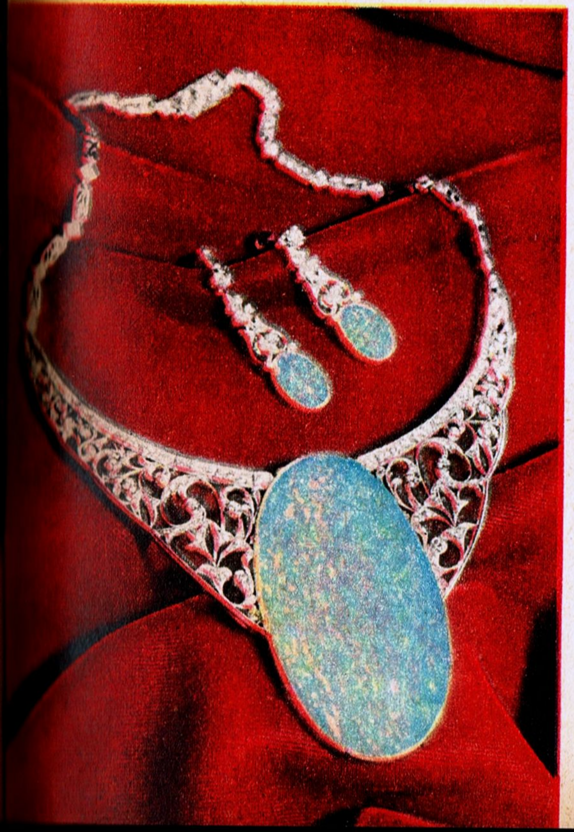
GIFT *opal pendant glowed at the Queen's throat at the Royal Musical Festival at Wayville Oval. Here, in an aqua tulle gown, she sits on the dais with the Duke, the Premier, Mr. T. Playford, and Mrs. Playford.*

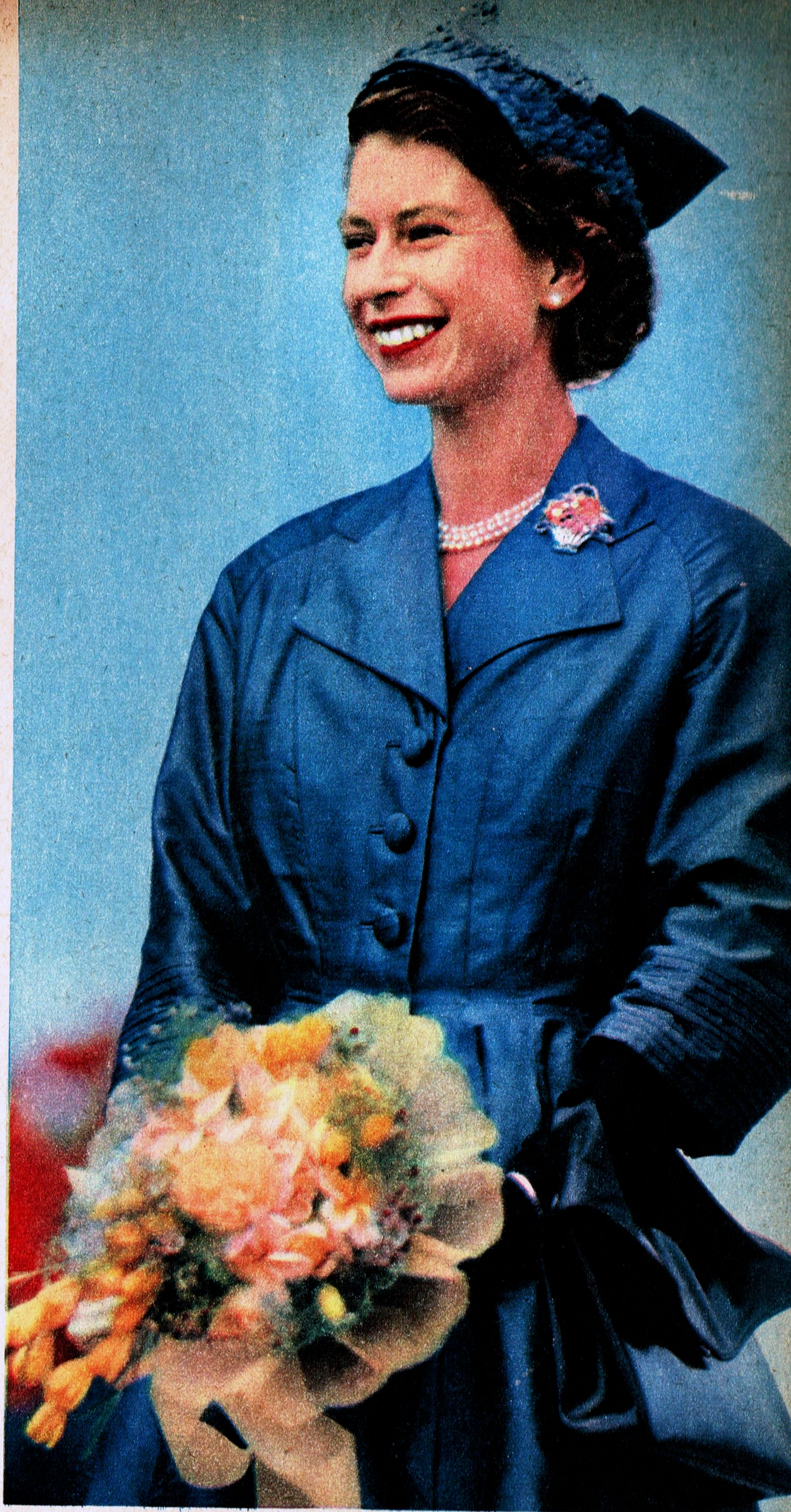
INTENT, *the Queen peers at some grapes held for her inspection by Irish-born Councillor Nat Barclay when she and the Duke saw his irrigation farm at Red Cliffs during their brief visit to Mildura, Victoria.*

ON A DAIS *decorated with the town's prize produce, Her Majesty replies to the address of welcome at Renmark Oval.*

SMILING *and relaxed, the Queen shows her enjoyment of her day at Whyalla and Port Lincoln on March 20. She is wearing a grey-blue coat-dress and little matching veiled straw hat; the bouquet was presented to her by Margaret Ryan, 14-year-old daughter of the Whyalla Town Commissioner.*

GREEN-FIRE OPAL *pendant and earrings (below), consisting of three white opals and 180 diamonds set in platinum, which were presented to the Queen by the South Australian Government. The centre stone is the superb 203-carat Andamooka opal measuring approximately 2¾ inches long and 1½ inches wide. The matching drop earrings are about 1¾ inches long.*





Western Australia

WITH some justification Western Australia refers to itself on occasions as the Cinderella State, because it is so often pushed into the background by its more powerful sisters-in-federation in the east. When the cuts in the Royal programme were announced as precautions against polio, the West might have been forgiven for thinking that some of the magic it had been looking forward to wasn't going to materialise. But there was no need for any apprehension.

It was obvious that the Queen and the Duke were intrigued by the anti-polio rules as they stepped out of their plane at Kalgoorlie airport. The Governor, Sir Charles Gairdner, and Lady Gairdner, and the Premier, Mr. A. R. Hawke, and Mrs. Hawke were there in official correctness. When Her Majesty and the Duke appeared at the plane door, the ladies curtsied and the men bowed. On reaching the prescribed distance of six feet (and no closer) to the "quarantined" welcoming party, the Queen folded her hands firmly in front of her and the Duke clasped his behind him. The Governor again bowed, and Lady Gairdner curtsied. Then the Queen smiled and the Duke grinned. Without a word being spoken, the friendly atmosphere of the whole visit was set. Her Majesty just wasn't able to keep a straight face any longer. She laughed delightedly, and everyone joined in.

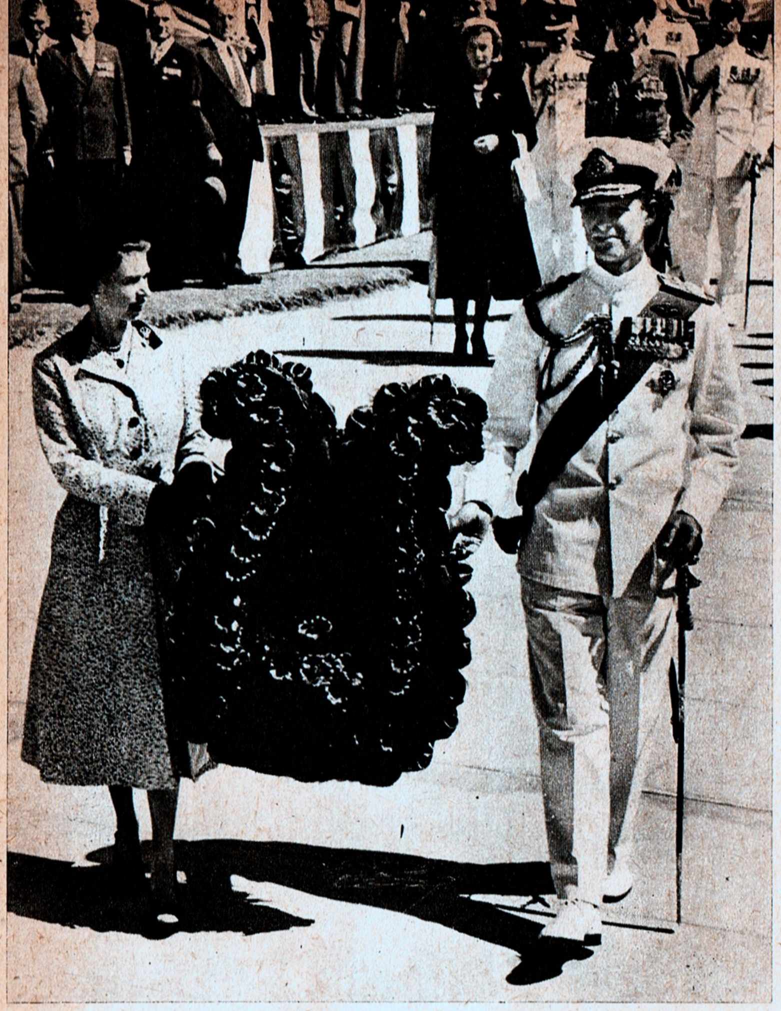
In this happy mood the Royal pair drove to Kalgoorlie Oval, where no polio threat in the world could have prevented 3300 schoolchildren from assembling to cheer themselves hoarse. There was a bit of a bump in the proceedings when the mayor of this famous goldmining town was about to hand his speech to the Queen after he had read it. Her Majesty's private secretary, Sir Michael Adeane, stepped forward and took the scroll. The Duke eased the tension of the crowd by chatting merrily, when immediately afterwards the presentations began.

Before going on by air to Perth, the Royal couple drove to nearby Boulder, where Her Majesty was offered a bouquet by a five-year-old aboriginal girl, who had been learning not only how to speak English, but the taste of fruit and vegetables. Just a short while earlier her diet out in the bush had been lizards, grubs, goannas, and possums. The Queen did not touch the dusky little tot's flower offering. It was left on a table because of the polio precautions, but she asked her equerry if he could get one of the press photographs taken of the presentation.

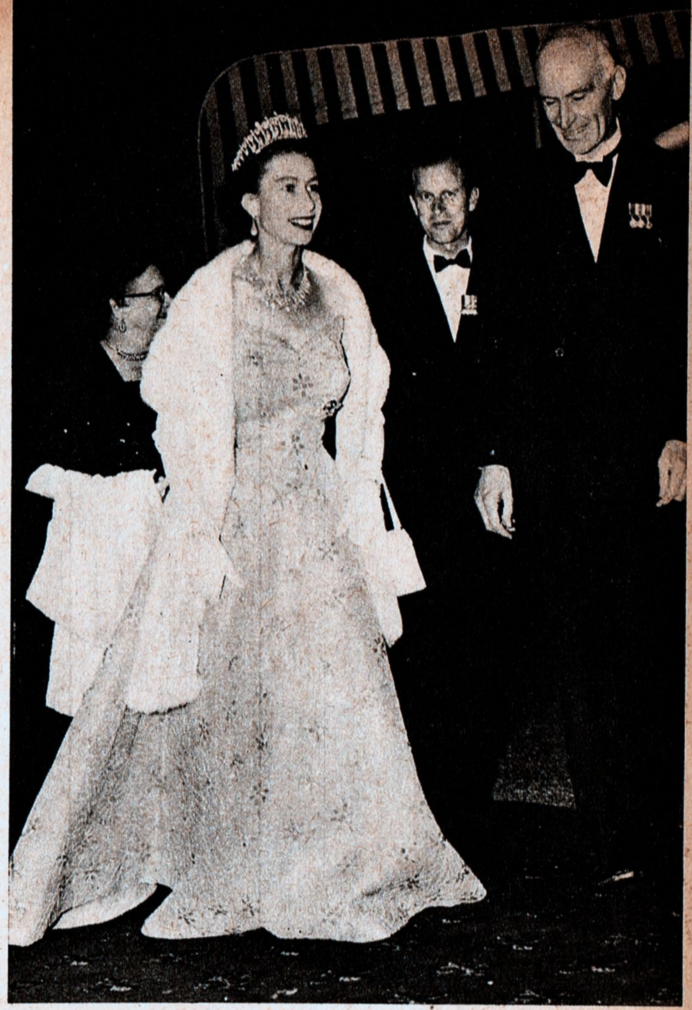
The Royal Constellation landed at Perth as the evening sky was turning pink with the setting sun. There were an extra 12 miles added to the originally scheduled car trip from the airport. Instead of turning in to Government House, which is right in the city of Perth, Her Majesty and the Duke drove on to Fremantle, where Gothic was berthed. The unexpectedness of the Royal couple staying in Gothic and travelling up and down to Perth each day did something to the people, and an intimate family atmos-

ROYAL COUPLE descend the gangway of Gothic to enter the Royal car for the engagements of their first day in Perth. As a precaution against polio they used the ship as their headquarters during their Western Australian visit instead of staying at Government House.

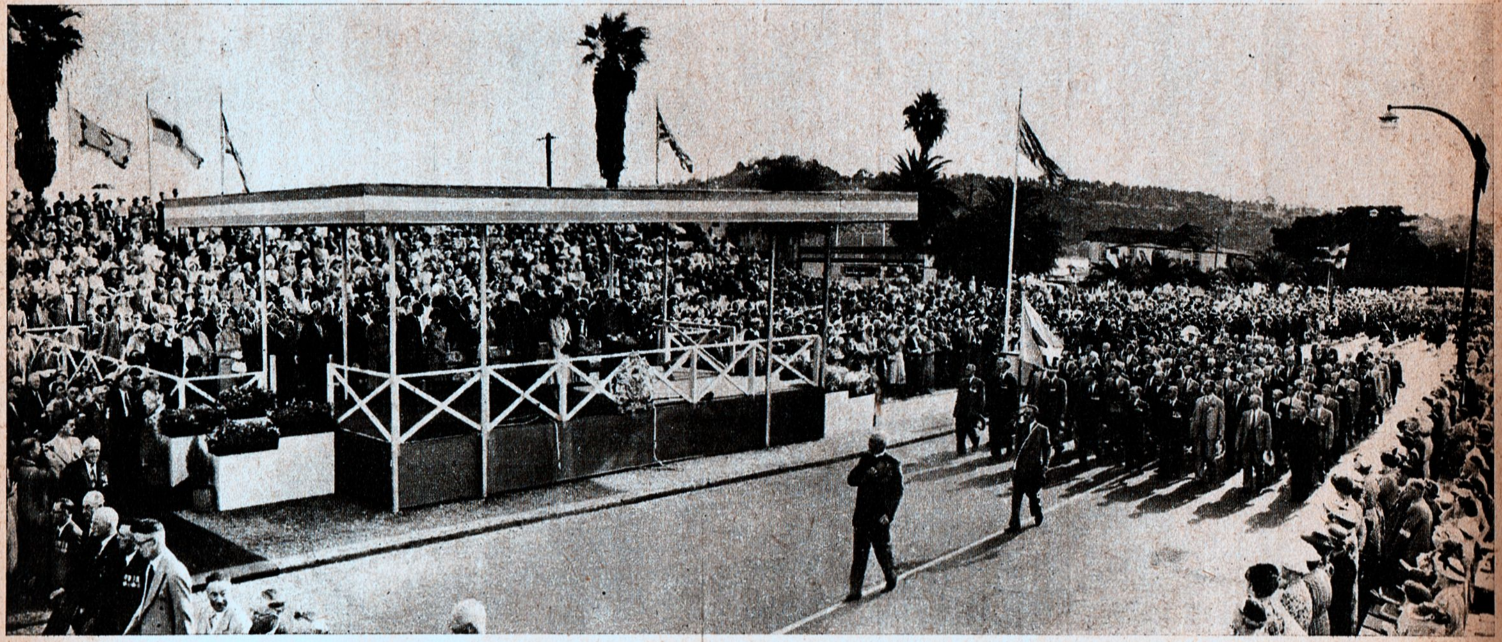
AT KALGOORLIE Legacy ward Raewyn Coppin puts a bouquet on a table in front of the Queen instead of presenting it in case of possible polio infection. Thousands of children and adults gave the Royal couple an enthusiastic welcome at Kalgoorlie Oval and at Boulder, where the Queen and the Duke touched down en route from Adelaide to Perth.



ROYAL COUPLE *carry the wreath they laid on the State War Memorial. The wreath was lyre-shaped, made of fresh flowers on one side and bay leaves on the other. When the fresh flowers faded it was turned and hung at Anzac House.*

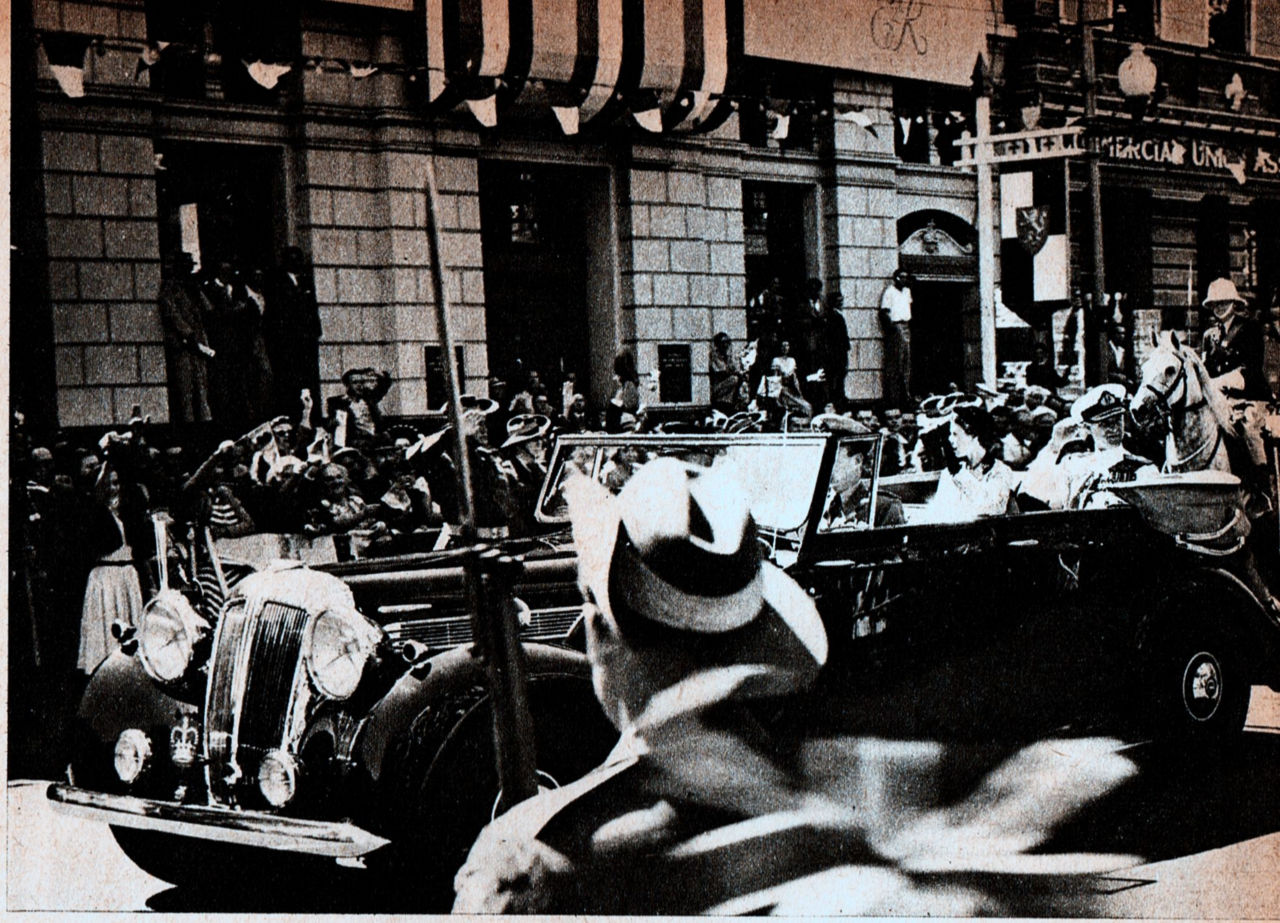


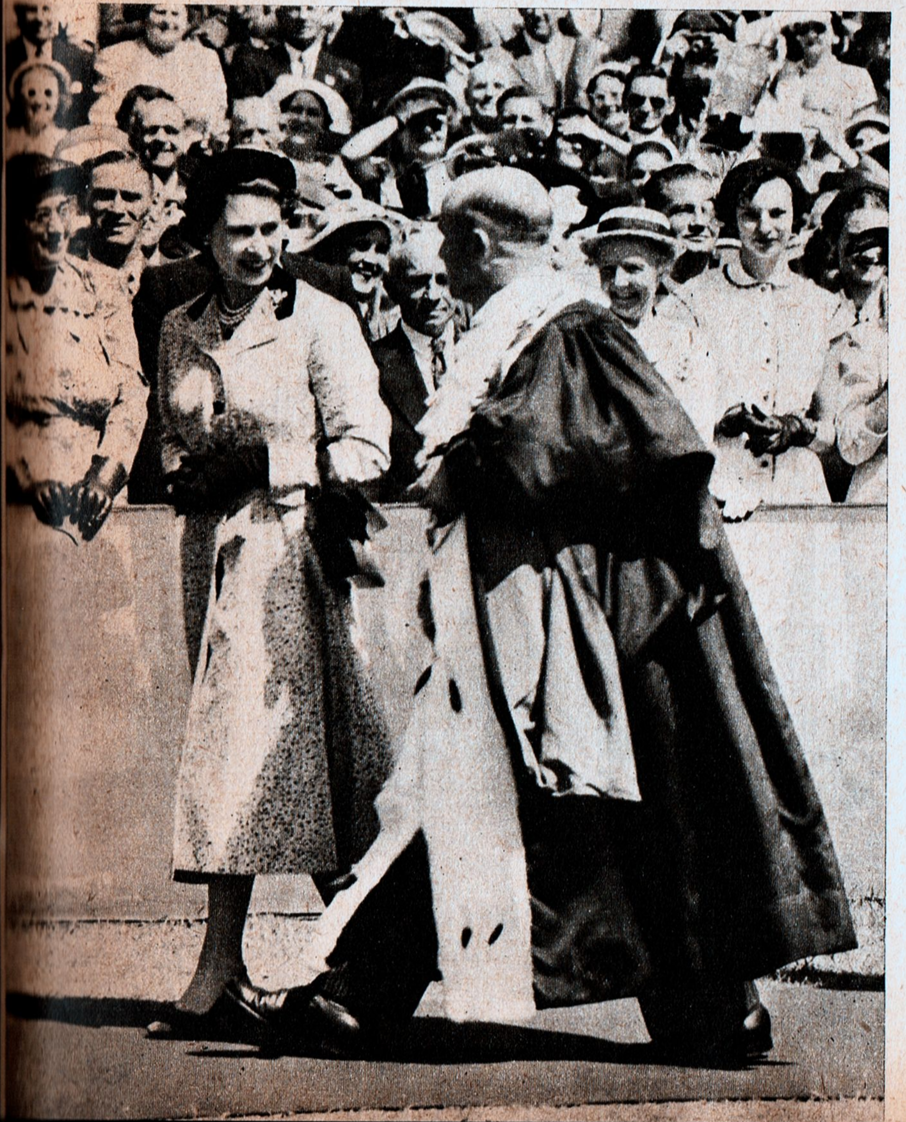
HER MAJESTY *leaves the Parliamentary Reception with the Premier, Mr. A. R. G. Hawke, followed by the Duke and Mrs. Hawke. She looked beautiful in orchid organza patterned with beads and diamente.*

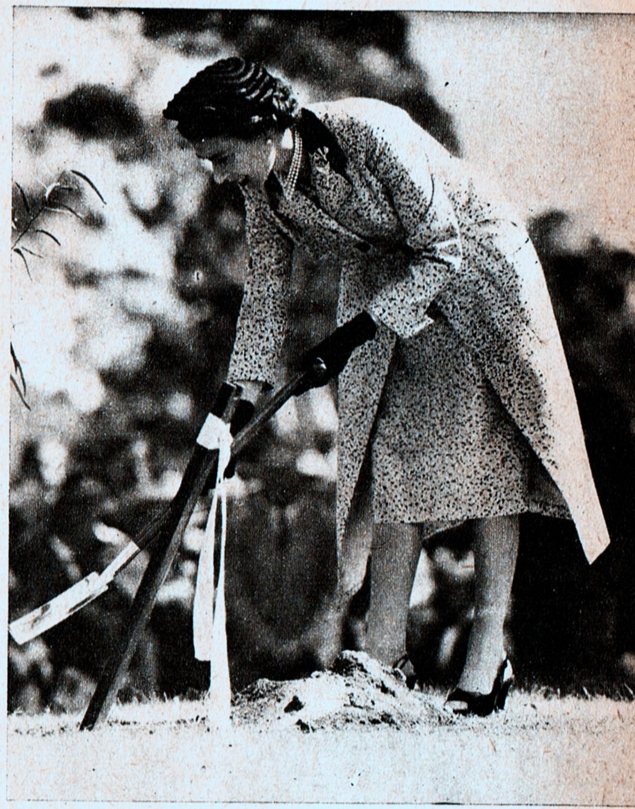


MARCH PAST. *From the dais at Perth Esplanade the Queen and the Duke watch the parade of ex-service men and women in which nearly 6000 men and women of four wars took part. Sixteen bands were spaced at intervals between the marchers, who included 106 veterans of the South African War. Later the Royal pair drove among their ranks.*

ROYAL *Progress along St. George's Terrace, Perth. The broad, leafy avenue, beflagged and decorated, looked splendid in the sunshine that greeted the Queen, and at night it sparkled with illuminations for the Royal visit.*



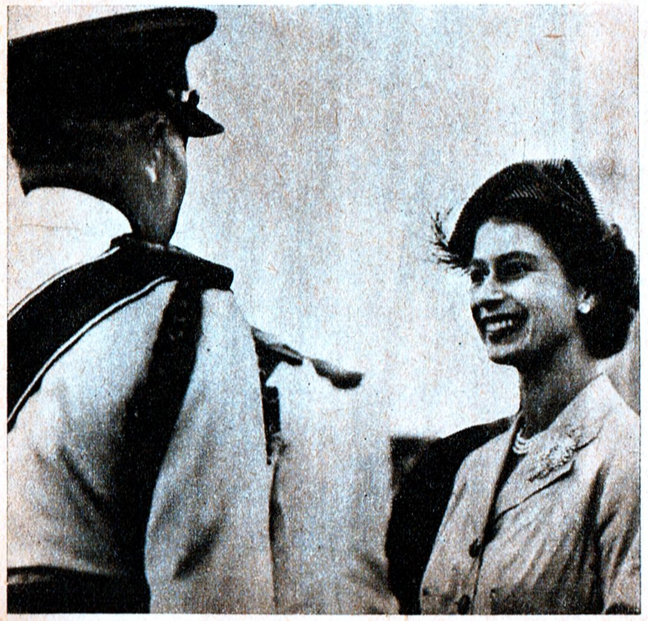


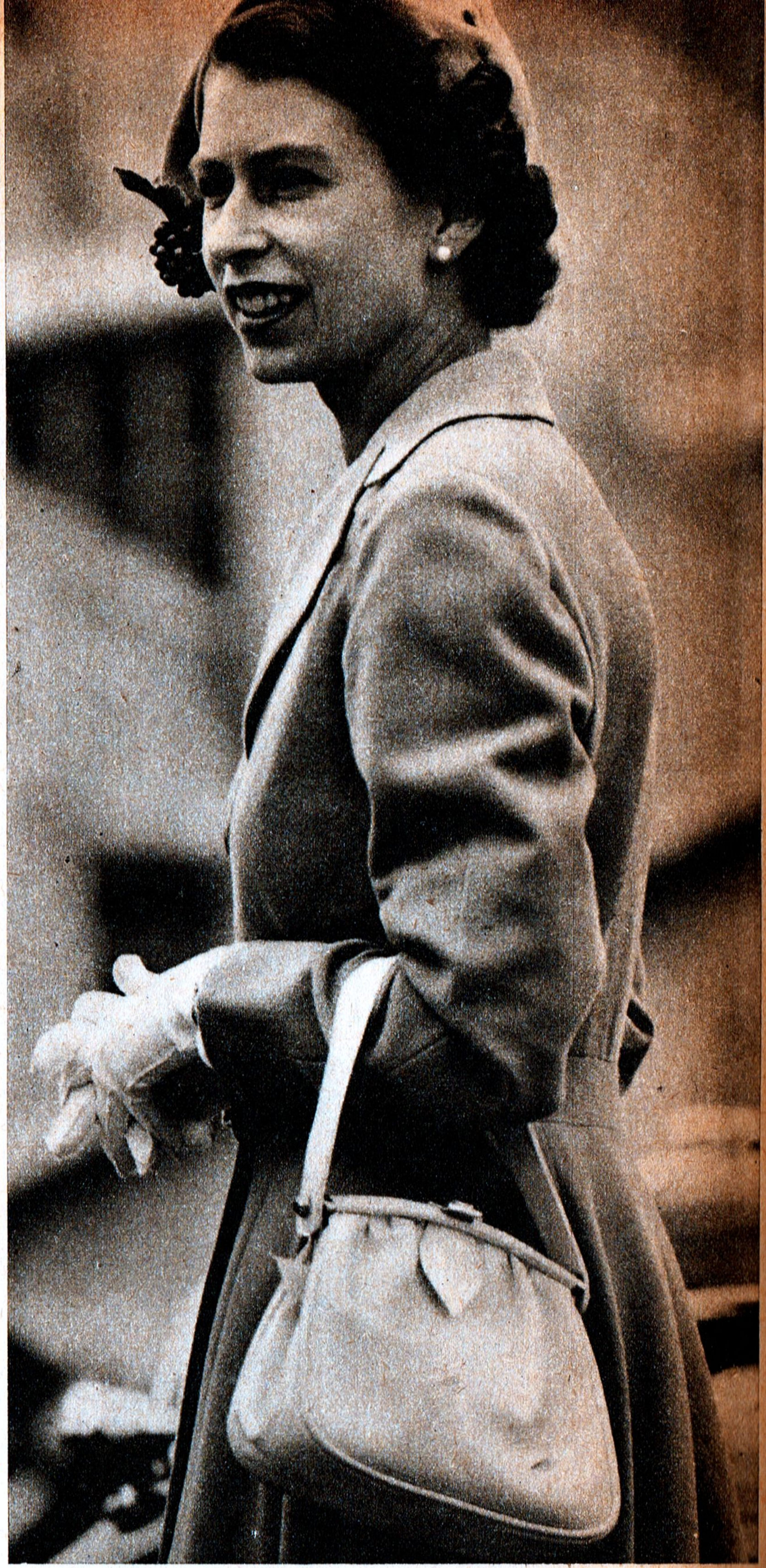


ADMIRATION *shows openly on the faces of the crowd (left) watching the Queen pass with the Mayor of Perth, Mr. James Murray. Above: Her Majesty plants a tree behind the Court of Contemplation.*

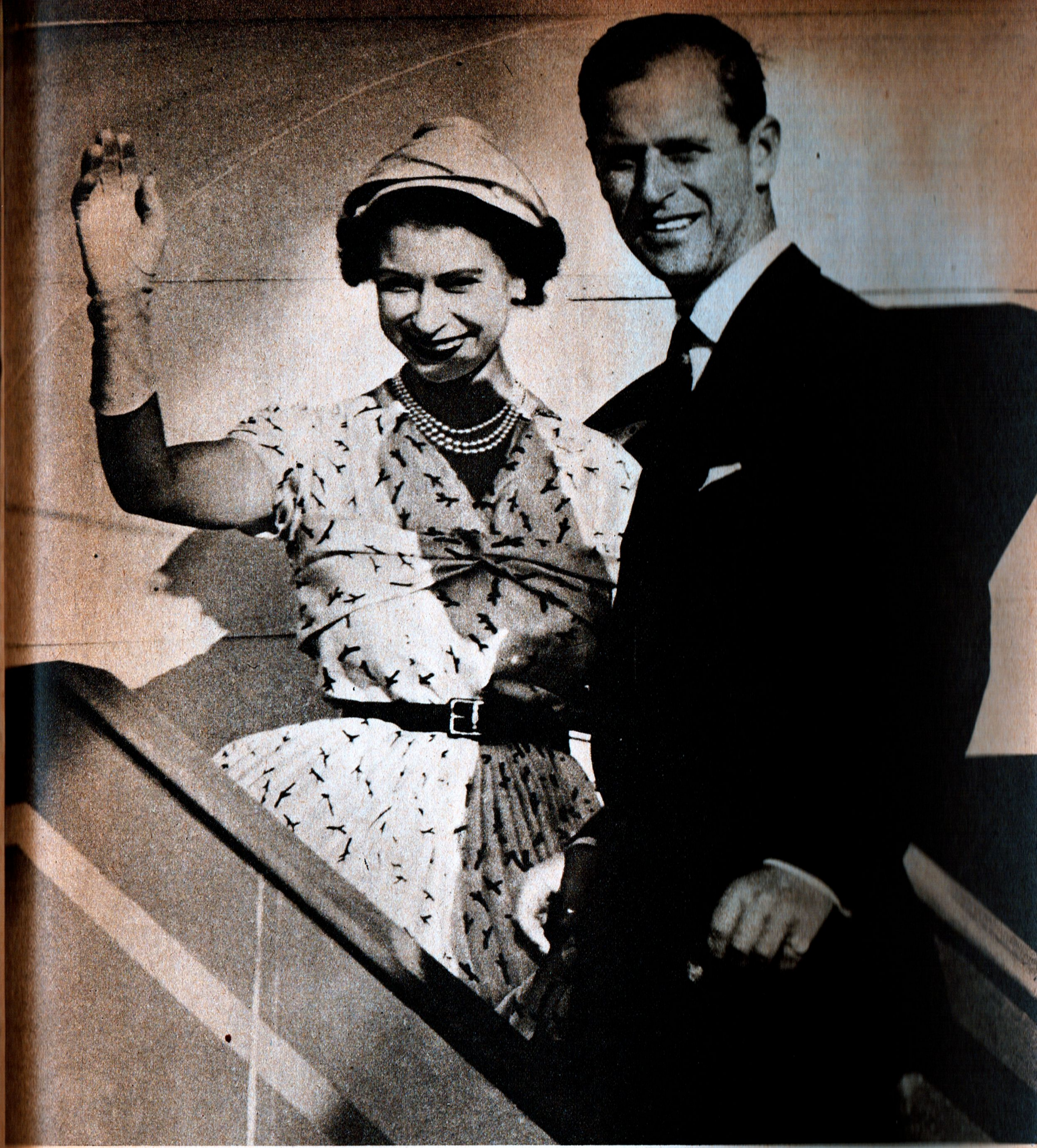
AT GLOUCESTER PARK trotting meeting the Queen, with Mr. J. P. Stratton, president of the W.A.T.A., presents a cup to Mr. W. Clark, owner of the winner of the Queen Elizabeth Stakes.

THE QUEEN (above) with Lady Gairdner at the Garden Party, Perth. Below: Farewell to the Governor-General before embarking with the Duke in Gothic at Fremantle for the homeward voyage.





END OF THE TOUR. During her last engagements in Australia Her Majesty was still smiling and happy, but this picture of her (above), perfectly groomed in a fitted green wool coat for her visit to Busselton and Albany, shows how much weight she had lost since her arrival in Sydney to begin the Royal tour of Australia nearly two months before.



AS THEY WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED

Smiling and friendly, their candid eyes taking one long final look at the waving, cheering crowds they leave behind . . . this is how Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, will always be remembered by the millions who saw them on their triumphant journey round the globe. They sailed in Gothic from Fremantle on April 1.

phere pervaded the entire stay. On that evening drive through the suburbs there were plenty of children in dressing-gowns, pyjamas, and nighties who saw the Queen go by before they were tucked into bed. The next morning, for the official Royal Progress through the city, there was an additional vehicle in the procession. It was a refrigerated ice-cream van, bearing the name of a well-known firm, and containing a picnic lunch and dinner for the Queen, the Duke, and the Household. It had been specially prepared on board Gothic. Even the table linen and cutlery were brought from the Royal yacht. The Queen's meals were made ready by her personal staff, who kept the requisite six feet away from all members of the Government House staff while they set the table. The Queen and the Duke and the Household ate in the private dining-room while the Governor and his lady dined separately. Although the salads were imported from Adelaide, they were washed in an antiseptic but tasteless solution. Grapes were all peeled before being eaten and no fresh water was placed on the table. Polio precautions were rigidly observed when the Queen planted a tree in King's Park. All those handling the seedling did so with cloths, and the spade was handed to Her Majesty wrapped in cloth. But the "no handling" rule was broken at the wreath-laying ceremony at the State War Memorial. While Her Majesty wore gloves, the Duke helped her carry the wreath with bare hands.

In place of the Parliamentary dinner there was an outdoor reception that turned out to be a brilliant success in the balmy air. Another highspot of the Western Australian tour was on the following Monday night, when the Queen was introduced to night trotting, a sport which has a tremendous following in Perth. She enjoyed every moment of it.

On Tuesday the Queen and the Duke flew south to Busselton and Albany, and on Wednesday they motored into the hills to Northam and York. On the intervening evening they attended an open-air ball in the beautiful courtyard of the University of Western Australia. Not even the night reception at King's House, Jamaica, surpassed the richness of the scene. The Royal dais, the figures on the specially built dance floor, and the surrounding floodlit cloisters were all reflected in the artificial pool, while the tall cypresses were hung with multi-colored jewel lights. Her Majesty, appropriately and charmingly chose for this, her final night appearance in Australia, the wattle dress she had worn on the first evening function of her arrival in Sydney.

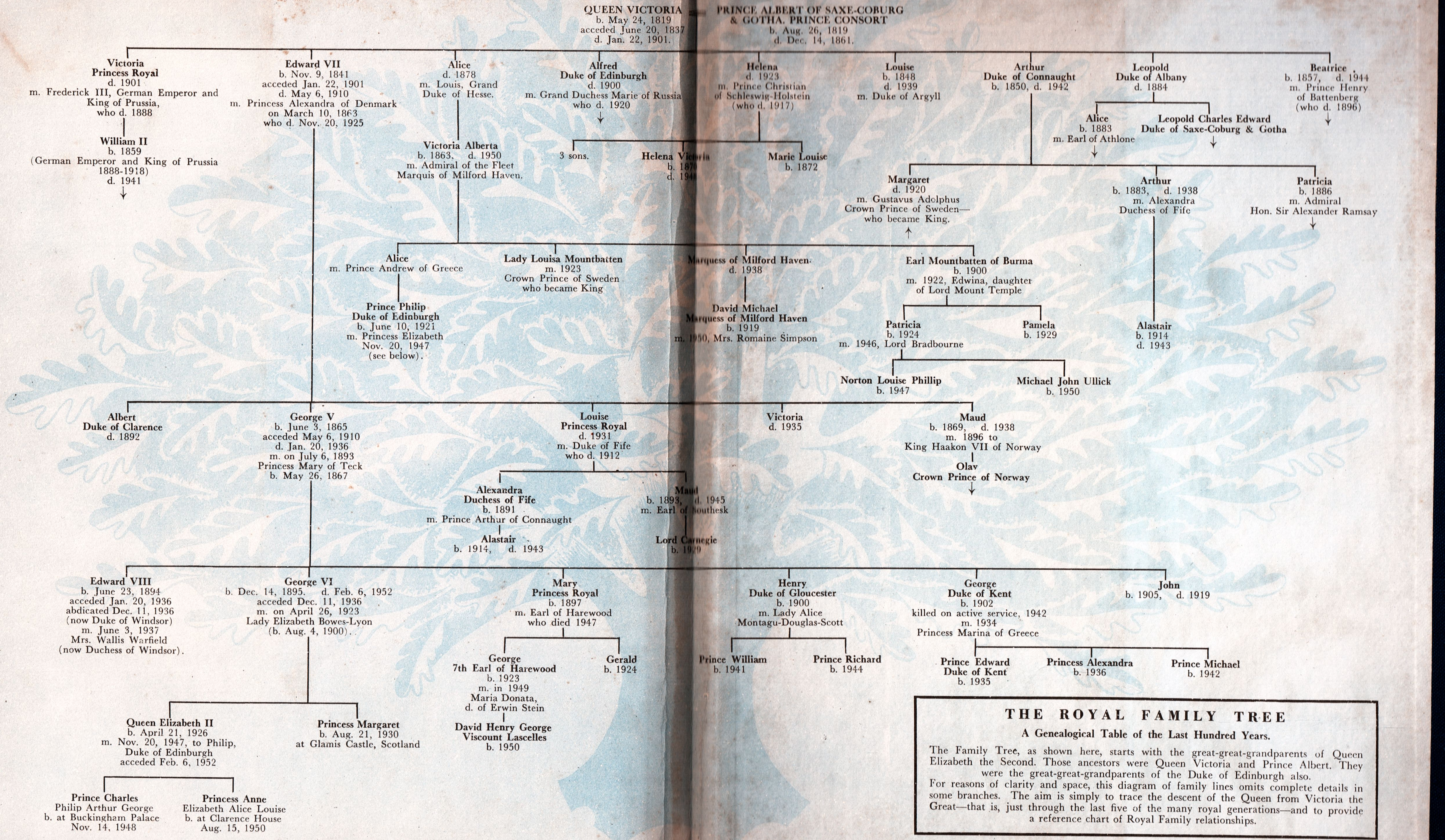
The last day of the Royal visit to Western Australia, Thursday, April 1, belonged to the entire Commonwealth. This was D for Departure Day. There were only a few engagements and ceremonies left, each charged with the emotions of farewell. As the afternoon drew on apace, the minds of people throughout Australia were centred upon Elizabeth, Queen of England and Australia, and of the Dominions beyond the seas. She, the anointed one, and her husband Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, were about to take ship for joyous reunion with their children. And so it was towards the dusk of an early autumn evening that the Royal yacht pulled away from the wharf at Fremantle, and made proud passage out on to the Indian Ocean. When Gothic was clear on to the rolling main, and beyond sight of the western line of Her Majesty's antipodean realm, the words of Elizabeth's farewell broadcast message still echoed:

"We take back with us an abiding admiration for Australia and her people. We shall always remember the loyalty of your welcome and the joy of your children.

"I hope that this visit has served to remind you of the wonderful heritage we share. I also hope that it has demonstrated that the Crown is a human link between all the peoples who owe allegiance to me, an allegiance of mutual love and respect and never of compulsion.

"And now I say good-bye. God be with you until next time I can visit Australia."

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN



QUEEN VICTORIA
b. May 24, 1819
acceded June 20, 1837
d. Jan. 22, 1901.

PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG & GOTHA, PRINCE CONSORT
b. Aug. 26, 1819
d. Dec. 14, 1861.

Victoria
Princess Royal
d. 1901
m. Frederick III, German Emperor and King of Prussia,
who d. 1888

William II
b. 1859
(German Emperor and King of Prussia
1888-1918)
d. 1941
↓

Edward VII
b. Nov. 9, 1841
acceded Jan. 22, 1901
d. May 6, 1910
m. Princess Alexandra of Denmark
on March 10, 1863
who d. Nov. 20, 1925

Alice
d. 1878
m. Louis, Grand
Duke of Hesse.

Victoria Alberta
b. 1863, d. 1950
m. Admiral of the Fleet
Marquis of Milford Haven.

Alfred
Duke of Edinburgh
d. 1900
m. Grand Duchess Marie of Russia
who d. 1920
↓

Helena
d. 1923
m. Prince Christian
of Schleswig-Holstein
(who d. 1917)

3 sons.

Helena Victoria
b. 1870
d. 194

Marie Louise
b. 1872

Louise
b. 1848
d. 1939
m. Duke of Argyll

Arthur
Duke of Connaught
b. 1850, d. 1942

Leopold
Duke of Albany
d. 1884

Alice
b. 1883
m. Earl of Athlone
↓

Leopold Charles Edward
Duke of Saxe-Coburg & Gotha
↓

Beatrice
b. 1857, d. 1944
m. Prince Henry
of Battenberg
(who d. 1896)
↓

Margaret
d. 1920
m. Gustavus Adolphus
Crown Prince of Sweden—
who became King.
↑

Arthur
b. 1883, d. 1938
m. Alexandra
Duchess of Fife

Patricia
b. 1886
m. Admiral
Hon. Sir Alexander Ramsay
↓

Alice
m. Prince Andrew of Greece

Prince Philip
Duke of Edinburgh
b. June 10, 1921
m. Princess Elizabeth
Nov. 20, 1947
(see below).

Lady Louisa Mountbatten
m. 1923
Crown Prince of Sweden
who became King

Marquess of Milford Haven
d. 1938

David Michael
Marquess of Milford Haven
b. 1919
m. 1950, Mrs. Romaine Simpson

Earl Mountbatten of Burma
b. 1900
m. 1922, Edwina, daughter
of Lord Mount Temple

Patricia
b. 1924
m. 1946, Lord Bradbourne

Pamela
b. 1929

Norton Louise Phillip
b. 1947

Michael John Ullick
b. 1950

Alastair
b. 1914
d. 1943

Albert
Duke of Clarence
d. 1892

George V
b. June 3, 1865
acceded May 6, 1910
d. Jan. 20, 1936
m. on July 6, 1893
Princess Mary of Teck
b. May 26, 1867

Louise
Princess Royal
d. 1931
m. Duke of Fife
who d. 1912

Alexandra
Duchess of Fife
b. 1891
m. Prince Arthur of Connaught

Alastair
b. 1914, d. 1943

Maud
b. 1893, d. 1945
m. Earl of Southesk

Lord Carnegie
b. 1929

Victoria
d. 1935

Maud
b. 1869, d. 1938
m. 1896 to
King Haakon VII of Norway

Olav
Crown Prince of Norway
↓

Edward VIII
b. June 23, 1894
acceded Jan. 20, 1936
abdicated Dec. 11, 1936
(now Duke of Windsor)
m. June 3, 1937
Mrs. Wallis Warfield
(now Duchess of Windsor).

George VI
b. Dec. 14, 1895. d. Feb. 6, 1952
acceded Dec. 11, 1936
m. on April 26, 1923
Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon
(b. Aug. 4, 1900).

Queen Elizabeth II
b. April 21, 1926
m. Nov. 20, 1947, to Philip,
Duke of Edinburgh
acceded Feb. 6, 1952

Prince Charles
Philip Arthur George
b. at Buckingham Palace
Nov. 14, 1948

Princess Anne
Elizabeth Alice Louise
b. at Clarence House
Aug. 15, 1950

Princess Margaret
b. Aug. 21, 1930
at Glamis Castle, Scotland

Mary
Princess Royal
b. 1897
m. Earl of Harewood
who died 1947

George
7th Earl of Harewood
b. 1923
m. in 1949
Maria Donata,
d. of Erwin Stein

David Henry George
Viscount Lascelles
b. 1950

Gerald
b. 1924

Henry
Duke of Gloucester
b. 1900
m. Lady Alice
Montagu-Douglas-Scott

Prince William
b. 1941

Prince Richard
b. 1944

George
Duke of Kent
b. 1902
killed on active service, 1942
m. 1934
Princess Marina of Greece

Prince Edward
Duke of Kent
b. 1935

Princess Alexandra
b. 1936

Prince Michael
b. 1942

John
b. 1905, d. 1919

THE ROYAL FAMILY TREE

A Genealogical Table of the Last Hundred Years.

The Family Tree, as shown here, starts with the great-great-grandparents of Queen Elizabeth the Second. Those ancestors were Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. They were the great-great-grandparents of the Duke of Edinburgh also.

For reasons of clarity and space, this diagram of family lines omits complete details in some branches. The aim is simply to trace the descent of the Queen from Victoria the Great—that is, just through the last five of the many royal generations—and to provide a reference chart of Royal Family relationships.